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ESSAYS
OF
MICHAEL
SEIGNEUR DE
MONTAIGNE.

WITH
*Marginal Notes and Quotations
of the cited Authors.*

The Third and Last Volume.

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CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

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INDEX of the most Remarkable Matters
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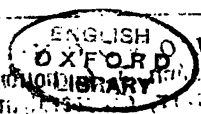
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THE
COMMISSION

OF THE

CHARTERS

AND BY-LAWS

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E S S A Y S

O F

Michael Seign. de Montaigne.

The Third B O O K.

C H A P. I.

Of Profit and Honesty.

NO Man is free from speaking foolish things ;
but the worst on't is when a Man studies to
play the Fool.

Næ iste magno conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

*Terent.
Heaut.
Act. 4.
Scen. 1.*

The Man; in troth with much ado.
Has prov'd that one and one make two.

This does not concern me; mine slip from me
with as little care; as they are of little value; and
'tis the better for them. I would presently part
with them for what they are worth, and neither
buy nor sell them, but as they weigh. I speak
in paper, as I do to the first I meet; and that
this is true, observe what follows. To whom
ought not Treachery to be hateful, when *Tiberius* Treachery
refus'd it in a thing of so great Importance to ^{rejected by}
him? He had word sent from *Germany*, That ^{Tiberius.}
B if

if he thought fit, they would rid him of *Ariminius*, the most potent Enemy the *Romans* had, by *Poyson*. He return'd Answer, *That the People of Rome were wont to revenge themselves of their Enemies by open Ways, and with their Swords in their Hands, and not clandestinely, and by Fraud.* Wherein he quitted the utile for the honest. You will tell me that he was a Deceiver, and did not speak as he thought: I believe so too; and 'tis no great Miracle in Men of his Profession. But the acknowledgment of Vertue is no less valid in the Mouth of him that hates it, forasmuch as Truth forces it from him; and if he will not inwardly receive it, he at least puts it on, and with it makes himself outwardly fine. Our outward and inward Structure is full of Imperfection; but there is nothing usefess in *Nature*, not so much as Inutility it self; nothing has insinuated it self into this *Universe*, that has not therein some fit and proper Place. Our *Being* is cemented with sickly Qualities, *Ambition, Jealousie, Envy, Revenge, Superstition, and Despair*, have so natural a Possession in us, that the Image is discern'd in Beasts: Nay, and *Cruelty*, so unnatural a Vice; for even in the midst of Compassion, we feel within I know not what tart-sweet titillation of ill-natur'd Pleasure in seeing others suffer, and the Children feel it.

Lucan. l. 1. *Suave mari magno turbantibus aquora ventis,
E Terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.*

'Tis sweet from Land to see a Storm at Sea,
And others sinking, whilst ourselves are free.

Of the Seeds of which Qualities, whoever should divest Man, would destroy the Fundamental Conditions of Humane Life: Likewise in all Governments there are necessary Offices, not only abject
but,

Vices necessary in all Governments.

but vicious also. Vices have there a help to make up the Seam in our piecing; as Poisons are useful for the Conservation of Health. If they become excusable because they are of use to us, and that the common Necessity covers their true Qualities; we are to resign this Part to the strongest and boldest Citizens, who sacrifice their Honour and Conscience, as others of old sacrific'd their Lives for the good of their Country: We who are weaker, take upon us the parts of Actions, both that are more easie, and less hazardous: The Publick *Weal* requires that a Man should betray, and lye, and massacre; let us leave this *Commission* to Men that are more obedient, and more supple. In earnest, I have often been troubled to see *Judges*, by Fraud, and false hopes of Favour or Pardon, allure a *Criminal* to confess his Fact, and therein to make use of Cozenage and Impudence. It would become Justice, and *Plato* himself, who countenances this manner of proceeding, to furnish me with other means more suitable to my own liking. This is a malicious kind of Justice, and I look upon it as no less violated by it self than others. I said not long since to some Company in Discourse, *That I should hardly be drawn to betray my Prince for a particular Man, who should be very much asbamed to betray any particular Man for my Prince*; and do not only hate deceiving my self, but that any one should deceive through me; I will neither afford matter nor occasion to any such thing. In the little I have had to mediate betwixt our Princes in the Divisions and Subdivisions, by which we are at this time torn to pieces, I have been very careful that they should neither be deceiv'd in me, nor deceive others by me: People of that kind of trading are very reserv'd, and pretend to be the most moderate imaginable, and nearest to the Opinions of those with whom they have to do; I expose my self in my

true Opinion, and after a Method the most my own; a young and tender *Negotiator*, and one who had rather fail in the Affair, than be wanting to my self: And yet it has been hitherto with so good luck, (for Fortune has doubtless the best share in it) that little has past from hand to hand with less Suspicion, or more Favour and Privacy. I have a free and open Way that easily insinuates it self, and obtains belief with those with whom I am to deal at the first meeting. Sincerity and pure Truth, in what Age soever, pass for current; and besides, the Liberty and freedom of a Man, who treats without any Interest of his own, is never hateful or suspected; and he may very well make use of the Answer of *Hippocrates* to the *Athenians*, who complained of his blunt way of Speaking: *My Masters, do not consider whether or no I am free, but whether I am so without a Bribe, or without any Advantage to my own Affairs.* My Liberty of Speaking has also easily clear'd me from all Suspicion of dissembling, by its vehemency, (leaving nothing unsaid, how home, and bitter soever, so that I could have said no worse behind their backs) and in that it carried along with it a manifest shew of Simplicity and Negligence. I pretend to no other Fruit by acting than to act, and add to it no long pursuit nor proposals; every Action plays its own Game, win if it can. And to the rest, I am not sway'd by any Passion either of Love or Hatred towards the great ones, nor have my Will captivated either by particular Injury or Obligation. I look upon Our King with an Affection simply loyal and respectful, neither prompted on, nor restrained by any private Interest, and I love my self for it. Neither does the general and just Cause attract me otherwise than with Moderation, and without Animosity. I am not subject to these penetrating and entirely Affected Engagements.

Anger

Anger and Hatred are beyond the Duty of Justice, and are Passions only useful to those who do not keep themselves strictly to their Duty by meer Reason. *Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest.* He only employs his Passion, that can make no use of his Reason. All just Intentions are temperate of themselves; if otherwise, they degenerate into Seditious and Unlawful. This is it which makes me walk every where with my Head erect, my Face and my Heart open, to confess the Truth; and I am not afraid to confess it: I should easily for need hold up one Candle to St. *Michael*, and another to his *Dragon*, like the Old Woman; I will follow the right side even to the Fire, but exclusively if I can. Let *Montaigne* be overwhelm'd in the Publick Ruine if need be; but if there be no need, I should think my self oblig'd to *Fortune* to save me; and I will make use of all the length of Line my Duty allows for his Preservation. Was it not *Atticus*, who being of the just, but losing side, preserv'd himself by his Moderation, in that universal shipwreck of the World, amongst so many Mutations and Diversities? For private Men, as he was, it is more easie; and in such kind of Work, I find a Man may justly not be Ambitious to offer and insinuate himself: For a Man indeed to be wavering and irresolute, to keep his Affection unmov'd and without Inclination in the Troubles of his Country, and a Publick Division, I neither think it handsome nor honest. *Ea non media, sed nulla via est, velut eventum expectantium, quo Fortuna consilia sua applicent.* That is not a middle Way, but no Way, to expect Events by which they refer their Resolutions to Fortune. This may be allow'd in our Neighbours Affairs; and thus *Gilo* the Tyrant of *Syracuse* suspended his Inclination in the War betwixt the Greeks and Barbarians, keeping a Resident Ambassador with Presents

That it is neither Honourable, nor honest, to stand neuter in a Civil War. Liv. l. 32.

at *Delphos*, to lie and watch to see which way Fortune would incline, and then take present Occasion to fall in with the Victors. It would be a kind of Treason to proceed after this Manner in our own Domestick Affairs, wherein a Man must of necessity be of the one side or the other; though for a Man who has no *Office* or expresse Command to call him out, to sit still, I hold it more excusable (and yet I do not excuse my self upon these terms) except in foreign Expeditions, to which also, according to our *Laws*, no Man is prest against his Will. And yet even those who wholly engage themselves in such a War, may behave themselves with such temper and Moderation, that 'tis likely the Storm may fly over their Heads without doing them any harm. Had we not Reason to expect such an issue in the Person of the late *Sieur de Morvilliers*, late Bishop of *Orleans*? And I know amongst those who behave themselves the most bravely and briskly in the present War, some whose Manners are so gentle, obliging, and just, that they will certainly stand firm, whatever Event Heaven is preparing for us. I am of Opinion, that it properly belongs to *Kings* only to quarrel with *Kings*, and laugh at those *Bully-Rocks*, that out of Wantonness of Courage, present themselves to so disproportion'd Disputes: For a Man has never the more particular Quarrel to a *Prince*, for marching openly and boldly against him for his own Honour, and according to his Duty: If he does not love such a Person, he does better, he has a Reverence and Esteem for him. And the Cause of defending the *Laws*, and the ancient Government of a Kingdom, has this always especially annexed to it, that even those, who for their own private Interest invade them, excuse, if they do not honour the *Defenders*. But we are not, as we now a days do, to call Peevishness and inward Discontent, that spring from private Interest

terest and Passion, Duty; nor a treacherous and malicious Conduct, Courage. They call their propensity to Mischief and Violence, *Zeal*: 'Tis not the *Cause*, but their *Interest* that inflames them. They kindle and begin a *War*, not because it is just, but because it is War. A Man may very well behave himself commodiously and loyally too, amongst those of the adverse Party; carry your self, if not with the same equal Affection (for that is capable of different Measures,) at least with an Affection moderate, well temper'd, and such as shall not so engage you to one Party, that it may expect all you are able to do for that side, and content your self also with a moderate proportion of their Favour and Good-will, and to swim in troubled Waters without fishing in them. The other Way of offering a Man's self, and the utmost Service he is able to do, both to one Party, and the other, has yet in it less of Prudence than Conscience. Does not he to whom you betray another, to whom you was as welcome as to himself, know that you will at another time do as much for him? He holds you for a Villain; and in the mean time hears what you will say, gathers intelligence from you, and works his own ends out of your Disloyalty; for Double-dealing Men are useful in bringing in, but we must have a care they carry out as little as is possible. I say nothing to one Party, that I may not upon Occasion say to the other, with a little alteration of Accent, and report nothing but things either indifferent or known, or what is of common Consequence. I cannot permit my self for any consideration to tell them a *Lye*. What is intrusted to my Secrecy, I religiously conceal; but I take as few Trusts of that Nature upon me as I can. The Secrets of *Princes* are a troublesome Burthen to such as are not interested in them. I very willingly indent that they trust me with

Wherein
Double-
dealing
Men are
of Use.

little, but confidently rely upon what I tell them : I have ever known more than I desir'd. One open way of speaking opens another open way of speaking, and draws out Discoveries like *Wine* and *Love*. *Philippides*, in my Opinion, answered King *Lysimachus* very discreetly, who asking him what of his Estate he should bestow upon him? *What you will*, said he, *provided it be none of your Secrets*. I see every one mutters, and is displeas'd, if the bottom of the Affair be conceal'd from him wherein he is employ'd, or that there be any reservation in the thing; for my part, I am content to know no more of the Business than what they desire I should employ my self in, nor desire that my Knowledge should exceed or strain my Word : If I must serve for an Instrument of Deceit, let it be at least with a safe Conscience, I will neither be reputed a Servant so affectionate, nor so loyal, as to be fit to betray any one. Who is unfaithful to himself, is excusably so to his Master. But they are *Princes* who do not accept Men by halves, and despise limited and Conditional Services. I cannot help it, I truly tell them how far I can go; for a *Slave* I should not be, but upon very good Reason, and however I could hardly submit to that Condition. And they also are to blame to exact from a Freeman the same Subjection and Obligation to their Service, they do from him they have made, and bought, or whose Fortune does particularly and expressly depend upon theirs. The *Laws* have deliver'd me from a great Anxiety, they have chosen a Master for me, all other Superiority and Obligation ought to be relative to him, and cut off from all other. Yet is not this to say, that if my Affection should otherwise sway and incline me, my Hand should presently obey it; the Will and Desire are a *Law* to themselves; but Actions must receive Commission from the publick Appointment.

All

All this Proceeding of mine is a little dissonant from the ordinary Forms; It would produce no great Effects, nor be of any long Duration; Innocence itself could not, in this Age of ours, either Negotiate without Dissimulation, or Traffick without Lying. And indeed publick Employments are by no means for my Palat: what my Profession requires, I perform after the most private Manner that I can. Being young, I was engag'd up to the Ears in Business, and it succeeded well, but I disengag'd my self in due time. I have often since avoided meddling in it, rarely accepted, and never ask'd it, keeping my Back still turn'd to Ambition: but if not like Rowers, who so advance backward, yet so nevertheless, that I am less oblig'd to my Resolution than to my good Fortune, that I was not wholly embark'd in it. For there are Ways less displeasing to my Taste, and more suitable to my Ability, by which if she had formerly call'd me to the publick Service, and my own Advancement towards the World's Opinion, I know I should, in spite of all my own Arguments to the contrary, have pursued them. Such as commonly say, in Opposition to what I profess, that what I call Freedom, Simplicity, and plainness in my Manners, is Art, and Subtilty, and rather Prudence than Goodness, Industry than Nature, good Sense than good Luck, do me more Honour than Disgrace; but doubtless they make my Subtlety too subtile; and whoever has followed me close, and pryed narrowly into me, I will give him the Victory, if he does not confess that there is no *Rule* in their School that could match this Natural Motion, and maintain an Appearance of Liberty and Licence so equal and inflexible, through so many various and crooked Paths, and that all their Wit and Endeavour could never have led them through. The Way of Truth is one, and simple,
that

that of particular Profit, and the Commodity of Affairs a Man is intrusted with, is double, unequal, and casual. I have seen these counterfeit and artificial Liberties practis'd but for the most part without Success. They relish of *Æsop's* Ass, who in Emulation of the Dog, obligingly clapt his two fore Feet upon his Master's shoulders; but as many Caresses as the Dog had for such an expression of Kindness, twice so many Blows with a Cudgel had the poor Ass for his Complement. *Id maxime quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maxime.* That best becomes every Man, that he is best at. I will not deprive Deceit of its due, that were but ill to understand the World: I know it has often been of great use, and that it maintains and supplies most Men's vacancies. There are Vices that are lawful, as there are many Actions either good or at least excusable, that are not lawful in themselves. That *Justice* which in it self is natural and universal, is otherwise, and more nobly order'd than that other *Justice*, which is peculiar, National, and wrested to the ends of Government. *Veri Juris germanaque Justitia solidam, & expressam effigiem nullam tenemus; umbra & imaginibus utimur.* We retain no solid and express effigies of true Right and Justice; we have only the shadow and images of it. Inasmuch that the wise *Dandamis* hearing the Lives of *Socrates*, *Pythagoras* and *Diogenes* read, judg'd them to be great Men every way, excepting that they were too much subjected to the reverence of the *Laws*, which to second and authorize true Virtue must abate very much of its original Vigor, and many vicious Actions are introduc'd, not only by their Permission, but Advice. *Ex senatusconsultis plebisque citis scelera excercentur,* Vicious Actions are committed by the consent of the Magistrates and the common *Laws*. I follow the common Phrase, that distinguishes betwixt Profitable and Honest things

*Cicero de
Off. l. 1.*

*Cicero de
Off. l. 5.*

*Seneca
Epiſt. 97.*

things, so as to call some natural Actions, that are not only Profitable and Necessary, Dishonest and Foul. But let us proceed in our Examples of Treachery: Two Pretenders to the Kingdom of *Thrace*, were fallen into Dispute about their *Title*; The *Emperor* hindred them from proceeding to Blows: but one of them under Colour of bringing things to a friendly issue by an Interview, having invited his *Concurrent* to an Entertainment in his own House, took, and kill'd him. Justice requir'd that the *Romans* should have Satisfaction for this Offence: but there was a Difficulty in obtaining it by ordinary Ways. What therefore they could not do by due Forms of *Law*, without a War, and without Danger, they attempted to do by Treachery: and what they could not honestly do, they did profitably. For which end one *Pomponius Flaccus* was found to be a fit Instrument: This Man by dissembled Words and Assurance, having drawn the other into his *Toyl*, instead of the Honour and Favour he had promised him, sent him bound Hand and Foot to *Rome*. Here one Traitor betray'd another contrary to common Custom: for they are full of Mistrust, and 'tis hard to overreach them in their own Art: witness the sad Experience we have lately had. Let who will be *Pomponius Flaccus*, and there are enough that would: For my part, both my Word and my Faith are like all the rest, Parts of this common Body: their best Effect is the publick Service, which I take for presuppos'd. But should one command me to take charge of the Palace and the Records there, I should make Answer, that I understood it not; or the command of a Conductor of *Pioneers*, I would say that I was call'd to a more honourable Employment: so likewise, he that would employ me to lie, betray, and forswear my self, though not to assassinate, or to poison, for some notable

notable Service, I should say, If I have rob'd or stolen any thing from any Man, send me rather to the *Gallies*. For it is lawful for a Man of Honour to say as the *Lacedemonians* did, having been defeated by *Antipater*, when just upon the Point of concluding an Agreement, *You may impose as heavy and ruinous Taxes upon us as you please, but to command us to do shameful and dishonest things, you will lose your time, for it is to no purpose.* Every one ought to make the same Vow to himself, that the *Kings of Egypt* made their *Judges* solemnly swear, that they would not do any thing contrary to their Consciences, though never so much commanded to it by themselves. In such *Commissions*, there is an evident Mark of Ignominy and Condemnation, And he who gives it, does at the same time accuse you, and gives it, if you understand it right, for a Burthen and a Punishment, As much as the publick Affairs are better'd by your Exploit, so much are your own the worse, and the better you behaved your self in it, 'tis so much the worse for your self. And it will be no new thing, nor peradventure without some colour of Justice, if the same Person ruin you who set you on work. If Treachery can be in any case excusable, it must be only so when it is practis'd to chastise and betray Treachery. There are Examples enough of Treacheries, not only rejected, but chastised, and punish'd by those in Favour of whom they were undertaken. Who is ignorant of *Fabricius* his Sentence against *Pyrrhus* his *Physician*? But this we also find recorded, that some Persons have commanded a thing, who afterwards have severely reveng'd the Execution of it upon him they had employ'd, rejecting the Reputation of so unbridl'd an Authority, and disowning so lewd, and so base a Servitude and Obedience. *Faropele*, Duke of *Russia*, tamper'd with a Gentleman of *Hungary* to betray

Wherein
Treachery
is only to
be excus'd.

betray *Boleslaus* King of *Poland*, either by killing him, or by giving the *Russians* Opportunity to do him some notable Mischiefe. This Gallant goes presently in hand with it, was more assiduous in the Service of that King than before; so that he obtain'd the Honour to be of his Council, and one of the chiefeft in his Trust; with these Advantages, and taking an opportune Occasion of his Master's absence, he betray'd *Vislicia* a great and rich City to the *Russians*, which was entirely sack'd and burnt, and not only all the Inhabitants of both Sexes, young and old, put to the Sword, but moreover a great Number of Neighbouring Gentry, that he had drawn thither to that wicked end. *Jaropele* his Revenge being thus satisfied, and his Anger appeas'd, which was not however without pretence (for *Boleslaus* had highly offended him, and after the same manner) and sated with the effect of this Treachery, coming to consider the Foulness of it, with a sound Judgment, and clear from Passion, look'd upon what had been done with so much Horror and Remorse, that he caus'd the Eyes to be boar'd out, and the Tongue, and shameful Parts to be cut off, of him that had perform'd it. *Antigonus* perswaded the Soldiers call'd *Argyrasfides* to betray *Eumenes* their General, his Adversary, into his Hands. But after he had caus'd him so delivered to be slain, he would himself be the Commissioner of the Divine Justice, for the Punishment of so detestable a Crime, and committed them into the Hands of the Governour of the *Province*, with express Command by all means to destroy, and bring them all to an evil End. So that of all that great Number of Men, not so much as One ever return'd again into *Macedonia*. The better he had been serv'd, the more wickedly he adjudg'd it to be and meriting greater Punishment. The Slave that betray'd the Place where his Master *P. Sulpitius* lay conceal'd

A Slave
thrown
from the
Tarpeian
Rock for
Treason.

Three
Servants
hang'd for
betraying
Canacre
their Ma-
ster.

conceal'd, was, according to the Promise of *Sylla's* Proscription; manumitted for his Pains: but according to the Promise of the publick Justice, which was free from any such Engagement, he was thrown Headlong from the *Tarpeian* Rock. And our King *Clouis*, instead of the Arms of Gold he had promised them, caused three of *Canacre's* Servants to be hang'd after they had betray'd their Master to him, though he had debauched them to it. They hang'd them with the Purse of their Reward about their Necks. After having satisfied their Second, and Special Faith, they satisfy the General, and Firſt, *Mabomet* the Second, being resolv'd to rid himself of his Brother, out of Jealousie of State, according to the Practice of the *Ottoman* Family, he employ'd one of his Officers in the Execution, who pouring a quantity of Water too fast into him, choaked him. This being done, to expiate the Murther, he deliver'd the Murtherer into the Hands of the Mother of him he had so caused to be put to Death, (for they were but half Brothers, by the Fathers side) who in his Presence ript up the Murtherers Bosom, and with her own revenging Hands rifled his Breast for his Heart, tore it out, and threw it to the Dogs. And even to the vilest Dispositions, it is the sweetest thing imaginable, having once got the trick in a vicious Action, to soist, in all Security, into it some Shew of Virtue and Justice, as by way of Compensation, and Conscientious Remorse. To which may be added, that they look upon the Ministers of such horrid Crimes, as upon People that reproach them with them; and think by their Deaths to raze out the Memory and Testimony of such Proceedings. Or if perhaps you are rewarded, not to frustrate the Publick Necessity of that extream and desperate Remedy; he that does it, cannot for all that, if he be not such himself, but

but look upon you as a curst and execrable fellow; and conclude you a greater Traytor, than he does him against whom you are so; for he tries the Lewdness of your Disposition by your own Hands; where he cannot possibly be deceiv'd, you having no Object of preceding Hatred to move you to such an Act. But he employs you as they do condemned Malefactors in Executions of Justice, an Office as necessary as dishonest. Besides the baseness of such Commissions, there is moreover a Prostitution of Conscience. Being the Daughter of *Se-Virgins janus* could not be put to Death by the *Law* of *Rome*, because she was a *Virgin*, she was, to make it lawful, first ravish'd by the Hang-man, and then strangled; not only his Hand, but his Soul is Slave to the publick Convenience. When *Amurath* the First, more grievously to punish his Subjects, who had taken part with the Parricide Rebellion of his Son, ordain'd, that their nearest Kindred should assist in the Execution; I find it very handsome in some of them, to have rather chosen to be unjustly thought guilty of the Parricide of another, than to serve Justice by a Parricide of their own. And whereas I have seen at the taking of some little Fort by Assault in my time, some Rascals, who to save their own Lives, would consent to hang their Friends and Companions; I look upon them to be in a worse Condition than those that were Hang'd. 'Tis said, that *Wittoldus*, Prince of *Litwania*, introduc'd into that Nation, that the Criminal condemn'd to Death, should with his own Hand execute the Sentence: Thinking it strange that a third Person, innocent of the Fault, should be made guilty of Homicide. A Prince, when by some urgent Circumstance, or some impetuous and unforeseen Accident, that very much concerns his Estate, compell'd to forfeit his Word, or Break his Faith, or otherwise forc'd

from

could not be put to Death at Rome.

Criminals condemn'd to execute themselves.

Cicero de
Off. l. 3.

from his ordinary Duty, ought to attribute this Necessity to a lash of the Divine Rod: Vice it is not, for he has given up his own Reason to a more Universal, and more powerful Reason: but certainly 'tis a Misfortune: So that if any one should ask me, What Remedy? None, say I, if he were really rack'd betwixt these two Extreams, (*sed videat ne quaratur latebra perjurio*) he must do it: but if he did it without Regret, if it did not grieve him to do it, 'tis a sign his Conscience is in a scurvy Condition. If there be a Person to be found of so tender a Conscience as to think no Cure whatever worth so important a Remedy, I shall like him never the worse. He could not more excusably, or more decently perish. We cannot do all we would. So that we must often, as the last anchorage, commit the Protection of our Vessels to the conduct of Heaven. To what more just Necessity does he reserve himself? What is less possible for him to do, than what he cannot do but at the Expence of his Faith and Honour? Things that perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own Safety, or the Safety of his People. Though he should with folded Arms only call God to his Assistance, has he not reason to hope that the Divine Bounty will not refuse the Favour of an Extraordinary Arm to just and pure Hands? These are dangerous Examples, rare, and sickly Exceptions to our natural Rules: We must yield to them, but with great Moderation and Circumspection. No private Utility is of such Importance, that we should upon that account strain our Consciences to such a Degree; the Publick may, when very manifest, and of very great Concern. *Timoleon* made a timely Expiation for his strange Fact by the Tears he shed, calling to mind that it was with a fraternal hand that he had slain the Tyrant. And it justly prick'd his Conscience, that he had

had been necessitated to purchase the publick Utility at so great a price, as the Violation of his own Manners. Even the *Senate* it self, by his means deliver'd from slavery, durst not positively determine of so high a Fact, and divided into two so important and, contrary Aspects. But the *Syracuzans*, having opportunely at the same time sent to the *Corinthians* to solicit their Protection, and to acquire of them a Captain fit to re-establish their City in its former Dignity, and to cleanse *Sicily* of several little *Tyrants*, by which it was oppress'd; they deputed *Timoleon* for that Service, with this cunning Declaration; That according as he should behave himself, well or ill in his Employment, their Sentence should incline either to favour the deliverer of his Country, or to disavour the murderer of his Brother. This fantastick Conclusion carries along with it some excuse, by reason of the Danger of the Example, and the Importance of so bisected an Action: And they did well to discharge their own Judgment of it and to refer it to others, who were not so much concern'd. But *Timoleon's* comportment in this Expedition, soon made his Cause more clear; so worthily and virtuously he demeaned himself upon all occasions. And the good Fortune that accompanied him in the Difficulties he had to overcome in this noble Employment, seem'd to be strowed in his Way by the *Gods*, as favourably conspiring for his Justification: This Man's end is excusable, if any can be so. But the profit of the Augmentation of the publick Revenue, that serv'd the *Roman Senate* for a pretence to the foul conclusion I am going to relate, is not sufficient to warrant any such Injustice.

Certain *Citizens* had redress'd themselves and their Liberty, by Money, by the Order and Consent of the *Senate*, out of the hands of *L. Sylla*. The business coming again in question, the *Senate* condemn'd

denn'd them to be taxable as they were before, and that the Money they had disburs'd for their Redemption should be thrown away. *Civil War* does often produce such lewd Examples; that we punish private Men for confiding in us when we were publick Ministers, and the self same *Magistrate* makes another Man pay the Penalty of his change that cannot help it. The *Padagogue* whips his Scholar for his docility; and the Guide beats the Blind-Man that he leads by the hands; a horrid Image of Justice. There are Rules in *Philosophy* that are both false and weak. The Example that is proposed to us, preferring private Utility before Faith-given, has not weight enough by the Circumstance they put to it. *Robbers* have seized you, and after having made you swear to pay them a certain Sum of money, dismiss you. 'Tis not well done to say, that an honest Man may be quit of his Oath without payment, being out of their hands. 'Tis no such matter: What Fear has once made me willing to do, I am oblig'd to do it when I am no more in fear. And though that Fear only prevail'd with my Tongue, without forcing my Will, yet am I bound to keep my Word. For my part, when my Tongue has sometimes inconsiderately said something that I did not think, I have made a Conscience of disowning it. Otherwise, by degrees we shall abolish all the right another pretends to from our Promise. *Quasi verò fortè viro vis possit adhiberi.* As tho' a Man truly valiant could be compell'd. And 'tis only lawful upon the account of private Interest to excuse breach of Promise, when we have promised something that is unlawful and wicked in it self: For the right of Virtue ought to take place of the right of any obligation of ours. I have formerly plac'd *Epaminondas* in the first rank of excellent Men, and do not repent it. How far did he stretch the Consideration of his own particula

Private
Utility not
to be pre-
ferr'd be-
fore Faith
given.

*Cicero de
Off. l. 3.*

ular Duty? who never kill'd Man that he had overcome; who for his inestimable benefit of restoring the Liberty of his Country, made Conscience of killing a *Tyrant*, or his Accomplice, without due form of Justice; and who concluded him to be a wicked Man, how good a Citizen soever otherwise, who amongst his Enemies spar'd not his Friend and Acquaintant in *Battle*. This was a Soul of a rich composition: He married Bounty and Humanity; nay, even the tenderest and most delicate in the whole School of *Philosophy*, to the rudest and most violent of all humane Actions. Was it *Nature* or *Art* that had intenerated that great and brave Courage of his, so constant in Dangers, and so obstinate against Pain and Death, to such an extreme Degree of Sweetness and Compassion? Dreadful in War, with Fire and Blood, he over-ran and subdued a Nation invincible to all others but to him alone; and yet in the heat of an Encounter could turn aside from his Friend. Certainly he was most fit to command in War, who could so rein himself with the curb of a Good Nature, in the height and heat of his Fury, and a Fury so inflam'd and foaming with blood and slaughter. 'Tis almost a Miracle to be able to mix any image of Justice with such violent Actions: And it was only possible for such a steadfastness of mind as that of *Epaminondas*, therein to mix sweetness, and the facility of the gentlest Manners and purest Innocency. And whereas one told the *Mammertines*, that *Statues* were of no resistance against armed Men; and another told the *Tribune* of the People, that the time of Justice and War were distinct things; and a third said, that the noise of Arms deaf the Voice of the Law: This Man in all this rattle was not deaf to that of Civility, and mere Courtesy. Had he not borrow'd from his Enemies the custom of sacrificing to the *Muses* when he went

to War, that they might by their sweetness and gayety soften his Martial and unrelenting Fury? Let us not fear, by the Example of so great a Master to believe that there is something unlawful, even against an Enemy: and that the common Concern ought not to require all things of all, against private Interest: *Manente memoria etiam in diffidio publicorum fœderum privati juris:*

Ovid.

— *Et nulla potentia vires
Præstandi, ne quid peccet amicus habet.*

And no pow'r upon Earth can e'er dispence,
Treachery to a Friend without Offence.

Cicero de
off. l. 6.

And that all things are not lawful to an honest Man, for the Service of his Prince, the Laws, or the general Quarrel. *Non enim patria præstat omnibus officiis, Et ipsi conducit pios habere Civés in Parentes.* 'Tis an Instruction proper for the time wherein we live: We need not harden our Courages with these Arms of Steel, 'tis enough that our Soldiers are inar'd to them: 'Tis enough to dip our Pens in Ink without dipping them in Blood. If it be Grandeur of Courage, and the effect of a rare and singular Virtue to contemn Friendship, private Obligations, a Man's Word, and Relation, for the Common Good and Obedience to the Magistrate: 'Tis certainly sufficient to excuse us, that 'tis a Grandeur that could have no place in the Grandeur of *Epaminondas* his Courage. I abominate those mad Exhortations of this other inar'd and discompos'd Soul:

Lucan. l. 7.

— *Dum zela micant, non vos pietatis imago
Ulla, nec adversâ conspecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladio turbato verendos.*

When

When Swords are drawn, let no remains of Love,
 Friendship, or Piety, compassion move ;
 But boldly wound the venerable Face
 Of your own Fathers if oppos'd in place.

Let us deprive wicked, bloody, and treacherous
 Natures of such a pretence of Reason : Let us set
 aside this guilty and extravagant Justice, and stick
 to more humane Limitations, How great things can
Time and *Example* do ? In an Encounter of the
Civil War against *Cinna*, one of *Pompey's* Soldiers
 having unawares kill'd his Brother, who was of
 the contrary *Party*, he immediately for shame and
 sorrow kill'd himself ; And some years after, in
 another *Civil War* of the same *People*, one demand-
 ed a Reward of his Office, for having kill'd his
 Brother. A Man proves but ill the Honour and
 Beauty of an Action by its utility ; and Men very
 ill conclude that every one is oblig'd, and it be-
 comes every one to do it, if it be of Utility,

Omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta,

Propert.

All things are not alike for all Men fit,

Let us choose what is more necessary and pro-
 fitable for Humane Society, it will be Marri-
 age ; and yet the Counsel of the Saints find the
 contrary much better, excluding the most ho-
 nourable Vocation of Men ; as we design those
 Horses for *Stallions*, of which we have the least
 Esteem,

C H A P. II.

Of Repentance.

Others form *Man*, I only report him, and represent a particular one, ill-fashion'd enough; and whom, if I had to model anew, I should certainly make him something else than what he is: But that's past recalling. Now, tho' the Features of my Picture alter and change, 'tis not however unlike. The World eternally turns round, all things therein are incessantly moving, the Earth, the Rocks of *Caucasus*, and the *Pyramids of Egypt*, both by the publick Motion, and their own. Even *Constancy* it self is no other but a slower and more languishing Motion. I cannot fix my Object, 'tis always tottering and reeling by a natural Giddiness. I take it as it is at the instant I consider of it. I do not paint its Being, I paint its Passage, not a passing from one Age to another, or, as the People say, from seven to seven Years; but from Day to Day, from Minute to Minute. I must accommodate my *History* to the Hour: I may presently change, not only by Fortune, but also by Intention: 'Tis a counterpart of various and changeable Accidents, and irresolute Imaginations, and, as it falls out, sometimes contrary: Whether it be that I am then another self, or that I take Subjects by other Circumstances and Considerations; so it is that I may peradventure contradict: But, as *Demades* said, I never contradict the Truth. Could my Soul once take footing, I would not essay, but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial. I propose a Life mean, and without lustre: 'Tis all one. All Moral *Philosophy* may as well be applied to a private Life, as to one of the greatest Employment: Every Man carries the entire form

of humane Condition. *Authors* communicate themselves to the People by some especial Work; I, the first of any, by my universal Being, as *Michael de Montaigne*, not as a *Grammarian*, a *Poet*, or a *Lawyer*. If the World find fault that I speak of my self, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. But is it Reason, that being so particular in my Way and Manner of living, and of so little Use, I should pretend to recommend my self to the publick Knowledge? And is it also Reason, that I should introduce into the World, where *Art* and *Handling* have so much Credit and Authority, crude and simple Effects of *Nature*, and of a weak Nature to boot? Is it not to build a Wall without Stone or Brick, or some such thing, to write Books without Learning? The Fancies of *Musick* are carried on by *Art*, mine by *Chance*: I have this at least according to Discipline, that never any Man treated of a Subject he better understood and knew, than what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding Man alive. Secondly, that never any Man penetrated farther into his Matter, nor better, and more distinctly sifted the Parts and Consequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arriv'd at the end he propos'd to himself. To finish it, I need bring nothing but Fidelity to the Work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is any where to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for, methinks, custom allows to Age more Liberty of prating, and more Indiscretion of talking of a Man's self. That cannot fall out here, which I often see elsewhere, that the Work and the Artificer contradict one another; Has a Man of so sober Conversation writ so foolish a Treatise? Or do so learned Writings proceed from a Man of so weak Conversation? who talks at a

very ordinary rate, and writes rarely; that is to say, his Capacity is borrowed, and not his own. A learned Man is not learned in all things; but a sufficient Man is sufficient throughout, even to Ignorant it self. Here my Book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere Men may recommend or accuse the Work upon the Work-man's account; here they cannot: Who touches the one, invades the other. He that shall censure it without knowing him, will no more wrong himself than me; who does understand it, gives me all the satisfaction I desire. I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus much from the publick Approbation, as to make Men of Understanding perceive that I was capable of making my advantage of Knowledge, had I had it, and that I deserve to have been assisted by a better Memory.

Be pleas'd here to excuse, what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my Conscience is satisfied with it self, not like the Conscience of an *Angel*, or that of an *Horse*, but like the Conscience of a Man; always adding this Clause, Not one of Ceremony, but a true and real Submission; that I speak enquiring, and doubtingly, purely and simply referring my self to the common and accepted Beliefs for the Resolution. I do not teach, I only repeat. There is no Vice, that is absolutely so, which does not offend, and that a sound Judgment does not accuse; for there is in it so manifest a Deformity and Inconvenience, that peradventure they are in the right, who say, That it is chiefly begot by Ignorance: So hard it is to imagine that a Man can know without abhorring it. *Malice* sucks up the greatest part of her own Venom, and poysons her self. *Vice* leaves Repentance in the Soul, like an *Ulcer* in the Flesh, which is always scratching and lacerating it self: For *Reason* effaces all other Grievs and Sorrows, but it begets that

of Repentance, which is so much the more grievous, by reason it springs within, as the cold and hot of Fevers are more sharp than those that only strike upon the outward skin. I hold for Vices, (but every own according to its proportion), not only those which Reason and Nature condemn; but those also, the Opinion of Men tho' false and erroneous, have made such, if authoriz'd by Law and Custom. There is likewise no *Virtue* which does not rejoyce a well-descended Nature: There is a kind of I know not what congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward Satisfaction, and a certain generous Boldness that accompanies a good Conscience. A Soul daringly vicious, may peradventure arm it self with Security, but cannot supply it self with this Complacency and Satisfaction. 'Tis no little Satisfaction to feel a Man's self preserv'd from the Contagion of so deprav'd an *Age*, and to say to himself, *Whoever could penetrate into my Soul, would not there find me guilty, either of the Affliction, or the Ruine of any one; or of Revenge, or Envy, or any Offence against the publick Laws, or of Novelty, or Trouble, or failure of my Word: And though the licence of the Time permits, and teaches every one so to do, yet have I not plunder'd any French Man's Goods, or taken his Money; and have liv'd upon what is my own in War as well as Peace; neither have I set any Man to Work without paying him his Hire.* These Testimonies of a good Conscience please, and this natural rejoycing is very beneficial to us, and the only Reward that we can never fail of. To ground the Recompence of virtuous Actions upon the Approbation of others, is too uncertain and unsafe a Foundation; especially in so corrupt and ignorant an *Age* as this, the good Opinion of the Vulgar is injurious. Upon whom do you relie to shew you what is recommendable? God defend me from being an honest Man, according to the Descriptions

Seneca
Epist.

of Honour I daily see every one make of himself. *Qua fuerant vitia mores sunt. What before were Vices, are now reputed Manners* Some of my Friends have sometimes school'd and tutor'd me with great Sincerity and Plainness, either of their own voluntary Motion, or by me intreated to it, as to an Office, which to a well-compos'd Soul, surpasses not only in Utility, but in Kindness, all other Offices of Friendship. I have always receiv'd them with the most open Arms, both of Courtesie and Acknowledgment. But, to say the Truth, I have often found so much false Measure both in their Reproaches and Praises, that I had not done much amiss, rather to have err'd than to have done well, according to their Method. We chiefly, who live private Lives, not expos'd to any other view than our own, ought to have settled a Precedent within our selves, by which to try our Actions: And according to that, sometimes to encourage, and sometimes to correct our selves. I have my *Laws* and my *Judicature* to judge of my self, and apply my self more to those than any other Rules. I do indeed restrain my Actions according to others, but extend them not by any other Rule than my own. You your self only know if you are cowardly and cruel, loyal and devout: Others see you not, and only guess at you by uncertain Conjectures, and do not so much see your Nature as your Art. Rely not therefore upon their Opinions, but stick to your own. *Tuo tibi iudicio est utendum. Virtutis, & vitiorum grave ipsius conscientie, pondus est: Qua sublata, jacent omnia. Thou must spend thy own Judgement upon thy self; great is the Weight of thy own Conscience, in the discovery of thy own Virtues and Vices; which being taken away all things are lost.* But the saying that Repentance immediately follows the Sin, seems not to have respect to Sin in its gayest Dress, which is lodg'd in us as in its own proper

Cicero de
Nat. Deor.
lib. 1.

proper Habitation. One may disown and retract the Vices that surprize us, and to which we are hurried by Passions; but those which by a long Habit are rooted in a strong and vigorous Will, are not subject to contradiction. Repentance is no other What Re-
pentance is but a recanting of the Will, and an Opposition to our Fancies, which lead us which way they please. It makes this Person disown his former Virtue and Continency.

*Qua mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt gena?*

*Hor. lib. 4.
Ode. 10.*

Why is not my Mind now, alas
The same that when a Boy it was?
Or why does not my rosie hue
Return, my Beauty to renew?

'Tis an exact Life, that contains it self in due order in private; every one may juggle his part, and represent an honest Man upon the Stage: But within, and in his own Bosom, where all things are lawful, all things conceal'd to be regular, there's the point. The next degree is to be so in his House, and in his ordinary Actions, of which we are accountable to none, and where there is no Study, nor Artifice. And therefore *Bias*, setting forth the excellent estate of a private Family, of which, says he, the Master is the same within, by his own Virtue and Temper, that he is abroad, for fear of the Laws and report of Men. And it was a worthy saying of *Julius Drusus*, to the *Masons* who offered him for three thousand Crowns to put his House in such a Posture, that his Neighbours should no more have the same inspection into it as before; *I will give you*, said he, *six thousand, to make it so that every Body, may see into every Room.* 'Tis honourably recorded of *Agésilus*, that he used in his Journeys

No man a
Prophet
in his own
Country.

Journies always to take up his lodgings in Temples, to the end that the *People*, and the *Gods* themselves, might pry into his most private Actions. Such a one has been a Miracle to the World, in whom neither his Wife nor Servant have ever seen any thing so much as remarkable. Few men have been admired by their own *Domesticks*: *And no one has been a Prophet, not only in his own House, but in his own Country*, says the Experience of Histories? 'Tis the same in things of nought. In this low example the Image of a greater is to be seen. In my Country of *Gascony*, they look upon it as a Drollery to see me in Print. The farther off I am read from my own home, the better I am esteem'd. I am fain to purchase *Printers* in *Guienne*, elsewhere they purchase me. Upon this it is, that they lay their Foundation, who conceal themselves present, and living, to obtain a Name when they are absent, and dead. I had rather have a great deal less in hand, and do not expose my self to the World upon any other account than my present share; when I leave it, I quit the rest. The People reconduct such a one with publick Wonders and Applause to his very Door, he puts off this pageantry with his Robe, and falls so much the lower by how much he was higher exalted. In himself within all is in tumult and disorder. And though all should be regular there, it will require a quick and well chosen Judgment that can perceive it in these low and private Actions, To which may be added, that *Order* is an heavy, melancholick Virtue: to enter a Breach, carry an Embassy, and govern a People, are Actions of Renown: to reprehend, laugh, sell, pay, love, hate, and gentilely and justly converse with a Man's own Family and with himself; not to relent, not to give a Man's self the lye, is more rare and hard and less remarkable. By which means retir'd Lives, whatever is said to the contrary, undergo Offices of as great,

great, or greater difficulty than the other do. And private Men, says *Aristotle*, serve Virtue more painfully and assiduously, than those in Authority do. We prepare our selves for eminent Occasions, more out of Glory than Conscience. The shortest Way to arrive at Glory, should be to do that for Conscience which we do for Glory. And the Virtue of *Alexander* appears to me with much less Vigour in his *Theatre*, than that of *Socrates* in his mean and obscure Employment. I can easily conceive *Socrates* in the place of *Alexander*, but *Alexander* in that of *Socrates* I cannot. Who shall ask the one, what he can do, he will answer, *subdue the World*: And who shall put the same question to the other, he will say, *carry on humane Life conformable to its natural Condition*; a much more general, weighty, and legitimate Knowledge than the other. The Virtue of the Soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly; its Grandeur does not exercise it self in Grandeur, but in Mediocrity. As they who judge and try us within, make no great account of the lustre of publick Actions; and see they are only streaks and rayes of clear Water springing from a slimy and muddy Bottom: So likewise they who judge of us by this gallant outward appearance, in like manner conclude of our internal Constitution; and cannot couple common Faculties, and like their own with the other Faculties, that astonish them, and are so far out of their sights. Therefore it is, that we give such savage Forms to *Demons*. And who does not give *Timberlain* great Eye-brows, wide nostrils, a dreadful Face, and a prodigious Stature, according to the imagination he has conceiv'd by the report of his Name? Had any one formerly brought me to *Erasmus*, I should hardly have believ'd but that all was *Adage* and *Apophthegm* he spoke to his Man, or his Hostess. We much more aptly imagine an *Artizan* upon his
Close-

Cloſe-ſtool, or upon his Wife, than a great *Preſident* venerable by his Port and Sufficiency. We fanſie that they will not abaſe themſelves ſo much from their high *Tribunals*, as to live. As vicious Souls are often incited by ſome ſtrange impulſe to do well, ſo are vertuous Souls to do ill. They are therefore to be judg'd by their ſettled ſtate when they are near reſoſe, and in their native ſtation. Natural inclinatioꝛs are much aſſiſted and fortified by Education, but they ſeldom alter and overcome their Inſtitution. A thouſand Natures of my time have eſcap'd towards Vertue or Vice through a quite contrary Diſcipline.

Lucan.
lib. 4.

*Sic ubi deſueta ſilvis in carcere clauiſa
Manſuevere fere, & vultus poſuere minaces
Atque hominem didicere pati, ſi torrida paruos
Venit in ora cruor; redeunt rabieſque furorque,
Admonitæq; tument guſtato ſanguine fauces,
Fervet, & à trepido vix abſtinet ira magiſtro.*

So ſavage Beaſts, when they are Captive made,
Grow tame, and half forget their killing trade;
Demit their fierce looks, and themſelves inture
The Government of Mankind to endure:
But if again the blood for which they burn
They taſte, their rage and fury then return,
They thirſt for more, grow fell, and wildly ſtare,
And ſcarce their trembling Maſters do forbear.

Theſe original Qualities are not to be rooted out, they may be covered and conceal'd. The *Latin Tongue* is as it were natural to me; I underſtand it better than *French*, but I have not us'd to ſpeak it, nor hardly to write it theſe forty years; and yet upon extream and ſudden emotions which I have fall'n into twice or thrice in my Life (and once ſeeing my Father in perfect health fall upon me

in

in a swoon) I have always uttered my first outcries and ejaculations in *Latin*. Nature starting up, and forcibly expressing it self in spight of so long a Discontinuation; and this Example is said of many others. They who in my time have attempted to correct the Manners of the World by new Opinions, have indeed reform'd seeming Vices, but the real and essential Vices they leave as they were, if they do not augment them; and augmentation is therein to be fear'd, we defer all other well-doing of less cost and greater merit, upon the account of these external Reformatiōns, and thereby expiate good cheap, for the other natural, consubstantial and intestine Vices. Look a little into our Experience. There is no man, if he listen to himself, who does not in himself discover a particular and governing Form of his own that justles his Education, and wrestles with the tempest of Passions that are contrary to him. For my part, I seldom find my self agitated with Surprises; I almost always find my self in my place, as heavy and unweildy Bodies do: If I am not at home, I am always near at hand; my Debauches do not transport me very far, there is nothing strange or extream in the case; and yet I have sound and vigorous Raptures and Delights. The true Condemnation, and which touches the common practice of Men, is, that their very Progress it self is full of Filth and Corruption; the Idea of their Reformation blotted, their Repentance sick and faulty; as much very near as their Sin. Some, either for having been link'd to Vice by a natural Propension, or long Practice, cannot see the Deformity of it. Others (of which Constitution I am) do indeed weigh Vice, but they counter-balance it with Pleasure, or some other occasion, and suffer, and lend themselves to it for a certain price, but viciously and basely however: yet there

there might happily be imagin'd so vast a disproportion of measure, where with justice the Pleasure might excise the Sin, as we say of Profit; not only if accidental, and out of Sin, as in Thefts; but in the very exercise of it; as in the enjoyment of Women; wherein the Temptation is violent, and 'tis said, sometimes not to be overcome.

Being the other day at *St. Maignac*, which appertains to a Kinsman of mine, I there saw a Country Fellow that was by every one nick-named the *Thief*; who thus related the story of his own Life: That being born a Begger, and finding that he should not be able to get his living by his hands; he resolv'd to turn *Thief*, and by means of his strength of Body, had exercis'd this trade all the time of his Youth in great security; for he ever made his Harvest and Vintage in other mens grounds, but a great way off, and in so great Quantities, that it was not to be imagin'd one man could have rai'd away so much in one night upon his Shoulders; and moreover, was so careful equally to divide and distribute the mischief he did, that the loss was of less Importance to every particular man. He is now grown old and rich, for a man of his Condition, thanks be to his *Trade*; which he openly confesses to every one: and to make his Peace with God, he says, that he is daily ready by good Offices to make satisfaction to the Successors of those he has robb'd, and if he do not finish, (for to do it all at once he is not able) he will then leave it in charge to his Heirs to perform the rest proportionably to the wrong he himself only knows he has done to every one. By this Description, whether true or false, this Man looks upon Theft as a dishonest Action, and hates it, but less than Poverty, and does simply repent; but for as much as was thus recompenc'd he repents not. This is not that Habit that incorporates us into
Vice,

Vice, and conforms even our Understanding it self to it, nor is it that impetuous Whirl-wind that by gusts troubles and blinds our Souls, and for the time precipitates us, Judgment and all, into the Power of Vice.

I customarily do what I do thoroughly, I make but one step on't, I have rarely any movement that hides it self and steals away from my Reason, and that does not upon the matter proceed by the consent of all my Faculties, without decision, or intestine Sedition; my Judgment is to have all the blame, or all the praise; and the blame it once has it has always, for I have from my Infancy almost always had the same inclination, the same speed, and the same force. And as to universal Opinions, I fix'd my self from my Child-hood in the place where I resolv'd to stick. There are some Sins that are impetuous, prompt, and sudden, let us set them aside; but in these other Sins so oft repeated, deliberated and contriv'd, whether Sins of Complexion, or Sins of Profession and Vocation; I cannot conceive that they can have so long been settled in the same Resolution, unless the Reason and Conscience of him who has them, be constant to have them so, and the Repentance he boasts to be inspir'd with on a sudden, is very hard for to imagine. I follow not the Opinion of the *Pythagorean Sect*, That Men take up a new Soul when they repair to the Images of the Gods to receive *Oracles*, unless they mean that it is New, and lent for the time, our own shewing so small signs of Purification and Cleanness, fit for such an Office. They act quite contrary to the *Stoical* Precepts, that do indeed command us to correct the Imperfections which we know our selves guilty of, but forbid us to disturb the repose of our Souls. These make us believe that they have great grief and remorse within; but of amendment, correction, or demonstration,

Devotion
easie to
counterfeit.

tion, they make nothing appear. It cannot certainly be a perfect Cure, if the Humour be not wholly discharg'd, if *Repentance* were laid upon the Scale of a Balance, it would weigh down Sin. I find no Quality so easie to counterfeit as Devotion, provided they do not conform their Manners and Life to the Profession: Its Essence is abstruse and occult, the appearances easie and majestic. For my own part, I may desire in general to be other than I am; I may condemn and dislike my whole frame, and beg of Almighty God for an entire Reformation, and that he will please to pardon my natural Infirmitie: But I ought not to call this Repentance, methinks, no more than the being dissatisfied that I am not an *Angel* or *Cato*; my Actions are conformable to what I am, and to my Condition. I can do no better, and *Repentance* is not properly concern'd in things that are not in our power: Sorrow is. I imagine an infinite number of Souls more elevated and regular than mine; and yet I do not for all that, improve my Faculties no more than my Arm, or will go more strong and vigorous for conceiving those of another to be so. If to imagine and wish a nobler way of acting than that we have, should produce a Repentance of our own, we must then repent us of our most innocent Actions, forasmuch as we well suppose, that in a more excellent Nature they would have been carried on with greater Dignity and Perfection; and would that ours were so. When I reflect upon the Departments of my Youth, with that of my old Age, I find that I have behaved my self equally well in both, according to what I understand. This is all that my resistance can do. I do not flatter my self, in the same Circumstances I should do the same things. It is not a Spot, but rather an universal Tincture, with which I am imbued. I know no mean Ceremonies,

Repentance,
whence
produc'd.

nies, and superficial Repentance. It must sting me all over before I can call it so, and that it prick my Bowels as deep and universally as God sees into me. As to Employment, many good Opportunities have escap'd me for want of good Conduct; and yet my Deliberations were sound enough, according to the occurrences presented to me. 'Tis their way to chuse always the easiest and the safest course. I find that in my former Counsels, I have proceeded with Discretion according to my own rule, and according to the state of the subject propos'd, and should do the same a thousand years hence in like Occasions. I do not consider what it is now, but what it was then, when I deliberated on it. The force of all Counsel consists in the Time, Occasions, and things eternally shift and change. I have in my Life committed some great and important Errors, not for want of good understanding, but for want of good Luck. There are secret and not to be foreseen parts in matters we have in handling, especially in the nature of men; mute Conditions, that make no show, unknown sometimes even to the Professors themselves; that spring and start up by accidental Occasions. If my Prudence could not penetrate into, nor foresee them, I blame it not: 'tis commission'd no further than its own limits. If the event be too hard for me, and take the side I have refus'd, there is no Remedy, I do not blame my self, I accuse my Fortune, and not my own handy-work; this cannot be called Repentance. Phocion, having given the Athenians an Advice that was not follow'd, and the Affair nevertheless succeeding contrary to his Opinion, some one said to him, *Well Phocion, art thou content that Matters go so well?* I am very well pleas'd, reply'd he, that this has happen'd so well, but I do not repent that I counsel'd the other. When any of my Friends address themselves to me for Advice,

I give it candidly and clearly, without sticking, as almost all other Men do, at the hazard of the thing, that it may fall out contrary to my Opinion, by which means I may be reproach'd for my Counsel; I am very indifferent as to that: For the Fault will be theirs in having consulted me; and I could not refuse them my best Advice. I, for my own part, can rarely blame any own but my self, for my Oversights and Misfortunes. For indeed I seldom consult the Advice of another, if not by Honour of Ceremony, or excepting where I stand in need of Information, as to matter of Fact. But in things wherein I stand in need of nothing but Judgment, other Mens Reasons may serve to fortifie my own, but have little power to dissuade me. I hear them with Civility and Patience all; but to my knowledge, I never made use of any but my own. With me they are but Flies and Atoms, that confound and distract my Will. I lay no great stress upon my Opinions; but I lay as little upon those of others, and Fortune rewards me accordingly. If I receive but little Advice, I also give but little; I seldom consult others, and am seldom believ'd, and know no concern either publick or private, that has been mended or better'd by my Advice. Even they whom Fortune had in some sort ty'd to my Direction, have more willingly suffer'd themselves to be govern'd by any other Counsels than mine; and as a Man who is as jealous of my Repose as of my Authority, I am better pleas'd that it should be so. E'en leave me there, they humour what I profess, which is to settle and wholly contain my self within my self: I take a pleasure in being uninteress'd from other Mens Affairs, and disengag'd from being their warrant, and responsible for what they do. In all Affairs, that are past, be it how it will, I have very little regret; for this Imagination puts me out of my pain, that they

they ought to fall out: they are in the great revolution of the World, and in the Chain of Stoical Causes: Your Fancy cannot, by Wish and Imagination, remove one tittle, but that the great current of things will reverse both the past and the future. As to the rest, I abominate that accidental Repentance which old Age brings along with it: and he, who said of old, that he was oblig'd to his Age for having wean'd him from Pleasure, was of another Opinion than I am; I can never think my self, beholden to Impotency for any good it can ever do me. *Nec tam aversa unquam videbitur ab opere suo Providentia, ut debilitas inter optima inventa sit.* Nor can Providence ever be seen so averse to her own Work, that debility should be rank'd amongst the best things. Our Appetites are rare in old Age; a profound Satiety seizes us after the Act; I see nothing of Conscience in this, heaviness and weakness imprint in us a drowsie and rheumatick Vertue. We must not suffer our selves to be so wholly carried away by natural alterations, as to suffer our Judgments to be impos'd upon by them. Youth and Pleasure have not, formerly so far prevail'd upon me, that I did not well enough discern the face of Vice in Pleasure, neither does that nausity that years have brought me, so far prevail with me now, that I cannot discern Pleasure in Vice. Now that I am no more in my flourishing Age, I judge as well of these things as if I was. I, who narrowly and strictly examine it, find my Reason the very same it was in my most licentious Age, if not perhaps a little weaker, and more decay'd by being grown old; and I find that the Pleasure it refuses me upon the account of my bodily Health, it would no more refuse it now in Consideration of the Health of my Soul than at any time heretofore. I do not repute it more valiant for being out of Combate. My temptations are so broken and mortified, that they

they are not worth its Oppositions, holding but out my Hands I repel them. Should one present the old Concupiscence before it, I fear it would have less power to resist it than heretofore. I do not discern that in it self it judges any thing otherwise now, than it formerly did, nor that it has acquir'd any new light. Wherefore, if there be convalescence, 'tis an enchanted one. Miserable kind of Remedy, to owe a Man's Health to his Disease! 'Tis not for our Misfortune to perform this Office, but for the good Fortune of our Judgment. I am not to be made to do any thing by Persecutions and Afflictions, but curse them. That is for People that are not to be rouz'd but by a Whip; my Reason is much more active in Prosperity, and much more distracted, and put to it to digest Pains than Pleasures. I see best in a clear Sky. Health does premonish me, as more cheerfully, so to better purpose than Sickness. I did all that in me lay to reform and regulate my self from Pleasures at all times, when I had Health and Vigour to enjoy them. I should be troubled and sham'd, that the misery and misfortune of my Age, should be preferr'd before my good, healthful, spritely, and vigorous Years; and that Men should esteem me, not for what I have been, but by that miserable part of my self, where I have as it were ceas'd to be. In my Opinion 'tis the happy Living, and not (as said *Antisthenes*) the happy Dying, in which humane Felicity consists. I have not made it my Business to make a monstrous addition of a Philosopher's Tail to the Head and Body of a Libertine; nor would I have this wretched remainder give the lye to the pleasant, sound, and long part of my Life. I will present my self uniformly throughout. Were I to live my Life over again, I should live it just as I have done, I neither complain of the past, nor do I fear the future, and if I am not much

much deceiv'd, I am the same within that I am without. 'Tis one main Obligation I have to Fortune, that the Succession of my bodily Estate has been carried on according to the natural Seasons; I have seen the Grass, the Blossoms, and the Fruit, and now see the Tree wither'd: happily however, because naturally. I bear the Infirmities I have the better, because they came not till I had Reason to expect them; and because also they make me with great Pleasure remember that long Felicity of my past Life. My Wisdom peradventure may have been the same in both Ages; but it was more Active, and of a better Grace whilst young, and spritely, than now it is when broken, peevish, and uneasie. I renounce then these casual and painful Reformatiōns. God must touch our Hearts, and our Consciences must amend of themselves, by the force of our Reason, and not by the decay of our Appetites. Pleasure is in it self neither pale nor discolour'd, to be discern'd by him and decay'd Eyes. We ought to love Temperance for its self, and because God has commanded that and Chastity; but what we are reduc'd to by Catarrhs, and that I am oblig'd to the Stone for, is neither Chastity nor Temperance. A man cannot boast that he despises and resists Pleasure, if he cannot see it; if he knows not what it is, cannot discern its Graces, Forces, and most alluring Beauties; I know both the one and the other, and may therefore the better say it; but methinks our Souls in old Age are subject to more troublesome Maladies and Imperfections than in Youth. I said the same when young, and then I was reproach'd with the want of a Beard, and I say so now when my gray Hairs give me some Authority; we call the Difficulty of our Humours, and the disrelish of present things, Wisdom, but in truth we do not so much forsake Vices as we change them, and in my Opinion, for

worse. Besides a foolish and feeble Pride, and impertinent Prating, froward and unfociable Humours, Superstition, and a ridiculous desire of Riches when we have lost the Use; I find more Envy, Injustice and Malice. Age imprints more wrinkles in the Mind, than it does in the Face, and Souls are never, or very rarely seen, that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves altogether, both towards his perfection and decay. In observing the Wisdom of *Socrates*, and many Circumstances of his Condemnation I should dare to believe, that he in some sort himself purposely by collusion contributed to it, seeing that at the Age of seventy Years, he suffered the lofty motions of his Wit to be so cramp't, and his wonted lustre to be so obscur'd. What strange Metamorphoses do I see Age every day make in many of my acquaintants! 'Tis a potent Malady, and that naturally and imperceptibly steals into us, and vast provision of study, and great precaution are requir'd to evade the imperfections it loads us with, or at least, to obstruct their progress. I find, that notwithstanding all my retrenchments, it gets foot by foot upon me; I make the best resistance I can, but I do not know to what at last it will reduce me; but fall out what will, I am content the World may know when I am fall'n, from whence I fell.

C H A P. III.

Of Three Commerces.

WE must not rivet our selves so fast to these Humours and Complexions. Our chiefest sufficiency is to know how to apply our selves to divers Employments. 'Tis to be, but not to live to keep a Man's self tied and bound by necessity to one only course. Those are the bravest Souls that have in them the most variety, and that are most flexible and pliant; of which here is an honourable Testimony of the elder Cato: *Huius ver- Livius, satile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ait. 34- id unum diceret, quodcunque ageret.* This Man's Parts were so convertible to all Uses, that a Man would think he were born only for whatever he did. Might I have the Liberty to dress my self after my own Mode, there is no so graceful Fashion to which I would be so fixt, as not to be able to disengage my self from it. Life is an unequal, irregular, and a multiform Motion. 'Tis not to be a Friend to a Man's self, much less a Master; 'tis not to be a Slave so incessantly, to be so led by the Nose by ones own Inclinations, that a Man cannot turn a- That our Inclinations are not always to be follow'd. side nor writhe his neck out of the collar. I speak it now in this part of my Life, wherein I find I cannot disengage my self from the importunity of my Soul, by reason that it cannot commonly amuse it self, but on things wherein it is perplex'd, nor employ it self but intirely, and with all its force. Upon the lightest Subject can be offer'd, it makes it infinitely greater, and stretchés it to that degree, as therein to employ its utmost power, wherefore its Idleness is to me a very painful Labour, and very prejudicial to my Health. Most Men's Minds require foreign matter to exercise and enliven them;

Senec.
Epist. 56.

them; mine has rather need to sit still and repose it self; *Vitia otii negotio discutienda sunt.* The Vices of Sloth are to be shaken off by Business; for its chiefest and most painful study, is to study it self. Books are to it a sort of Employment that debauches it from its study. Upon the first Thoughts that possess it, it begins to bustle and make trial of a Vigour in all Senses, exercises its power of handling, sometimes making trial of its force, and then fortifying, moderating and ranging it self by the way of Grace and Order. It has of its own where-with to rouse its Faculties: Nature has given to it, as to all others, matter enough of its own to make advantage of, and subjects proper enough, where it may either invent or judge. Meditation is a powerful and full study to such as can effectually employ themselves. I had rather forge my Soul than furnish it. There is no Employment, either more weak or more strong, than that of entertaining a Mans own Thoughts, according as the Soul is. The greatest Men make it their whole Business, *Quibus vivere est cogitare.* To whom to live is to think. Nature has also favour'd it with this Privilege, that there is nothing we can do so long, nor any Action to which we more frequently, and with greater facility addict our selves. 'Tis the Business of the Gods, says Aristotle, and from whence both their Beatitude and ours proceed. The principal use of Reading to me, is, that by various Objects it rouses my Reason, and employc my Judgment, not my Memory. Few Entertainments then detain me without force and violence; it is true, that the Beauty and Neatness of a Work take as much, or more, with me, than the Weight and Depth of the Subject; and forasmuch as I slumber in all other Communication, and give but a negligent attention, it often falls out, that in such mean and pitiful Discourses, I either make strange and ridiculous Answers unbecoming a Child,

or

Cic. Thom.
L. 5.

or more indiscreetly and rudely maintain an obstinate Silence. I have a melancholick and pensive way; that withdraws me into my self, and to that a stupid and childish Ignorance of many very ordinary things; by which two Qualities I have obtain'd, that Men may truly report five or six as ridiculous Tales of me, as of any other whatever. But to proceed in my Subject; this difficult Complexion of mine, renders me very nice in any Conversation with Men, whom I must cull and pick out for my purpose, and unfit for common Society. We live and negotiate with the People; if their Conversation be troublesome to us, if we disdain to apply our selves to mean and vulgar Souls, (and the mean and Vulgar are oft as regular, as those of the finest Thread; and all Wisdom is Folly, that does not accommodate it self to the common Ignorance) we must no more intermeddle either with other Men's affairs, or our own; and all Business both publick and private, must be manag'd apart from the Popular. The less forc'd, and most natural motions of the Soul, are the most beautiful, the best Employments; those that are least constrain'd. Good God! how good an Office does *Wisdom* to those whose Desires it limits to their Power! That is the most happy Knowledge. *What a Man say*, was the Sentence *Socrates* was so much in love withal, a *Motto* of great substance; we moderate and adapt our Desires to the nearest and easiest to be acquir'd things. Is it not a foolish Humour of mine, to separate my self from a thousand to whom my Fortune has conjoin'd me, and without whom I cannot live, to cleave to one or two that are out of my Commerce, or rather a fantastick desire of a thing I cannot obtain? My gentle and easie Manners, enemies of all sourness in Conversation, may easily enough have secur'd me from the Envy and Animosities of Men; I do not say so as to be be-
lov'd

lov'd, but never any Man gave less occasions of being hated; but the coldness of my Conversation, has reasonably depriv'd me of the Good-will of many, who are to be excus'd, if they interpret it in another and worse sense. I am best at contracting, and maintain rare and exquisite Friendships; for by reason that I so greedily seize upon such Acquaintance as fits my liking, I throw my self with such violence upon them, that I hardly fail to stick, and oft make an Impression where I hit, as I have often made happy proof. I am in some sort cold and shy, for my motion is not natural, if not with full sail: besides, my Fortune having train'd me up from my Youth in, and given me a relish of one sole and perfect Friendship, it has in truth given me a kind of nausea to meaner Conversations, and too much imprinted in my Fancie, that they are Beasts of *Company*, as the Ancients said, but not of the *Herd*. And also I have a natural Difficulty of communicating my self by halves, and that Reservation, servile, and jealous Prudence requir'd in the Conversation of numerous and imperfect Friendships. And we are principally enjoin'd to these in this Age of ours, when we cannot talk of the World, but either with Danger or Falshood. Yet do I very well discern, that he who has the Conveniencies (I mean the essential Conveniencies) of Life for his End, as I have, ought to fly these Difficulties and Delicacy of Humour, as much as the Plague. I should commend a Soul of several Stories, that knows both how to bend and to slacken it self; that finds it self at ease in all Conditions of Fortune, that can discourse with a Neighbour, of his Building, Hunting, or any little Contention betwixt him and another; that can chat with a Carpenter or a Gardener with Pleasure. I envy those who can render themselves familiar with the meanest of their Followers, and divert

divert themselves with their own Attendants ; and dislike the Advice of *Plato*, That Men should always speak in a Magisterial Tone to their Servants, whether Men or Women, without being sometimes facetious and familiar. For besides my Reason 'tis inhuman and unjust, to set so great a value upon this pitiful Prerogative of Fortune ; and the Governments, wherein less disparity is permitted betwixt Masters and Servants, seem to me the most equitable. Others study how to raise and elevate their Minds, I, how to humble mine, and to bring it low ; 'tis only vicious in extension.

Narras, & genus Aeci

Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio ;

Quo Cbium pretio cadam

Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,

Quo prabente dominam & quota

Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.

*Hor. lib. 2^a
Ode 19.*

Thou por'ft on *Helvicus*, and studiest in vain,
How many years past betwixt King and Kings Reign,
To make an old Woman e'en twitter for Joy
At an eighty eight story, or the scuffle at *Troy*.
But where the good Wine, and best Fire is,
When the cruel *North-Wind* does blow,
And the Trees do pennance in Snow ;
Where the Poets delight and desire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne'er troublest thy Brain.

*Para-
phras'd
by T. F.*

Thus, as the *Lacedemonian* Valour stood in need of Moderation, and of the sweet and harmonious found of Flutes to soften them in Battle, lest they should precipitate themselves into Temerity and Fury ; whereas all other Nations commonly make use of harsh and shrill sounds, and of loud and imperious Voices, to incite and heat the Souldier's Courage to the last degree : So, methinks, that

contrary

contrary to the usual Method, in the practice of our Minds; we have for the most part more need of Lead, than Wings; of Temperance and Composedness; than Ardour and Agitation. But above all things, 'tis in my Opinion, egregiously to play the Fool, to put on the Gravity of a Man of Understanding amongst those that know nothing: And, to speak in Print, *favellar in punta di forchetta*: You must let your self down to those with whom you converse; and sometimes affect Ignorance: Lay aside constraint and subtilty; 'tis enough in common Conversation to preserve Decency and Order; as to the rest, sag as low as the Earth, if they desire it. The learned oft stumble at this Stone; they will be always shewing their utmost Skill, and strow their Writings all over with the Flowers of their Eloquence: They have in these days so fill'd the Cabinets and Ears of the Ladies with it, that if they have lost the Substance; they at least retain the Words: So as in all Discourse upon all sorts of Subjects, how mean and common soever, they speak and write after a new and learned way:

Furven.
Sat. 6.

*Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta, quid ultra?
Concumbunt doctè.*

In the same Language they express their *Fears*, Their *Anger*, and their *Jays*, their *Griefs* and *Cares*, And all their *Secrets* do pour out; What more? In the same learned Phrase they play the *Whore*.

And quote *Plato* and *Aquinas* in things the first they meet could determine as well. The Learning that cannot penetrate their Souls hangs still upon the Tongue. If those of Quality will be perswaded by me, they shall content themselves with setting out their proper and natural Treasures; they conceal and

and cover their Beauties under others that are none of theirs: 'Tis a great folly to put out their own Light, to shine by a borrow'd lustre: They are interr'd and buried under the Article *Capfula tota*. It is because they do not sufficiently know that the World has nothing fairer than themselves, 'tis for them to honour the Arts, and to paint Painting. What need have they of any thing, but to live belov'd and honour'd? They have, and know but too much for this. They need do no more, but rouze and heat a little the Faculties they have of their own. When I see them tampering with *Rhetorick, Law, Logick*, and the like; so improper and unnecessary for their Business, I begin to suspect, that the Men, who inspire them with such things, do it that they may govern them upon that account. For what other excuse can I contrive? It is enough that they can, without our Instruction, govern the Graces of their Eyes to Gayety, Severity, and Sweetness, and season a denial either with Anger, Suspence, or Favour, and that they need not another to interpret what we speak for their Service. With this knowledge they command with the Switch, and rule both the *Regents* and the Schools. But if nevertheless they think much to give place to us in any thing whatever, and will out of Curiosity have their share in Books; Poetry is a Diversion proper for them, 'tis a wanton and subtile, a dissembling and prating *Art*, all Pleasure, and all Show like themselves. They may also extract several Conveniencies from History. In *Philosophy*, out of the moral part of it, they may select such instructions as will teach them to judge of our Humours and Conditions, to defend themselves from our Treacheries, to regulate the ardour of their own Desires, to manage their Liberty, lengthen the Pleasure of Life, and mildly to bear the Inconstancy of a Servant, the rudeness of a Husband, and the importunity

Poesie allowed to Women.

What kind of Philosophy is proper for Women.

nity of Years, Wrinkles and the like. This is the utmost of what I would allow them in the Sciences. There are some particular Natures that are private and retir'd, my natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in sight, born for Society and Friendship: the solitude that I love my self, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other, than to withdraw my Thoughts and Affections into my self; to restrain and check, not my steps, but my own cares and Desires; resigning all foreign Solitude, and mortally avoiding Servitude and Obligations; and not so much the crowd of Men, as the crowd of Business. Local Solitude, to say the truth, does rather give me more room, and set me more at large; I more willingly throw my self upon Affairs of State, and the World, when I am alone. At the *Louvre*, and in the bustle of the *Court*, I fold my self within my own Skin. The crowd thrusts me upon my self. And I never entertain my self so wantonly, so licentiously, nor so particularly, as in places of Respect, and ceremonious Prudence: Our Follies do not make Men laugh, but our Wisdom. I am naturally no Enemy to a Court-Life, I have therein past a good part of my own, and am of an humour to be cheerful in great Companies, provided it may be by intervals, and at my own time: But this softness of Judgment whereof I speak, tyes me by force to solitude, even in my own House, in the middle of a numerous Family, and a House sufficiently frequented. I see People enow, but rarely such with whom I delight to converse: And I there reserve both for my self and others an unusual Liberty: There is in my House no such thing as Ceremonies, ushering or waiting upon them down to the Coach, and such other troublesome Ceremonies as our courtesse enjoys, (O servile and importunate custom!) every one there governs himself according to his own Method

Method; let who will speak his Thoughts, I sit mute, meditating and shut up in my Closet, without any offence to my Guests. The Men, whose Society and Familiarity I covet, are those they call sincere and ingenuous Men, and the Image of these makes me disdain the rest. It is, if rightly taken, the rarest of our Forms, and a Form that we chiefly owe to *Nature*. The end of this Commerce is simply Privacy, Frequentation and Conference, the exercise of Souls, without other Fruit. In our Discourse all Subjects are alike to me; let there be neither weight, nor depth, 'tis all one, there is yet Grace and Pertinency, all there is tinged with a mature and constant Judgment, and mixt with Bounty, Freedom, Gayety and Friendship. 'Tis not only in talking of the Affairs of *Kings* and *States*, that our Wits discover their Force and Beauty, but every whit as much in private Conferences: I understand my People even by their Silence and Smiles; and better discover them perhaps at *Table*, than in the *Council*. *Hippomachus* said very well, *that he could know the good Wrestlers, by only seeing them walk in the street*. If Learning will please to step into our talk, it shall not be rejected, not magisterial, imperious, and importunate, as it commonly is, but suffragan and docile in it self. We there only seek to divert ourselves, and to pass away our time; when we have a mind to be instructed and preach'd to, we will go seek it in its Throne. Let it debase it self to us for once, if it so please; for useful and profitable as it is; I presuppose that even in the greatest need, we may do well enough without it, and do our Business without its Assistance. A well descended Soul, and practis'd in the Conversation of Men, will of her self; render her self agreeable to all. Art is nothing but the counter-part and register of what such Souls produce. The Conversation also of beautiful and

Cicero.

well-bred Women, is also for me a most sweet commerce: *Nam nos quoque Oculos eruditos habemus*. If the Soul has not therein so much to enjoy, as in the first, the bodily Senses, which also participate more of this, bring it to a Proportion near to, though, in my Opinion, not equal to the other. But 'tis a commerce wherein a Man must stand a little upon his guard, especially those of a vigorous Constitution, as I am. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire*. I there scalded my self in my Youth, and suffered all the Torments that Poets say are to befall all who precipitate themselves into Love without Order and Judgment. It is true, that whipping has made me wiser since.

Ovid. *Trist.*
l. 1. El. 1.

*Quicumque Argolicâ de classe Capbarea fugit,
Semper ab Euboicis vela retorquet aquis.*

O'th' *Gracian* Fleet, who would *Capbarea* flee,
Must always steer from the *Euboick* Sea;

'Tis folly to fix all a Man's Thoughts upon it, and madness to engage in it with a furious and indiscreet Affection; but on the other side, to engage there without Love and without Inclination, like *Comedians*, to play a common part, without putting any thing to it of his own but Words, is indeed to provide for his safety; but withal, after as scandalous a manner, as he who should abandon his Honour, Profit, or Pleasure, for fear of danger; for it is most certain, that from such a Practice, they who set it on foot can expect no Fruit that can please or satisfy a noble Soul. A Man must of necessity have in good earnest desir'd that which he in good earnest expects to have a Pleasure in enjoying; I say, though Fortune should unjustly favour their Dissimulation, which oft falls out, because there is none of the Sex, let her be as ugly as the *Devil*, who does not think her self well worthy to be be-
lov'd,

lov'd, and that does not prefer her self before other Women, either for her Youth, the colour of her Hair, or her graceful Motion, (for generally there are no more foul than fair;) and the *Bracman* Virgins, who have no other Beauty to recommend them, the People being assembled by the Common Cryer to that effect, come out into the Marketplace to expose their Matrimonial Parts to publick View, to try if those at least were not of temptation sufficient to get them Husbands. Consequently there is not one who does not easily suffer her self to be overcome by the first Vow that is made to serve her. Now from this ordinary Treachery of Men, that must fall out which we already experimentally see, either that they rally together, and separate themselves by themselves to avoid us, or else form their Discipline by the Example we give them, play the Parts of their Farce as we do ours, and give themselves up to the Sport, without Passion, Care, or Love: *Neque affectui suo aut alieno obnoxia*: believing, according to the persuasion of *Lysias* in *Plato*, that they may with more Utility and Convenience surrender themselves up to us the less we love them. Where it will fall out, as in *Comedies*, that the People will have as much Pleasure or more than the *Comedians*. For my part, I no more acknowledge a *Venus* without a *Cupid*, than a *Mother* without *Issue*: They are things that mutually lend, and own their Essence to one another; so this Cheat rebounds back upon him who is guilty of it, it does not cost him much indeed, but he also gets little or nothing by it. They who have made *Venus* a *Goddeß*, have taken notice that her principal Beauty was incorporeal and spiritual. But the *Venus* which these People hunt after, is not so much as humane, nor indeed brutal; the very Beasts will not accept it so gross and so earthly. We see that Imagination and Desire oft heats and incites them before the

Body does ; we see in both the one Sex and the other, they have in the *berd* choice and particular Election in their Affections, and that they have amongst themselves a long Commerce of old good Will. Even those to whom old Age denies the Practice of their Desire, do yet tremble, neigh, and twitter for Love. We see them before the Act full of hope and ardour, and when the Body has play'd its Game, yet please themselves with the sweet remembrance of the Pleasure past ; some that swell with Pride after they have performed, and others, who tir'd and fated, do yet by Vociferation express a triumphing Joy. Who has nothing to do but only to discharge his Body of a natural necessity, need not to trouble others with so curious Preparations. It is not Meat for a gross and boysterous Appetite. As one who does not desire that Men should think me better than I am, I will here freely discover the Errors of my Youth. Not only for the danger of impairing my Health, (and yet I could not be so careful, but that I had two light Mischances) but moreover upon the account of Contempt, I have seldom given my self up to common and mercenary Embraces. I would heighten the Pleasure by the Difficulty, by Desire and a certain kind of Glory ; and was clearly of *Tiberius's* Mind, who in his *Amours* was as much taken with Modesty and Birth as any other Quality ; and of the Courtesan *Flora's* Humour, who never prostituted her self to less than a *Dictator*, a *Consul*, or a *Censor*, and solac'd her self in the dignity of her Lovers ; doubtless Pearl and Tissue, Titles and Attendants, add something to it. As to the rest, I had a great esteem for Wit, provided the Person was without Exception ; for, to confess the truth, if the one or the other of these two Perfections must of necessity be wanting, I should rather have quitted that of the Understanding, that has its Use in better things ;

but

Modest
and noble
Amours of
Tiberius.
Those of
Flora.

but in the Subject of Love, a Subject principally relating to the Senses of Seeing and Touching, something may be done without the Graces of the Mind, without the Graces of the Body nothing. Beauty is the true prerogative of Women, and so peculiarly their own, that ours, though naturally requiring another sort of Feature, is never in its lustre, but when puerile and heedless, confused and mixt with theirs. 'Tis said, that such as are preferr'd to the *Grand Signior* upon the account of Beauty, which are an infinite Number, are at the farthest dismissed at two and twenty years of Age. Reason, Prudence, and Offices of Friendship are better found amongst Men, and therefore it is, that they govern the Affairs of the World. These two Commerces are fortuitous, and depending upon others; the one is troublesome by its rarity, the other withers with Age, so that they could never have been sufficient for the Business of my Life. That of Books, which is the Third, is much more certain, and much more our own. It yields all other Advantages to the other two; but has the Constancy and Facility of its Service for its own share: It goes side by side with me in my whole Course, and every where is assisting to me: It comforts me in my Age and Solitude; it eases me of a troublesome weight of Idleness, and delivers me at all hours from Company that I dislike; and it blunts the Point of Grievs, if they are not extreme, and have not got an entire Possession of my Soul. To divert my self from a troublesome Fancy, 'tis but to run to my Books, they presently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my Thoughts; and do not mutiny to see that I have only recourse to them for want of other more real, natural, and lively Conveniencies; they always receive me with the same Kindness. *He may well go a foot, they say, who leads his Horse in his Hand,*

Hand. And our *Fames*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, who, handsome, young, and healthful, caus'd himself to be carried up and down in a Barrow, extended upon a pittiful Mattrice in a poor Robe of gray Cloth, and a Cap of the same; but attended withal with a Royal Train of *Litters*, *led-Horses* of all sorts, Gentlemen and Officers, did yet herein represent a tender and unsteady Austerity. The sick Man is not to be lamented, who has his Cure in his Sleeve. In the experience and practice of this Sentence, which is a very true one, all the Benefit I reap from Books consists; and yet I make as little use of it almost as those that know it not: I enjoy it as a *Miser* does his Mony, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I please: my Mind is satisfied with this *right* of Possession. I never travel without Books, either in Peace or War; and yet sometimes I pass over several Days, and sometimes Months, without looking on them: I will read by and by, say I to my self, or to morrow, or when I please, and the interim Time steals away without any inconvenience. For it is not to be imagin'd to what degree I please my self, and rest content in this Consideration, that I have them by me, to divert my self with them when I am so dispos'd, and to call to mind what an ease and refreshment they are to my Life. 'Tis the best *Viaticum* I have yet found out for this humane Journey, and very much lament those Men of Understanding who are unprovided of them. And yet I rather accept of any other sort of Diversion; how light soever, because this can never fail me: When at home, I a little more frequent my Library, from whence I at once survey all the whole concerns of my Family: 'Tis situated at the Entrance into my House, and I thence under me see my Garden, Court, and base-Court; and into all the parts of the Building. There I turn over now one

one Book, and then another, of various Subjects, without Method or Design: One while I meditate, another I record, and dictate as I walk to and fro; such Whimsies as these I present you here. 'Tis in the third story of a Tower, of which the Ground-room is my Chappel, the second story an Apartment with a withdrawing Room and Closet, where I often lie to be more retired. Above it is a great Wardrobe, which formerly was the most useles part of the House. I there pass away both the most of the Days of my Life, and most of the Hours of those Days. In the Night I am never there. There is within it a Cabinet handsome and neat enough, with a Fire-place very commodiously contriv'd, and Light very finely fitted. And was I not more afraid of the Trouble than the Expence, the Trouble that frights me from all Business, I could very easily adjoyn on either side, and on the same Floor, a Gallery of an hundred paces long, and twelve broad, having found Walls already rais'd for some other Design, to the requisite height. Every place of retirement requires a Walk. My Thoughts sleep if I sit still; my Fancy does not go by it self, as when my Legs move it: and all those who study without a Book are in the same Condition. The figure of my Study is round, and has no more flat Wall than what is taken up by my Table, and my Chairs; so that the remaining parts of the Circle present me a view of all my Books at once, set up upon five degrees of Shelves round about me. It has three noble and free Prospects, and is fifteen paces Diameter. I am not so continually there in Winter, for my House is built upon an Eminence, as its Name imports, and no part of it is so much expos'd to the Wind and Weather as that, which pleases me the better, for being of a painful access, and a little remote, as well upon the account of Exercise, as being also there more retir'd

from the Crowd. 'Tis there that I am in my Kingdom, as we say, and there I endeavour to make my self an absolute *Monarch*, and to sequester this one Corner from all Society both Conjugal, Filial, and Civil. Else where I have but verbal Authority only, and of a confus'd Essence. That Man in my Opinion is very miserable, who has not at home where to be by himself, where to entertain himself alone, or to conceal himself from others. Ambition sufficiently plagues her Profelytes, by keeping themselves always in shew, like the Statues of a publick Place. *Magna Servitus est magna Fortuna.* A great Fortune is a great Slavery. They have not so much as a Retirement for the Necessities of Nature. I have thought nothing so severe in the Austerity of Life that our Church-men affect, as what I have observ'd in some of their Societies; namely, to have a perpetual Society of place by Rule, and numerous Assistants amongst them in every Action whatever; and think it much more supportable to be always alone, than never to be so. If any one shall tell me, that it is to undervalue the *Muses*, to make use of them only for sport, and to pass away the Time; I shall tell him, that he does not know the value of Sport and Pleasure so well as I; if I forbear to add further, that all other end is ridiculous. I live from Hand to Mouth, and, with reverence be it spoken, I only live for my self; to that all my Designs do tend, and in that terminate. I studied when young for Ostentation; since to make my self a little wiser; and now for my Diversion, but never for any Profit. A vain and prodigal Humour I had after this sort of Furniture, not only for the supplying my own needs and defects, but moreover for Ornament and outward shew, I have since quite bereav'd my self of. Books have many charming Qualities to such as know how to choose them

Seneca de
Consol. ad
Polyb. c. 26.

them. But every Good has its Ill; 'tis a Pleasure that is not pure and clean, no more than others: it has its Inconveniencies, and great ones too. The Mind indeed is exercised by it, but the Body, the care of which I must withal never neglect, remains in the mean time without Action, grows heavy and stupid. I know no excess more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining Age. These are my three belov'd, and particular Occupations; I speak not of those I owe to the World by Civil Obligations

C H A P. IV.

Of Diversion.

I Was once employ'd to console a Lady truly afflicted; most of their Mournings are put on, and for outward Ceremony.

What Womens Mournings commonly are.
Juvén. Sat. 6.

*Uberibus semper Lacrymis, semperque paratis,
In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam
Quo jubeat manare modo.*

They always have a dam for present use,
Ready, and waiting when they draw the Sluce,
On least pretences of Joys, Griefs, or Fears,
To fall out in false dissembling Tears.

A Man goes the wrong way to work when he opposes this Passion: for opposition does but irritate and make them more obstinate in Sorrow, and the Evil is exasperated by being contented with. We see in common Discourse, that what I have negligently let fall from me, if a Man takes hold of it, so as to controvert what I have said, I justify it with the best Arguments I have, and much more a thing wherein I have a real Interest. And besides,

How Con-
solation
ought to
be practi-
sed.

sides, in so doing, you enter rudely upon your Operation; whereas the first Adresses of a *Physician* to his Patient should be gracious, gay and pleasing. Never did any ill-look'd, morose *Physician* do any thing to purpose. On the contrary then, a Man should at the first approaches favour their Grief, and express some Approbation of their Sorrow: By this intelligence you obtain Credit to proceed farther, and after a facile and insensible manner fall into Discourses more solid and proper for their Cure. I, whose aim it was principally to gull the Assistants who had their Eyes fix'd upon me, design'd only to palliate the Disease. And indeed I have found by Experience, that I have an unlucky hand in perswading. My arguments are either too sharp, or too flat, and either press too roughly, or not home enough. After I had sometime apply'd my self to her Grief, I did not attempt to cure her by strong and lively Reasons, either because I wanted them, or because I thought to do my business better another way; neither did I insist upon a choice of any of those methods of Consolation which *Philosophy* prescribes; That what we complain of is no Evil, according to *Cleantes*; that it is a light Evil, according to the *Peripatericks*; that to bemoan ones self is an Action neither commendable nor just, according to *Chrysippus*; nor this of *Epicurus*, more suitable to my way, of shifting the thoughts from afflicting things to those that are pleasing; nor making a Bundle of all these together, to make use of upon occasion according to *Cicero*; but gently bending my Discourse, and by little and little digressing, sometimes to Subjects nearer, and sometimes more remote from the purpose; she was more intent to what I said, I insensibly depriv'd her of her Sorrow, and kept her calm and in good Humour whilst I continued there. I herein made use of *Diversion*. They who succeeded me in the
the

the same Service, did not for all that find any amendment in her, for I had not gone to the root. I peradventure may elsewhere have glanc'd upon some sort of publick diversions. And the practice of Military ones, which *Pericles* made use of in the *Peloponnesian* War, with a thousand others in other places to withdraw the adverse Forces from their own Countries, is too frequent in *History*. It was an ingenibus evasion whereby the *Sieur d' Humbercourt* sav'd both himself and others in the City of *Liege*, into which the Duke of *Burgundy*, who kept it besieg'd, had made him enter, to execute the Articles of their promis'd Surrender. These People being assembled by Night to consider of it, begun to mutiny against the past Agreement, and to that degree, that several of them resolv'd to fall upon the Commissioners who had labour'd in it, and whom they had in their power. He feeling the gusts of this first storm of these People, who were coming to rush into his Lodgings, suddenly sent out to them two of the Inhabitants of the City (of which he had some with him) with new and milder Terms, to be propos'd in their Counsel, which he had suddenly contriv'd at need. These two diverted the first Tempest, carrying back the enrag'd Rabble to the *Town-Hall*, to hear and consider of what they had to say. The deliberation was short: a second storm arose as full of animosity as the other; whereupon he dispatch'd four new Mediators of the same quality to meet them, protesting that they had now better Conditions to present them with, and such as would give them absolute satisfaction; by which means the Tumult was once more appeas'd; and the People again turn'd back to the *Conclave*. In fine, by thus ordering these amusements one after another, diverting their Fury, and dissipating it in frivolous Consultations, he laid it at last asleep till the Day appear'd,

pear'd, which was his principal end. This other Story that follows is also of the same predicament. *Atalanta*, a Virgin of excelling Beauty, and of wonderful disposition of Body, to disengage her self from the crowd of a thousand Suitors, who sought her in Marriage, made this Proposition, that she would accept of him for her Husband who should equal her in Running, upon condition that they who fail'd should lose their Lives; there were enough who thought the Prize very well worth the hazard, and who suffered the Penalty of the bloody Contract. *Hippomenes*, being to make tryal after the rest, makes his Address to the *Goddess of Love*, imploring her assistance, who granting his Request, gave him three golden Apples, and instructed him how to use them. The Ground they ran upon being an even Plane, as *Hippomenes* perceiv'd his Mistress to press hard up to him, he, as it were by chance, let fall one of these Apples; the Maid, taken with the Beauty of it, fail'd not to step out of her way to take it up:

*Ovid. Me-
tam. lib.
10.*

*Obstupuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi
Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit:*

The nimble Virgin, dazled to behold
The glittering Apple tumbling o're the Mold,
Stop'd her Career to seize the rowling Gold.

He did the same, when he saw his time, by the second and third, till by so diverting her, and making her lose so much Ground, he won the Course. When *Physicians* cannot stop a *Catarrh*, they divert, and turn it into some other less dangerous part. And I find also that is the most ordinary practice for the Diseases of the Mind. *Abdu-*
*cendus etiam nonnunquam animus est, ad alia studia,
solicitudines, curas, negotia: Loci denique mutatione,
tanquam*

*Cicero.
Tusc. l. 5.*

vanguam aegroti non convalescentes, saepe curandus est.
 The mind is sometimes to be diverted to other Studies, Thoughts, Cares, and Business: and lastly, by change of Place, as sick Persons that do not recover are order'd change of Air. 'Tis to little effect directly to juggle a Man's Infirmities, we neither make him sustain, nor repel the Attack; we only make him decline and evade it. This other Lesson is too high and too difficult. 'Tis for Men of the first Form of knowledge purely to insist upon the thing, to consider and judge of it. It appertains to one sole *Socrates* only, to entertain Death with an indifferent Countenance, to grow acquainted with it, and to sport with it; he seeks no consolation out of the thing it self; dying appears to him a natural and indifferent Accident, 'tis there that he fixes his Sight and Resolution, without looking elsewhere. The Disciples of *Hegesias*, that pine themselves to death, animated thereunto by his fine Lectures, which were so frequent, that King *Ptolomy* order'd he should be forbidden to entertain his Followers with such Homicide-doctrines: those People do not consider Death it self, neither do they judge of it; it is not there that they fix their Thoughts, they run towards, and aim at a new Being. The poor Wretches that we see brought upon the Scaffold, full of ardent Devotion, and therein, as much as in them lies, employing all their Senses, their Ears in hearing the Instructions are given them, their Eyes and Hands lifted up towards Heaven, their Voices in loud Prayers, with a vehement and continual emotion, are doubtless things very commendable and proper for such a necessity. We ought to commend them for their Devotion, but not properly for their Constancy. They shun the encounter, they divert their thoughts from the consideration of Death, as Children are amus'd with some Toy or other, when the Chirur-

geon

geon is going to give them a prick with his Lancet. I have seen some, who casting sometimes their Eyes upon the dreadful Instruments of Death round about, have fainted, and furiously turn'd their Thoughts another way. Such as are to pass a formidable Precipice, are advis'd either to shut their Eyes or look another way. *Subrius Flavius*, being by *Nero's* command to be put to Death, and by the hand of *Niger*, both of them great Captains; when they led him to the place appointed for his Execution, seeing the hole that *Niger* had caus'd to be hollow'd to put him into, ill-favour'dly contriv'd: *Neither is this*, said he, turning to the Souldiers who guarded him, *according to Military Discipline*, And to *Niger*, who exhorted him to keep his Head firm, *do but thou strike as firmly*, said he. And he very well fore-saw what would follow, when he said so; for *Niger's* arm so trembled, that he had several blows at his Head before he could cut it off. This Man seems to have had his thoughts rightly fix'd upon the subject: he that dies in a Battle, with his Sword in his hand, does not then think of Death, he feels, nor considers it not; the ardour of the Fight diverts his thoughts another way. An honest Man of my acquaintance, falling as he was fighting a Duel at Single Rapier, and feeling himself nail'd to the Earth by nine or ten thrusts of his Enemy, every one present call'd to him to think of his Conscience; but he has since told me, that though he very well heard what they said, it nothing mov'd him, and that he never thought of any thing but how to disengage and revenge himself. He afterwards kill'd his Man in that very Duel. He who brought *L. Syllanus* the sentence of Death, did him a very great kindness, in that having receiv'd his answer, *that he was well prepared to Die*, but not by base hands, he run upon him with his Souldiers to force him; and naked as he was,

was, obstinately defended himself with his Fists and Feet, - he made him lose his Life in the dispute; by that means dissipating and diverting in a sudden and furious Rage the painful apprehension of the lingring Death to which he was design'd. We always think of something else, either the hope of a better Life comforts and supports us, or the hope of our Childrens Valour, or the future glory of our Name, or the leaving behind the Evils of this Life, or the Vengeance that threatens those who are the causes of our Death, administers Consolation to us.

Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt, *Æneid.*
l. 4.
Supplicia hausurum scopulis & nomine Dido
Sape vocaturum.
Audiam, & hac manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.

Sure if the Gods have any power at all, *Mr. Ogilby*
Split on a Rock, thou shalt on *Dido* call.
— thy Fortunes I shall know
By Fame convey'd me to the shades below.

Xenophon was Sacrificing with a Crown upon his Head, when one came to bring him News of the Death of his Son *Gryllus*, slain in the Battle of *Mantineæ*. At the first surprize of the News he threw his Crown to the Ground; but understanding by the sequel of the Narrative, the manner of a most brave and valiant Death, he took it up, and replac'd it upon his Head. *Epicurus* himself, at his Death, consoles himself upon the Utility and Eternity of his Writings. *Omnes clari, & nobilitati Labores, sunt tolerabiles.* *The valiant Death of Gryllus.* *All Labours that are illustrious and renown'd, are supportable.* *Cicero Thus.*
l. 3. And the same Wound, the same Fatigue, is not, says *Xenophon*, so intollerable to a General of an Army, as to a common Souldier. *Epaminondas* died much more

The cheerful, more cheerful, having been inform'd that the Vi-
ful Death story remain'd to him. *Hæc sunt solatia, hæc fo-*
of Epami- *menta summorum Dolorum. These are lenitives, and*
mondas. *fomentations to the greatest Pains.* And such other
Cicero. Circumstances amuse, divert, and turn our thoughts
Thus. l. 2. from the Consideration of the thing in it self.
Even the Arguments of *Philosophy* are always diver-
ting, and putting by the Matter, so as scarce to rub
upon the Sore. The greatest Man of the first *Phi-*
losophical School, and Superintendent over all the
rest, the great *Zeno*, against Death forms this *Syl-*
logism: *No Evil is honourable; but Death is honou-*
rable: Therefore Death is not Evil. Against *Drun-*
kenness this: *No one commits his Secrets to a Drun-*
kard, but every one commits his Secrets to a wise
Man: therefore a wise Man is no Drunkard. Is this
to hit the white? I love to see, that these great
and leading Souls cannot rid themselves of our Com-
pany. As perfect Men as they would be, they
are yet but simple Men. Revenge is a sweet Pas-
sion, of great and natural impreshon; I discern it
well enough, though I have no manner of Experi-
ence of it. From which, not long a-go, to divert
a young Prince; I did not tell him that he must,
to him who had struck him upon the one Cheek,
turn the other, upon the account of Charity; nor
go about to present to him the tragical Events that
Poetry attributes to his Passion; I did not touch up-
on that string; but made it my Business to make
him relish the Beauty of a contrary Image: and
by representing to him what Honour, Esteem, and
good Will he would acquire by Clemency and Good
Nature, diverted him to Ambition. Thus a Man
is to deal in such Cases. If your Passion of Love
be too violent, disperse it, say they, and they say
true; for I have oft try'd it with Advantage:
break it into several Desires; of which let one be
regent, if you will, over the rest; but, lest it
should

should tyrannize and domineer over you, weaken and protract, in dividing and diverting it;

Cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena.

Persius
Sat. 6.

Conjicio huiorem collectam in Corpora quaque.

Lucret. l. 4.

and look to't in time, lest it prove too troublesome to deal with, when it has once seiz'd you.

*Si non prima novis conturbes vulnera plagis,
Volgivaquae vagus venere ante recentia cures.*

Lucret. l. 4.

Unless you fancy every one you view,
Revel in Love, and cure old Wounds by new.

Mr. Creech.

I once was wounded with a vehement Displeasure, and withal, more just than vehement; I might peradventure have lost my self in it, if I had merely trusted to my own strength. Having need of a powerful Diversion to disengage me, by amorous Arts and Study, wherein I was assisted by my Youth, I found one out: Love reliev'd and rescu'd me from the Evil wherein Friendship had engaged me. 'Tis in every thing else the same, a violent Imagination hath seiz'd me, I find it a nearer way to change, than to subdue it: I depute, if not one contrary, yet another at least in its place. Variation does always relieve, dissolve, and dissipate; if I am not able to contend with it, I escape from it; and in avoiding it, slip out of the way, and make my doubles: shifting of Places, Business, and Company, I secure my self in the croud of other Thoughts and Fancies, where it loses my trace, and I escape. After the same manner does *Nature* proceed, by the benefit of Inconstancy; for the Time she has given us for the

Time the
Physician
of our pas-
sions.

Sovereign Physician of our Passions, does chiefly work by that, that supplying our Imaginations with other, and new Affairs, it unnerves, and dissolves the first apprehension, how strong soever. A wise Man sees his Friend little less dying at the end of five and twenty Years, than the first Year, and according to *Epicurus*, no less at all; for he did not attribute any Alleviation of Afflictions, neither to the foresight of the Man, or the Antiquity of the Evils themselves. But so many other thoughts traverse the first, that it languishes and tires at last. *Alcibiades*, to divert the Inclination of common Rumours, cut off the Ears and Tail of his beautiful Dog, and turn'd him out into the publick place, to the end, that giving the People this occasion to prate, they might let his other Actions alone. I have also seen, for this same end of diverting the Opinions and Conjectures of the People, and to stop their Mouths, some Women conceal their real Affections by those that were only counterfeit, and put on to blind Men's Eyes; but some of them withal, who in counterfeiting, have suffer'd themselves to be caught indeed, and who having quitted the true and original Affection, for the feign'd, and by them have found, that they who find their Affections well plac'd, are Fools to consent to this disguise. The favourable and publick reception being only reserv'd for this pretended Servant, a Man may conclude him a Fellow of very little address, and less Wit, if he does not in the end put himself into your place, and you into his; this is properly to cut out, and make up a Shoe for another to draw on. A little thing will turn and divert us; because a little thing holds us. We do not much consider Subjects in gross, and single in themselves; but they are little and superficial Circumstances that wound us, and the outward useless Rinds that pill off these Subjects.

Follis

*Folliculos ut mure teretes astate cicada
Lingunt.*

Lucan. l. 5

Such as the hollow Husks, or Shells we find
In Summer, Grasshoppers do leave behind.

Even *Plutarch* himself laments his Daughter for the little *apish* tricks of her Infancy. The remembrance of a Farewel, of the particular grace of an Action, of a last recommendation, afflict us. The sight of *Cesar's* Robe troubled all *Rome*; which was more than his Death had done. Even the sound of Names ringing in our Ears, as *My poor Master, my faithful Friend; Alas, my dear Father, or, my sweet Daughter,* afflict us. When these Repetitions torment me, and that I examine it a little nearer, I find 'tis no other but a *Grammatical Complaint*; I am only wounded with the Word and Tone, as the Exclamations of Preachers do very oft work more upon their Auditory than their Reasons; and as the pitiful Eyes of a Beast kill'd for Service, without any weighing, or penetrating in the interim into the true and real essence of my Subject.

His se stransis dolor ipse laceffit.

Lucan. l. 23

With these Incitements Grief it self provokes.

These are the Foundations of our Mourning. The obstinacy of my Stone to all Remedies, especially these in my Bladder, has sometimes thrown me into so long suppressions of Urine for three or four Days together, and so near Death, that it had been folly to have hop'd to evade it; and it was much rather to have been desir'd, considering the Miseries I endure in those cruel Fits. Oh that

Criminals
Yards ty'd
up to stop
their U-
rine.

good Emperor, who caused Criminals to be tied, that they might die for want of pissing, was a great Master in the *Hangman's Science*! Finding my self in this condition, I consider'd by how many light causes and objects Imagination nourish'd in me the regret of Life; and of what Atoms the weight and difficulty of this dislodging was compos'd in my Soul, and to how many idle and frivolous Thoughts we give way in so great an Affair. A Dog, a Horse, a Book, a Glass, and what not? were consider'd in my loss. To others, their ambitious Hopes, their Money, their Knowledge, not less Foolish Considerations in my Opinion than mine. I look upon Death carelessly, when I look upon it universally as the end of Life. I insult over it in gross; but in Retail it domineers over me. The Tears of a Footman, the disposing of my Cloaths, the touch of a Friendly Hand, which is a common Consolation, discourages and entenerates me. So do the Complaints in *Tragedies* infect our Souls with Grief, and the Regrets of *Dido* and *Ariadne*, empassionate even those who believe them not, in *Virgil* and *Catullus*. 'Tis a symptom of an obstinate and obdurate Nature, to be sensible of no emotion; as 'tis reported for a Miracle of *Polemon*; who not so much as alter'd his Countenance at the biting of a mad Dog, who tore away the Calf of his Leg. And no Wisdom proceeds so far, as to conceive so lively and entire a cause of Sorrow by Judgment, that it does not suffer an encrease by presence, where the Eyes and Ears have their share; parts that are not to be moved but by vain accidents. Is it Reason, that even the *Arts* themselves should make an Advantage of our natural Brutality and Weakness? An *Orator*, says Rhetorick, in the face of his Pleading, shall be mov'd with the sound of his own Voice, and feigned Emotions, and suffer himself

to

to be impos'd upon by the Passion he represents; he will imprint in himself a true and real Grief; by means of the part he plays, to transmit it to the Audience, who are yet less concern'd than he: As they do, who are hir'd at Funerals to assist in the Ceremony of Sorrow, who sell their Tears and Mourning by weight and measure. For altho' they act in a borrow'd form, nevertheless by habituating themselves, and setting their Countenances to the occasion, 'tis most certain, they oft are really affected with a true and real Sorrow. I was one, amongst several other of his Friends, who convey'd the Body of Monsieur de Grammont to Soissons, from the Siege of *la Fere*, where he was slain; I observ'd that in all places we pass'd through, we met with sorrowful Countenances, occasion'd by the meer solemn Pomp of our Convoy, for the Name of the Defunct was not there so much as known. *Quintilian* reports to have seen Comedians so deeply engag'd in a Mourning part, that they could not give over weeping when they came Home, and who, having taken upon them to stir up Passion in another, have themselves espous'd it to that degree, as to find themselves infected with it, not only to Tears, but moreover with Paleness, and the comportment of Men really overwhelm'd with Grief. In a country near our Mountains, the Women play Priest *Martin*, that is to say, both the Priest and the Clerk; for as they augmented the regret of the deceased Husband, by the remembrance of the good and agreeable Qualities he was Master of; they also at the same time make a Register of and publish his Imperfections; as if, of themselves to enter into some Compensation, and so divert themselves from Compassion to Disdain; and yet with much better grace than we, who when we lose an old Acquaintance, strive to give him new and false Praises,

Praises, and to make him quite another thing when we have lost sight of him, than he appear'd to us when we did see him: As if Regret was an instructive thing, or that Tears, by washing our Understandings, clear'd them. For my part, I henceforth renounce all favourable Testimonies Men would give of me, not because I shall not be worthy of them, but because I shall be dead. . . . Whoever shall ask a Man, What Interest have you in this Siege? The interest of Example, he will say, and of the common Obedience to my Prince: I pretend to no Profit by it, and for Glory, I know how small a part can reflect upon such a private Man as I: I have here neither Passion nor Quarrel. . . . And yet you shall see him the next day quite another Man, chafing, and red with Fury, rang'd in Battle for the Assault? 'Tis the glittering of so much Steel, the fire and noise of our Canon and Drums, that have infus'd this new Rancour and Fury into his Veins. A frivolous cause you will say, How a Cause? There needs none to agitate the Mind; a meer whimse without body, and without subject will rule and sway it. Let me think of building Castles in *Spain*, my Imagination suggests to me Conveniencies and Pleasures, with which my Soul is really delighted and pleas'd. How oft do we torment our Mind with Anger or Sorrow by such Shadows, and engage our selves in fantastick Passions, that alter both the Soul and Body? What astonish'd, fleeing, and confus'd Grimaces does this raving put our Faces into! What fallies and agitation both of Members and Voices does it inspire us with? Does it not seem that this individual Man has false Visions from the crowds of others, with whom he has to do, or, that he is possess'd with some internal *Damon* that persecutes him? Enquire of your self, where is the object of this Mutation? Is there any thing but us in Nature, but subsisting nullity, over which

it has power? *Cambyfes*, for having dreamt that his Brother should be one Day King of *Persia*, put him to Death; a beloved Brother, and one in whom he had always confided. *Aristodemus*, King of the *Messenians*, kill'd himself out of a fancy of ill Omen, from I know not what howling of his Dogs; and King *Midas* did as much upon the account of some foolish Dream he had dream'd. 'Tis to prize Life at its just value, to abandon it for a Dream; and yet here the Soul triumphs over the miseries and weakness of the Body; and truly in that it is expos'd to all Offences and Alterations, it has reason to speak after this manner:

O prima infelix fingenti Terra Prometheo!
 Ille parum cauti pectoris agit opus,
 Corpora disponens, manus non videt in arte,
 Recta Animi primum debuit esse via,

Prop. l. 3.
 El. 3.

O, 'twas for Man a most unhappy Day,
 When rash *Prometheus* form'd him out of Clay!
 In his attempt th' Ambitious Architect
 Did indiscreetly the main thing neglect.
 In framing Bodies, he had not the Art
 To form the Mind, which is the chiefest part.

C H A P. V.

Upon some Verses of Virgil.

BY how much profitable Thoughts are more full and solid, by so much, are they also more cumbersome and heavy. Vice, Death, Poverty, Diseases, are grave and grievous Subjects. A Man must have his Soul instructed in the means to sustain and to contend with Evils, and in the Rules of Living and believing well; and often rouze it up, and exercise it in this noble Study. But in an ordinary Soul, it must be by intervals, and with Moderation; it will otherwise grow besotted, if continually intent upon it. I found it necessary when I was Young, to put my self in mind and to solicit my self to keep me to my Duty; Gayety and Health do not, they say, so well agree with those grave and serious Meditations: I am at present in another Condition. The Indispositions of Age do but too much put me in mind, and preach to me. From the excess of sprightliness, I am fallen into that of Severity; which is much more troublesome. And for that Reason, I now suffer my self on purpose, a little to run into disorder; and sometimes busie my Mind in wanton and youthful Thoughts, wherewith it diverts it self. I am of late but too reserv'd, too heavy, and too ripe; my Age does every day read to me new Lectures of Coldness and Temperance. This Body of mine avoids Disorder, and dreads it; 'tis now my Body's turn to guide my Mind towards Reformation; it governs in turn, and more rudely and imperiously than the other; it lets me not an Hour alone, sleeping nor waking; but is always preaching to me Death, Patience, and Repentance. I now defend my self from Temperance, as I have formerly done from

from Pleasure; it draws me too much back, and even to Stupidity. Now I will be Master of my self to all intents and purposes. Wisdom has its Excess, and has no less need of Moderation, than Folly. Therefore, lest I should wither, dry up, and overcharge my self with Prudence, in the intervals and truces my Infirmities allow me,

Mens intenta sicut ne fiet usque malis.

Ovid. Trist.
l. 4. El. 4.

That my Mind mayn't eternally be bent
And fixt on Subjects still of Discontent.

I gently decline it, and turn away my Eyes from the stormy and frowning Sky I have before me; which, thanks be to God, I consider without Fear, but not without Meditation and Debate. And amuse my self in the Remembrance of my better Years.

*Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in praterita se totus imagine versat.*

Petron.
Arbitr.

The Mind what it has lost wishes to have,
And for things past eternally does crave.

Let Infancy look forward, and Age backward; Is not this the signification of *Janus* his double Face? Let Years hale me along if they will, but it shall be backward: As long as my Eyes can discern the pleasant Season expired, I shall now and then turn them that Way. Though it escapes from my Blood Veins, I shall not however root the Image of it out of my Memory.

Mart. l. 10.

Ep. 23.

~~—————~~ hoc est*Vivere bis vixit, posse priore frui.*

'Tis to live twice to him who can obtain
Of thought to t' enjoy his former Life again.

Plato ordains that Old Men should be present at the Exercises, Dances, and Sports of Young People, that they may rejoice in others for the Activity and Beauty of Body, which is no more in themselves; and call to mind the Grace and Comeliness of that flourishing Age: And wills, that in these Recreations, the Honour of the Prize should be given to that Young Man who has most diverted the Company. I was formerly wont to mark cloudy and gloomy Days, for extraordinary; those are now my ordinary ones; the extraordinary are the clear and bright. I am ready to leap out of my Skin for Joy, as for an unwonted Favour, when nothing ails me. Let me tickle my self presently after, I cannot force, a poor Smile from this wretched Body of mine. I am only merry in Conceit, by Artifice to divert the melancholy of Age; but doubtless it requires another Remedy than the Efficacy of a Dream. A weak Contest of *Art* against *Nature*. 'Tis great Folly to lengthen and anticipate humane Inconveniencies, as every one does. I had rather be a less while old, than to be old before I am really so. I seize on even the least Occasions of Pleasure I can meet; I know very well by hear-say, several sorts of prudent Pleasures, that are effectually so, and glorious to boot; but Opinion has not power enough over me, to give me an Appetite to them. I covet not so much to have them magnanimous, magnifick, and lofty; as I do to have them sweet, facile, and ready.

A Natura distcedimus, Popule nos domus, nullum rei Sen. Ep. 99.
boni, anctori. We depart from Nature; and give
 our selves to the People, who we desert out washing.
 My Philosophy is in Action, in natural and pro-
 sent Practice, very little in Fancy. What if
 I have a Mind to play at *Colours*, or to whip
 a *Top*.

Non ponebat enim Rumores ante Salutem.

Lucius.

~~He was too wise~~
 He was too wise to place
 Idle Reports before his Health to prize.

Pleasure is a Quality of very little Ambition,
 it thinks it self rich enough of it self, without
 any Addition of Repute; and is best pleased
 where most obscure. A Young Man should be
 whipped, who pretends to a Palate in Wine and
 Sauces, there was nothing which at that Age
 I less valued or knew; now I begin to learn. I
 am very much ashamed on't; but what should
 I do? I am more ashamed and vex'd at the Oc-
 casions that put me upon't. 'Tis for us to doot
 and trifle away the time, and for Young Men to
 stand upon their Reputation and the Punctilioes
 of Honour; they are going towards the World,
 and the World's Opinion; we are retiring from
 it. *Sibi Arma, sibi Equos, sibi Hastas, sibi Cla-*
vum, sibi Pilam, sibi Notationes, Et cursus habent: Seneca.
nobis senibus, ex lusonibus multis, tales relinquunt
Et tesseras. Let them reserve to themselves, Arms,
 Horses, Spears, Clubs, Tennis, Swimming, and Ra-
 ces; and, of their numerous Sports and Exercises,
 leave to us Old Men the diversion of Cards and Dice.
 The Laws themselves send us home to our Lodgings.
 I can do no less in Favour of this wretched Con-
 dition, into which my Age has thrown me, than
 furnish it with Toys to play withal, as they do
 Children,

Children, and we also become such. Both Wisdom and Folly will have enough to do to support and relieve me by alternate Offices in this Calamity of Age.

Hor. l. 4.
ode 12.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.

Short follies mix with Counsels wise.

I accordingly avoid the lightest Punctures, and those that formerly would not have rippled the Skin, do now pierce me through and through; My habit of Body is now so naturally declining to Evil: *Ex fragili corpore adiosa omnis offensus est. Ta a decrepid Body all offence is hateful.*

Ovid. de
Fonso.

Mensque pati durum sustinet agra nihil.

And a sick Mind nothing that's hard endures,

I have ever been tender in Matters of Offence, I am much more tender now, and open throughout.

Ovid. de
Trist.

Et minima vires frangere quassa valent.

And little force will break what's crackt before,

My Judgment restrains me from kicking against, and murmuring at the Inconveniencies, that Nature orders me to endure, but it does not take away my Feeling: I who have no other thing in my Prospect but to live and be merry, would run from one End of the World to the other to seek out one good Year of pleasant and jocund Tranquility. A Melancholick and dull Tranquility, is, I confess, enough for me, but it benumbs, stupifies, and besots me, I am not contented with it;

it: If there be any Person, any knot of good Company in Country or City, in *France*, or elsewhere, resident or in Motion, who can like my Humour, and whose Humours I can like, let them but whistle, and I will run to furnish them with *Essays* of Flesh and Bone. Seeing it is the privilege of the Mind to rescue it self from old Age, I advise mine to it with all the power I have, let it in the interim continue green, and flourish if it can like Mistletoe upon a dead Tree: But I fear 'tis a Traytor, it has contracted so strict a Fraternity with the Body, that it leaves me at every turn to follow that in its need. I wheedle and deal with it apart in vain; I try to much purpose to wean it from this Correspondence, to much effect quote to it *Seneca* and *Catullus*, and represent to it beautiful Ladies, and Royal Masques; if its Companion have the Stone, it seems to have it too. Even the Faculties that are most peculiarly and properly its own, cannot then perform their Functions, but manifestly appear stupified and asleep; there is no sprightliness in its Productions, if there be not at the same time an equal Proportion in the Body too. Our Masters are to blame, that searching out the Causes of the extraordinary emotions of the Soul, besides attributing it to a Divine Extasie, Love, Martial Fierceness, Poesie, and Wine, they have not also attributed a part to Health. A boiling, vigorous, full and lazy Health, such as formerly the Verdure of Youth and Security by fits supply'd me withal; that Fire of Spriteliness and Gayety darts into the Mind flashes that are lively and bright beyond our natural Light, and with the most working, if not the most desperate *Enthusiasmus*: It is then no wonder if a contrary Estate stupifie and clog my Spirit, and produce a contrary Effect.

Ad

Corn.
Gallus.

Ad nullam confurgit opus cum corpore languet.

For when the Body languishing doth lie,
I to no Office can my self apply.

And yet would have me obliged to it, for giving much less consent to this Stupidity than other Men of my Age ordinarily do. Let us at least whilst we have Truce, drive away incommodities and difficulties from our Commerce.

Hor. ep. 13. *Dum licet oblecta solentur fronte Senectus.*

Sir Thomas
Hawkins.

Whilst Strength is fresh, and as it well becomes,
Let's old Age banish which the Brow benumbs.

Sid. Apol.
lin. 1.

Tetrica sunt amanda jocularibus. Sour things are to be sweetned with those that are pleasant. I love a gay and civil Wisdom, and fly from all sourness and Austerity of Manners, all grumness of Faction being suspected to me. I am very much of Plato's Opinion, who says, That facile or difficile Humours are a great Prejudice to the good or ill Disposition of the Mind. Socrates had a constant Countenance, but withal, serene and smiling; not sourly constant, like the elder Cressus, that never any one saw Laugh. Vertue is a pleasant and gay Quality. I know very well that few will quarrel with the Liberty of my Writings, who have not more to quarrel with in the Licence of their own Thoughts: I conform my self well enough to their inclinations, but I offend their Eyes. 'Tis a pretty Humour to strain the Writings of Plato, to wrest his pretended Negotiation with Phædo, Dion, Stella, and Archeanassa. *Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudeat sentire.* Let us not be asham'd to speak, what we are not asham'd to think.

think. I have a froward and pensive Spirit, that slips over all the Pleasures of Life, and seizes and feeds upon Misfortunes; like Flies, that cannot stick to a sleek and polish'd Body, but fix and repose themselves upon craggy and rough Places; and like Copping-glasses, that only suck and attract the worst Blood. As to the rest; I have enjoy'd my self to dare to say all that I dare to do, and even thoughts that are not to be publish'd displeas'd me; the worst of my Actions and Qualities do not appear to me so foul, as I find it foul and base not to dare to own them. Every one is wary and discreet in Confession, but Men ought to be so in Action. The Boldness of doing ill is in some sort recompenc'd and restrain'd by the boldness of confessing it. Whoever will oblige himself to tell all, should oblige himself to do nothing that he must be forc'd to conceal. I wish that this excessive Licence of mine may draw Men to Freedom, above these timorous and mincing pretended Vertues sprung from our imperfections; and that at the expence of any immoderation, I may reduce them to Reason. A Man must see and study his Vice to correct it; they who conceal it from others commonly conceal it from themselves; and do not think they sin close enough, if they themselves see it. They withdraw and disguise them from their own Consciences. *Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur? Quia Seneca, etiam nunc in illis est; somnum narrare vigilantis Epist. 53. est.* Why does no Man confess his Vices? Because he is yet in them; 'tis for a Waking Man to tell his Dream. The diseases of the Body explain themselves in increasing. We find that to be the *Gout*, which we call'd a *Rheum* or a *Strain*. The diseases of the Soul, the greater they are, keep themselves the more obscure; and the most sick are the least sensible. Therefore it is that with
an

an unrelenting hand, they must often in the day be taken to task, open'd and torn from the hollow of the Heart. As in doing well, so in doing ill, the meer confession is sometimes satisfaction. Is there any Deformity in doing amiss that can excuse us from confessing our selves? It is so great a Pain to me to dissemble, that I evade the trust of anothers Secrets, wanting the Heart to disavow my Knowledge. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without the greatest trouble and Violence to my self imaginable. To be very secret, a Man must be so by Nature, not by Obligation. 'Tis little worth in the Service of a Prince to be secret, if a Man be not a Lyar to boot. If he, who ask'd *Thales* the *Milesian*, whether he ought solemnly to deny that he had committed uncleanness, had applyed himself to me, I should have told him, that he ought not to do it; for I look upon Lying as a worse Fault than the other. *Thales* advis'd him quite contrary, bidding him swear, to secure the great Fault by the less: nevertheless this counsel was not so much an Election as a Multiplication of Vice. Upon which, let us say this by the by, that we deal sincerely and well with a Man of Conscience, when we propose to him some difficulty in counterpoise of the Vice; but when we shut him up betwixt two Vices, he is put to a hard Choice: as *Origen* was, either to *Idolatrize*, or to suffer himself to be carnally abus'd by a great *Aethiopian* Slave that was brought to him. He submitted to the first Condition, and vitiously, says one. And yet those Women of our times are not to be disliked, who according to their Errour, protest, they had rather burthen their Consciences with ten Men than one Mass. If it be indiscretion so to publish theirs Errours, yet there is no great danger that it pass into

Lying
worse than
the sin of
unclean-
ness.

Example and Custom. For *Aristo* said, that the Winds Men most fear'd, were those that laid them open; we must tuck up this ridiculous Rag that hides our Manners: they send their Consciences to the Stews, and keep a starch'd Countenance: Even *Traytors* and *Assassins* espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Justice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity but an ill Man should be a Fool to boot, and that Decency should palliate his Vice. This rough-cast only appertains to a good and sound Wall, that deserves to be preserv'd and whited. In favour of the *Hugonots*, who condemn our Auricular Auricular and private Confession, I confess my self in Confession. publick, religiously and purely. *St. Augustin*, *Origen*, and *Hippocrates*, have publish'd the Errors of their Opinions; and I moreover of my Manners. I am greedy of making my self known, and I care not to how many, provided it be truly; or to say better, I hunger for nothing; but I mortally hate to be mistaken by those who come to learn my Name. He that does all things for Honour and Glory, what can he think to gain by shewing himself to the World in a Vizard; and by concealing his true Being from the People? Commend a crooked Fellow for his Stature, he has Reason to take it for an Affront: If you are a Coward, and that Men commend you for your Valour, is it of you that they speak? They take you for another. I should like him as well, who glorifies himself in the *Complements* and *Conges* are made him, as if he were Master of the Company, when he is one of the most inferiour of the Train. *Archelaus* King of *Macedonia*, walking along the Street, some Body threw Water on his Head; which they who were with him, said he ought

to punish : I, but said he, whoever it was, he did not throw the Water upon me, but upon him whom he took me to be. *Socrates* being told that People spoke ill of him, *Not at all*, said he, *there is nothing in me of what they say*. For my part, if any one should commend me for a good *Pilot*, for being very *modest*, or very *chaste*, I should owe him no Thanks. And also, whoever should call me *Traitor*, *Robber*, or *Drunkard*, I should be as little concerned. They who do not rightly know themselves; may feed themselves with false Approbations; not I, who see my self and who examine my self even to my very bowels, and who very well know what is my due. I am content to be less commended, provided I am better known. I may be reputed a wise Man in such a sort of Wisdom as I take to be Folly. I am vexed that my *Essays* only serve the Ladies for a common moveable, a Book to lie in the Parlour Window; this Chapter shall prefer me to the Closet: I love to traffick with them a little in private; publick conversation is without Favour, and without Savour. In farewells, we above ordinary heat our Affections towards the things we take leave of. I take my last leave of the Pleasures of this World, these are our last Embraces. But to return to my Subject: What has rendred the Act of Generation, an Act so natural, so necessary, and so fit for Men, a thing not to be spoken of without blushing; and to be excluded from all serious and regular Discourses? We boldly pronounce kill, rob, betray, but the other we dare only to mutter betwixt the Teeth. Is it to say, that the less we say in Words, we may pay it so much the more with thinking? For it is certain; that the Words least in use, most seldom said, and best kept in, are the best, and most gene-

generally known. No Age, no Manners are ignorant of them; nay, more than the Word, *Bread*. They imprint themselves in every one without being express'd, without Voice, and without Figure. And the Sex that most practises it, is bound to say least of it. 'Tis an Act that we have plac'd in the *Free-franchise* of Silence, from whence to take it is a Crime. We are not to accuse and judge it; neither dare we reprehend it, but by Periphrasis, and in Picture. A great favour to a Criminal, to be so execrable, that Justice thinks it unjust to touch and see him; free, and safe by the benefit of the severity of his Condemnation. Is it not here as in matter of Books, that sell better, and become more publick for being suppress'd? For my part I will take *Aristotle* at his Word, who says, that Bashfulness is an Ornament to Youth, but a Reproach to old Age. These Verses are preached in the ancient School, a School that I much more adhere to than the Modern; the Vertues of it appear to me to be greater, and the Vices less.

*Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus estroient,
Faiilent autant que ceux qui trop la suivent.*

Plutarch.

They err as much *Venus* too much forbear,
As they who in her *Rites* too frequent are.

*Tu Dea, tu rerum naturam sola gubernas,
Nec sine te quicquam dias in humanis oras
Exoritur, neque fit latum, nec amabile quicquam.*

Lucret.

Thou, *Nature's* powerful Ruler, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darksome *Chaos* deep, and ugly Womb.

Mr. Creech

I know not who could set *Pallas* and the *Muses* at variance with *Venus*, and make them cold towards Love; but I see no *Deities* so well met, or that are more indebted to one another. Who will deprive the *Muses* of amorous Imaginations, will rob them of the best Entertainment they have, and of the noblest matter of their Work: and who will make *Love* lose the Communication and Service of *Poesie*, will disarm him of his best Arms. By this means they charge the God of Familiarity and good Will, and the protecting Goddesses of Humanity and *Justice*, with the Vice of Ingratitude and Unthankfulness. I have not been so long cashier'd from the State and Service of this *God*, that my Memory is not still perfect in his Force and Power.

Hæd. l. 4.

— *agnosco veteris vestigia flamma.*

Of my old Flame some Foot-steps yet remain.

There are yet some remains of heat and emotion after the Fever;

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic, hyemantibus annis.

Of Youth though I am past the burning rage,
I have some heat yet in my Winter Age.

Wither'd and drooping as I am, I feel yet some remains of that past Ardour.

Tasso.
Can. 12.

*Qual l'atto Egeo per che Aquilone o Noto
Cessi, che tutto prima il vouisse, & scosse,
Non s'accheta ci pero, ma'l sono e'l moto,
Ritien de l'onde anco agitate e grosse.*

As *Ægean Seas*, when Storms be calmed again, Mr. Fairfax
That rould their tumbling Waves with troublous
Blasts,

Do yet of Tempests past, some shews retain,
And here and there their swelling Billows cast.

But for what I understand of it, the Force and
Power of this *God* are more lively and animating
in the Picture of Poesie than in their own Essence.

Et versus digitos habet. Juven.
Sat. 6.

For there is charming harmony in Verse,

It has, I know not what kind of Air more amo-
rous than Love it self; *Venus* is not so beautiful,
naked, alive, and panting, as she is here in *Virgil*.

Dixerat, & niveis, hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis Virgil.
Æneid, l. 8.
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per ossa cucurrit,
Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
Igne rima micans percurrit limine nimbos.

& paulo post.

——— *ea verba loquutus,*
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

The Goddess here round in her snowy Arms Mr. Ogilby
In soft Embraces him consulting warms; (came
Straight he takes Fire, and through his Marrow
Accustom'd heat, which did his Blood inflame:
So from a fiery Breach erupted flies, (Skies.
Shining with Flame, bright Thunder from the

and a little after.

----- This having said,
After a sweet embrace he takes his rest,
Reposing on the beauteous Goddess Breast.

All that I find fault with in considering it, is, that he has represented her a little too Passionate for a married *Venus*. In this discreet kind of coupling, the Appetite is not usually so wanton, but more grave and dull. Love hates that People should hold of any but her self, and goes but faintly to work in Familiarities deriv'd from any other Title, as Marriage is. The Alliance and Dowry do therein sway by Reason as much or more than *Grace* and *Beauty*. Men do not marry for themselves, though they deny it, they marry as much or more for their Posterity and Family. The Custom and Interest of Marriage concerns our Race much more than us; and therefore it is, that I like to have a Match carried on by a third Hand, rather than a Man's own, and by another Man's liking than that of the Party himself; and how much is all this opposite to contracts of Love? And also it is a kind of Incest to employ in this venerable and sacred Alliance, the heat and extravagance of amorous Licence, as I think I have said elsewhere. A Man, says *Aristo*, must approach his Wife with Prudence and Modesty, lest in dealing too lasciviously with her, the extreme Pleasure make her exceed the bounds of Reason. What he says upon the account of Conscience, the *Physicians* say upon the account of Health: That a Pleasure excessively lascivious, voluptuous, and frequent, makes the Seed too hot, and hinders Conception: 'Tis said on the contrary, that to a languishing Congregation, as that naturally is, to supply it with a due
and

and fruitful Heat, a Man must do it but seldom,
and by notable Intermissions;

Quod rapiat siciens Vanerem interiusque recandat. Virg. Georg.
l. 3.

I see no Marriages where the conjugal Intelligence sooner fails, than those that we contract upon the account of Beauty and amorous Desires; there should be more solid and constant Foundation, and they should proceed with greater Circumspection; this furious Ardour is worth nothing. They who think they honour Marriage by joining Love to it, do, methinks, like those, who to favour Virtue, hold, that Nobility is nothing else but Virtue; they are indeed things that have some relation to one another, but there is a great deal of difference; we should not so mix their Names and Titles; 'tis a wrong to them both, so to confound them. Nobility is a brave Quality, and with good reason introduc'd; but forasmuch as 'tis a Quality depending upon others, and may happen in a vicious Person, 'tis an Estimate infinitely below Virtue. 'Tis a Virtue, if it be one, that is artificial and apparent, depending upon Time and Fortune; various in form, according to the Countries, Living, and Mortal; without Birth, as the River Nile, genealogical and common, drawn by Consequence, and a very weak one. Knowledge, Strength, Bounty, Beauty, Riches, and all other Qualities fall into Communication and Commerce, but this is consummated in it self, and of no use to the Service of others. There was propos'd to one of our Kings the choice of two Concurrents, who both pretended to the same Command, of which the one was a Gentleman, the other was not; he ordered, that without respect to Quality, they should chuse him who had the most merit; but

where the worth of the Competitors should appear to be entirely equal; they should have respect to Birth: This was justly to give it its due rank. A young Man unknown, coming to *Antigonus* to make suit for his Fathers Command, a valiant Man, but lately dead: *Friend*, said he, *in such Preferments as those, I have not so much regard to the Nobility of my Souldiers, as their Prowess*: And indeed it ought not to go as it did with the Officers of the Kings of *Sparta*, *Trumpeters, Fiddlers, Cooks*, the Children of whom always succeeded in their Places, how ignorant soever, and were prefer'd before the most experimented in the Trade. They of *Calicut* make a sort of Nobles above humane; they are interdicted Marriage, and all but warlike Employments. They may have *Concubines* their fill, and the Women as many *Ruffians*; without being jealous of one another; but 'tis a capital and irre-missible Crime to couple with a Person of meaner Condition than themselves, and they think themselves polluted, if they have but touch'd one in walking along; and supposing their Nobility to be marvelously injur'd and interes'd in it, kill such as only approach a little too near them; insomuch that the ignoble are obliged to cry as they go, like the *Gundeleers* of *Venice*, at the turnings of Streets, for fear of justling, and the Nobles command them to step aside to what part they please; by which means the last avoid what they repute a perpetual Ignominy, and the other a certain Death. No time, no favour of the Prince, no Office, or Vertue, or Riches, can ever prevail to make a Plebeian become Noble. To which this Custom is assisting, that Marriages are interdicted betwixt several Trades; neither is the Daughter of a Shoemaker permitted to marry with a Carpenter; and the Parents are

are oblig'd to train up their Children precisely in their own Callings, and not put them to any other Trade; by which means the distinction and continuation of their Fortune is maintained. A good Marriage, if it be really so, rejects the Company and Conditions of Love, and tries to represent those of Friendship. 'Tis a sweet Society of Life, full of Constancy, Trust, and an infinite Number of useful and solid Offices and mutual Obligations; of which any Woman that has a right Taste,

Optato quam junxit lumine teta,

Whose Hymeneal Torch shines bright,
Kindled by a wish'd light.

would be loath to serve her Husband in quality of a Mistress. If they be lodg'd in his Affection as a Wife, she is more honourably and securely plac'd. When he pretends to be in Love with another, and works all he can to attain his desire, let any one but then ask him, on which he had rather a Disgrace should fall, his Wife or his Mistress, which of their Misfortunes would most afflict him, and to which of them he wishes the most Grandeur; these Questions are out of dispute in a sound Marriage; And that so few are observed to be happy, is a token of its Price and Value. If well form'd, and rightly taken, 'tis the best of all humane Societies. We cannot live without it, and yet we do nothing but decry it. It happens, as with Cages, the Birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. *Socrates* being ask'd whether it was more commodious to take a Wife, or not? *Let a Man take which course he will, said he, he will be sure to repent.* 'Tis a Contract to which the common saying, *Homo homini*

Erasm.
Adag.

mini, aut Deus, aut Lupus: Man to Man is either a God or a Wolf, may very fitly be applied. There must be a Concurrence of many Qualities to the erecting it. It is found now a days more convenient for innocent and plebeian Souls, where Delights, Curiosity, and Idleness do not so much disturb it; but extravagant Humours, such as mine, that hate all sorts of Obligation and Restraint, are not proper for it,

Gallim,
Ep. 1.

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo,

For Liberty to me is far more sweet,
Than all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Sheet?

Might I have had my own Will, I would not have Married Wisdom her self, if she would have had me. But 'tis to much purpose to evade it, the common custom and usance of Life will have it so. The most of my Actions are guided by Example, not by Choice. And yet I did not go to it of my own voluntary Motion, I was led and drawn to it by strange and accidental Occasions, For not only things that are incommodious in themselves, but also nothing so ugly, vicious, and to be avoided, that may not be rendred acceptable by some Condition or Accident, so unsteady and vain is all humane Resolution. And I was persuaded to it, when worse prepar'd, and more backward than I am at present, that I have tried what it is. And as great a Libertine as I am taken to be, I have in truth more strictly observ'd the Laws of Marriage, than I either promis'd, or expected. 'Tis in vain to kick when a Man has once put on his Fetters. A Man must prudently manage his Liberty; but having once submitted to Obligation, he must confine himself within the Laws of common Duty, at least, do what

what he can towards it. They who engage in this Contract, with a Design to carry themselves in it with hatred and contempt, do an unjust and inconvenient thing; and the fine Rule that I hear pass from hand to hand amongst the Women, as a sacred Oral,

*Sers ton mary comme ton maistre,
Et t'en garde comme d'un traître.*

Serve thy Husband like a Waiter,
But guard thy self as from a Traitor.

Which is to say, comport thy self towards him with a dissembled, inimical, and distrustful Reverence and Respect (a style of War and Defiance) is equally injurious and hard. I am too mild for such rugged Designs. To say the truth, I am not arrived to that Perfection of cunning and gallantry of Wit, to confound Reason with Justice, and to laugh at all Rule and Order that does not please my Palate; because I hate Superstition, I do not presently run into the contrary extremum of irreligion. If a Man does not always perform his Duty, he ought at least to love and acknowledge it, 'tis Treachery to *marry* without *espousing*. Let us proceed further. Our Poet represents a Marriage happy in good intelligence, wherein nevertheless there is not much Loyalty. Does he mean, that it is not impossible but a Woman may give the Reins to her own Passion, and yield to the Importunities of Love, and yet reserve some Duty towards Marriage, and that it may be hurt without being totally broken? Such a Serving-Man there may be, as may ride in his Master's Saddle, whom nevertheless he does not hate. Beauty, Opportunity, and Destiny, (for Destiny has also a hand in't.)

Juren.
Sat. 9.

— *fatum est in partibus illis*
Quas sensus abscondit; nam si tibi Sidera cessent,
Nil faciet longi mensura incognita Nervi,

have debauch'd her to a Stranger; though not so wholly peradventure, but that she may have some remains of kindness for her Husband. They are two Designs, that have several paths leading to them, without being confounded with one another; and a Woman may yield to such a Man as she would by no means have Married, not only for the Condition of his Fortune, but the dislike of his Person. Few Men have made a Wife of a Mistress, that have not repented it. And even in the other World, what an unhappy Life does *Jupiter* lead with his, whom he had first enjoy'd as a Mistress! 'Tis, as the Proverb is, *to shite in the Basket, and then to put it upon his Head*. I have in my time seen Love shamefully and dishonestly cur'd in a good Family by Marriage, the Considerations are too much different. We love at once two things contrary in themselves without any disturbance. *Isocrates* was wont to say, that the City of *Athens* pleas'd, as Ladies do, that Men court for Love; every one lov'd to come thither to take a turn, and pass away his time; but no one lik'd it so well as to espouse it, that is, to inhabit there, and to make it his constant Residence. I have been vex'd to see Husbands hate their Wives, only because they do them wrong. We should not however, methinks, love them the less for our Faults; they should, at least, upon the account of Repentance and Compassion, be dearer to us. They are different ends, and yet in some sort compatible. Marriage has Utility, Justice, Honour, and Constancy for its share; a flat but more universal Pleasure; Love founds it self wholly upon

upon Pleasure, and indeed, has it more full, lively and stinging; a Pleasure inflam'd by difficulty; there must be in it stinging and ardour: 'Tis no more Love, it without Darts and Fire. The Bounty of Ladies is too profuse in Marriage, and dulls the point of Affection and Desire: To evade which inconvenience, do but observe what pains *Lycurgus* and *Plato* take in their *Laws*. Women are not to blame at all, when they refuse the Rules of Life that are introduc'd into the World; forasmuch as the Men made them without their Consent. There is naturally Contention and Brawling betwixt them and us; and the strictest Friendship we have with them is yet mixt with Tumult and Tempest. In the Opinion of our Author, we deal inconsiderately with them in this. After we have discover'd, that they are without Comparison more able and ardent in the effects of Love than we, and that the old Priest has testified so much, who had been one while a Man, and then a Woman:

Venus huic erat utraque nota :

*Ovid. Met.
lib. 3.*

Tiresias must decide
The difference, who both Delights had try'd.

Mr. Sandys.

And moreover that we have learnt from their own Mouths the proof that in several Ages was made by an *Emperor* and an *Empress* of *Rome*, both famous for Ability in that *Affair*: for he in one Night deflower'd Ten *Sarmatian* Virgins that were his Captives: but she had five and Twenty Bouts in one Night, changing her Man according to her need and liking:

— *adhuic ardens rigida tentigine vulva :*
Et lassata Viris, nondum satiata recessit.

*Juvenc.
Sat 6.*

And

And that upon the difference which hapned in *Catalonia*, wherein, a Wife complaining of her Husbands too frequent Addresses to her (not so much as I conceive, that she was incommodated by it (for I believe no Miracles out of Religion) as under this Pretence to curtail and curb in this, which is the fundamental act of Marriage, the Authority of Husbands over their Wives, and to shew that their Frowardness and Malignity go beyond the Nuptial Bed, and spurr'd under foot even the Graces and sweets of *Venus*;) the Husband a Man really brutish and unnatural, reply'd, that on fasting Days he could not subsist with less than ten Courses. Whereupon came out that notable Sentence of the Queen of *Arragon*, by which, after mature deliberation of her Council, this good Queen, to give a Rule and Example to all succeeding Ages of the Moderation required in a just Marriage, set down six times a Day as a Legitimate and Necessary stint; surrendring and quitting a great deal of the needs and Desires of her Sex, that she might, she said, establish an easie, and consequently, a permanent and immutable Method. Hereupon Doctors cry out, What the Devil must the female Appetite and Concupiscence be, when their Reason, their Reformation and Virtue, is tax'd at such a Rate? considering the diverse Judgments of our Appetites; for *Solon*, Patron of the *Law Schools*, taxes us but at three a Month, that Men may not fail in point of Conjugal Frequentation. After having, I say, believ'd and preach'd all this, we go and enjoin them Contineny for their particular share, and upon the extreamest Penalties. There is no Passion so hard to contend with as this, which we will have them only to resist; not simply

as

as a Vice only, but as an execrable Abomination, worse than Irreligion, or a Parricide; whilst we, at the same time, go to't without Offence or Reproach: Even those Women amongst us who have try'd to do it, have sufficiently confess'd what Difficulty, or rather Impossibility, they have found by material Remedies, to subdue, weaken and oppose the Body. We, on the contrary, would have them Sound, Vigorous, in good liking, High-fed and Chast together; that is to say, both hot and cold; for the Marriage, which we say is to keep them from burning, is but a small Refreshment to them, as we order the matter: For if they take one whose vigorous Age is hot and boiling, he will be proud that his Neighbours know it.

*Sic tandem pudor, aut carnis in jus,
 Multis Mentula millibus redempta,
 Non est huc tua, Bassè, vendidisti.*

Mar. l. 12.
 Epigr. 99.

Solon the Philosopher was justly, by his Wife, brought in question for sowing in a barren Field the Seed that was due to one that was fruitful. If, on the other side, they take a decay'd Fellow, they are in a worse condition in Marriage than either Maids or Widows. We think them well provided for, because they have a Man to lie withal, as the *Romans* concluded *Clodia Lata*, a Vestal Nun, violated, because *Caligula* had approach'd her, tho' it was affirm'd he did no more than approach her: but on the contrary, we by that increase their Necessity, for as much as the Touching and Company of any Man whatever rouses their Desires, that in Solitude would be more quiet. And to the end, 'tis likely, that they might render their Chastity more meritorious by this Circumstance and Consideration; *Boleslaus* and *Kenge* his Wife, King and Queen of *Poland*, vow'd it by mutual consent, being

Chastity
vow'd and
kept on
the Wed-
ding day.

being in Bed together on their very Wedding-day, and kept their vow in spite of all matrimonial Conveniences and Delights. We train them up from their Infancy to the Traffick of Love; their Grace, Dressing, Knowledge, Language, and whole Instruction tend that way: Their Governesses imprint nothing in them but the *Idea* of Love, if for nothing else but by continually representing it to them, to make them disgust it. My Daughter, the only Child I have, is now of an Age that forward young Women are allow'd to be married at; she is of a slow, thin, and tender Complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her Mother after a private and particular manner, so that she but now begins to be wean'd from her Childish Simplicity. She was one day reading before me in a French Book, where she happen'd to meet the word * *fouteau*, the Name of a Tree, very well known; the Woman to whose Conduct she is committed, stopt her short a little rudely, and made her skip over that dangerous Step; I let her alone, not to trouble their Rules, for I never concern my self in that sort of Government. The Feminine Polity has a mysterious Proceeding, we must leave it to them, but if I am not mistaken, the Commerce of twenty *Lacquies* could not in six Months time have so imprinted in her Fancy the Meaning, Usage, and all the Consequence of the Sound of those smutty Syllables, as this good old Woman did by Reprimand and Interdiction.

* Beech-
tree.

Horace, l.
3. Ode 6.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & frangitur artibus
Jam nunc, & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

Sir Thomas
Hawkins.

The Maid, for Marriage ripe, much joys to learn
Ionick Dances, and can well discern,

With

With Art to feign, and quickly prove
The Pleasures of unlawful Love.

Let them but give themselves the rein a little, let them but enter into liberty of Discourse, we are but Children to them in this Science: Hear them but represent our Pursuits and Discourses, they will very well make you understand that we bring them nothing they have not known before, and digested without our help. It is perhaps, as *Plato* says, that they have formerly been debauch'd by young Fellows? I happen'd one day to be in a Place where I could learn some of their Talk without suspicion: I am sorry that I cannot repeat it. By'r lady, said I, 'tis time for us to go study the Phrases of *Amadis*, *Boccace* and *Aretine*, to be able to discourse with them: We employ our time to much purpose indeed, there is neither Word, Example, nor Step, they are not more perfect in than our Books; 'tis a Discipline that springs with their Blood:

Et mentem ipsa Venus dedit.

*Virg. Geor.
lib. 3.*

Venus her self has made 'em what they are.

which these good Instructors, Nature, Youth, and Health, are continually inspiring them with; they need not learn, they breed it:

*Nec tantum niveo gavisata est ulla columbo,
Compar, vel si quid dicitur improbius,
Oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro:
Quantum precipue multivola est mulier.*

Catullus.

Not more delighted is the milk-white Dove,
Or if there be a thing more prone to Love,

H

Still

Still to be Billing with her Mate, than is
Woman, with every Man she meets to kiss,

So that if the natural Violence of their Desire were not a little restrain'd by Fear and Honour, which were wisely contriv'd for them, we should be all sham'd. All the motions in the World tend to this Conjunction, 'tis a Matter infus'd throughout: 'tis a Center to which all things tend. We yet see the Edicts of old and wise Rome, made for the Service of Love, and the Precepts of *Socrates* for the Instruction of *Courtezans*.

Hor. Ep. 8. *Nec non libelli Statici, inter sericos
Facere pulvillas amant.*

And Stoical Books, for all their Gravity,
Amongst Silk Cushions love to lie.

Zeno, amongst his Laws, did also regulate the Divarications and Motions in getting a Maidenhead. Of what Sense was the Philosopher *Strato's* Book of Carnal Conjunction? And what did *Theophrastus* treat of in those he entituled the one, the *Lover*, and the other, of *Love*? Of what *Aristippus* in his of antient Delights? What do the so long and lively Descriptions in *Plato* of the Loves of his time pretend to? And the Book call'd the *Lover*, of *Demetrius Phalereus*? And *Clinias*, that of getting Children, or of *Weddings*: and the other of the Master, or the Lover? And that of *Aristo* of Amorous Exercises? What those of *Cleanthes*, one of Love, the other of the Art of Loving? The amorous Dialogues of *Sphaerus*? and the Fable of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, of *Chrysis*, impudent beyond all toleration? And his fifty so lascivious Epistles? I will let alone the Writings of the Philosophers of the *Epicurean Sect*; Protectrice of Voluptuousness and Pleasure.

Fifty

Fifty Deities were in time past assign'd to this Office: And there has been a Nation found out, ^{Whores kept in} where to assuage the Lust of those that came to ^{Temples for the use} their Devotion, they had purposely Strumpets in ^{of those} their Temples for them to lie withal; and it was an ^{who came} act of Ceremony to do that before they went to ^{to their} Prayers. *Nemini propter continentiam incontinentia necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.* Doubtless ^{Devotion.} Incontinency is necessary for Continency's sake: a Conflagration is extinguish'd by Fire. In the greatest part of the World, that Member of our Body was deifi'd. In the same Province, some flay'd off the Skin to offer and consecrate a Piece, others offer'd and consecrated their Seed. In another, the Young-men publicly cut through betwixt the Skin and the Flesh of that part in several places, and thrust pieces of Wood into the Overtures as long and thick as they would receive, and of those pieces of Wood afterwards made a Fire for an Offering to their Gods, and were neither Vigorous nor Chast, if by the Force of that intolerable Pain they seem'd to be any thing dismay'd. Elsewhere, the most Sacred Magistrate was reverenc'd and acknowledg'd by that Member: and in several Ceremonies the Picture of it was carried in Pomp to the Honour of several Divinities. The *Egyptian Ladies* in their *Baubomals* carried every one one carv'd of Wood about their Necks, exactly made, great and heavy as every one was able to bear, besides one which the Statue of their God represented, which in Greatness surpass'd all the rest of his Body. The married Women near to the place where I live, make of their Kerchiefs the Figure of one upon their Foreheads, to glorifie themselves in the Enjoyments they have of it; and coming to be Widows, they throw it behind and cover it with their Head-cloths. The most modest Matrons of *Rome*, thought it an Honour to offer Flowers and Garlands to the God *Riapus*. And they made the Virgins;

Codpieces
worn.

at the time of their Espousals, sit upon his shameful Parts. I know not whether I have not in my time seen some air of like Devotion. What was the meaning of that ridiculous thing our Forefathers wore before on their Breeches, and that is still worn by the *Swiss*? To what end do we make a shew of our Implements in Figure under our Gaskins, and often, which is worse, above their natural size, by a kind of Imposture? I have half a mind to believe that this sort of Vestment was invented in the better and more Conscientious Ages, that the World might not be deceiv'd, and that every one should give a publick account of his Dimensions: The simple Nations wear them yet, and near about the real Size. In those days the Tailor took measure as the Shoemaker does now, of a Leg or a Foot. That good Man, who, when I was young, gelt so many noble and antique Statues in his great City, that they might not corrupt the Sight, according to the Advice of this other good old Man; *Flagitii principium est nudare inter cives corpora. 'Tis the beginning of Wickedness to shew their Nudities in publick.* I should have call'd to mind that as in the Mysteries of the *Goddeses*, all Masculine Appearance was excluded; that he did nothing, if he did not geld Horses and Asses, and finally all Nature too.

Virgil. — *Omne adeo genus in terris, hominumque, ferarumque,*
Georg. l. 3. Et genus a quoreum, pecudes, pictaque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt. —

Mr. Ogilby. All Men on Earth, and Beasts, both mild and tame,
Sea-Monsters, gaudy Fowl, rush to this Flame,
The same Love works in all.

The *Gods*, says *Plato*, have given us one disobedient and unruly Member, that like a furious Animal, attempts by the violence of its Appetite, to
subject

subject all things to it. And they have given Women one that has the same Qualities, like a greedy and ravenous Animal, which if one refuse to give him Food in season, grows wild, impatient of Delay, and infusing the Rage into their Bodies, stops the Passages, and hinders Respiration, causing a thousand Inconveniencies; till having imbib'd the Fruit of the common Thirst, he has plentifully besprinkled and bedew'd the bottom of their Womb. Now my Legislator should also have consider'd, that peradventure it were a chaster and more fruitful Usance to let them know the quick betimes, than permit them to guess according to the liberty and heat of their own Fancy; instead of real Parts, they substitute through hope and desire, others that are three times more extravagant. And a certain Friend of mine lost himself by producing his in place not yet fit to admit them to their more serious Use. What Mischiefs do not those Pictures of prodigious Dimension do, that the Boys make upon the Stair-cases and Galleries of the Royal Houses! which give them a strange contempt of our natural Furniture. And what do we know but that *Plato*, after other well instituted Republicks, order'd, that the Man and Woman, old and young, should expose themselves naked to the view of one another, in his *Gymnastick*, upon that very account? The *Indians*, who see the Men stark naked, have at least cool'd the Sense of Seeing. And let the Women of the Kingdom of *Pegu* say what they will, (who below the Waste have nothing to cover them but a Cloth slit before, and so strait, that what Decency and Modesty soever they pretend by it, at every step all is to be seen) that it is an Invention found out to allure the Men to them, and to divert them from the Boys to which that Nation is generally inclin'd; yet peradventure they lose more by it than they get; and a Man may venture to say,

that an entire Appetite is more sharp than one already glutted by the Eyes. And also *Lucretia* was wont to say, That to a vertuous Woman, a naked Man was but a Statue. The *Lacedaemonian* Women, more Virgins when Wives, than our Daughters are, saw every day the young Men of the City strip'd naked in their Exercises, little minding themselves to cover their Thighs in walking, believing themselves, says *Plato*, sufficiently cover'd with their Vertue, without any other Robe. But those of whom *St. Austin* speaks, have given Nudity a wonderful Power of Temptation, that have made it a Doubt, whether Women at the Day of Judgment shall rise again in their own Sex, and not rather in ours, for fear of tempting us again in that holy Estate. In brief, we allure and flesh them by all sorts of ways: we incessantly heat and stir up their Imagination, and yet we find fault. Let us confess the truth; there is scarce one of us that does not more apprehend the Shame that accrues to him by the Vices of his Wife than by his own, and that is not more solicitous (a wonderful Charity) of the Conscience of his vertuous Wife than of his own; who had not rather commit Theft and Sacrilege, and that his Wife was a Murtheress and an Heritick, than that she should not be more chaste than her Husband. An unjust Estimate of Vices. Both we and they are capable of a thousand Corruptions more prejudicial and unnatural than Lust: But we weigh Vices not according to Nature, but according to our Interest, by which means they take so many unequal Forms. The Austerity of our Decrees renders the Propension of Women to this Vice, more violent and vicious than its Condition will bear, and engages it in Consequences worse than the Cause. They will voluntarily offer to go to the Exchange to seek for Gain, and to the War to get Reputation, rather than in the midst of Ease and Delights to have

to do with so difficult a Guard. Do not they very well see, that there is neither Merchant nor Soldier, who will not leave his Business to run after this other, and so much as the Porter and Cobler, toil'd and tyred out as they are with Labour and Hunger?

*Nam tu qua tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygia Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Licinnia,
Plenas aut Arabum domos,
Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili savitia negat,
Qua poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet?*

Horace, l.
2, Ode 12.

Wouldst thou for all that *Achæmenes* had,
Or all the *Phrygian* Wealth before thee laid,
Or Riches that in *Arabs* Houses are,
Change thy *Licinnia's* golden Hair,
When she her Neck to fragrant Kisses wries,
Or with a pretty Anger them denies,
What she would rather give than take by far,
And snatches them e'er she's aware?

I cannot tell whether the Exploits of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, do really surpass the Resolution of a beautiful young Woman, bred up after our Fashion in the Light and Commerce of the World, batter'd by so many contrary Examples, and yet keeping her self entire in the midst of a thousand continual and powerful Solicitations and Pursuits. There is no doing more prickly than that Not-doing, nor more active. I find it more easie to carry a Suit of Arms all the days of a Man's Life, than a Maiden-head, and the Vow of Virginitie, of all others is the most noble, as being the hardest to keep. *Diaboli Virtus D. Hieron. in Exambis est*, says Saint Hieron. We have doubt-ⁱⁿ less

less resign'd to the Ladies the most difficult and most vigorous of all human Endeavours, and let us resign to them the Glory too. This ought to encourage them to be obstinate in it, 'tis a brave thing for them to defie us, and to spurn under-foot that vain Preheminence of Valour and Virtue that we pretend to have over them. They will find, if they do but observe it, that they will not only be much more esteem'd for it, but also much more belov'd. A gallant Man does not give over his pursuit for being refus'd, provided it be a Refusal of Chastity and not of Choice. We may swear, threaten and complain to much purpose; we lie, we love them the better: There is no Allurement like Modesty, if it be not rude and uncivil. 'Tis Stupidity and Meanness to be obstinate against Hatred and Disdain; but against a virtuous and constant Resolution, mixt with an Acknowledgment, 'tis the Exercise of a noble and generous Soul. They may acknowledge our Services to a certain Degree, and give us civilly to understand, that they disdain us not. For that Law that enjoyns them to abominate us because we adore them, and to hate us because we love them is certainly very severe, if but for the Difficulty of it. Why should they not give ear to our Offers and Demands, so long as they are contain'd within the bounds of Modesty? wherefore should we fanfie them to have other Thoughts within, and to be worse than they seem? A *Queen* of our time ingeniously said, That to refuse these Courtships, is a Testimony of Weakness in Women, and a self-accusation of Facility; and that a Lady could not boast of her Chastity, who was never tempted. The Limits of Honour are not cut so short; they may give themselves a little rein, and dispense a little without forfeiting themselves; there lies before the *Frontier* some space free, indifferent and neuter: He that

has

has beaten and pursu'd her into her Fort, is a strange Fellow if he be not satisfy'd with his Fortune, The Price of the Conquest is consider'd by the Difficulty. Would you know what impression your Service and Merit have made in her Heart? Judge of it by her Behaviour. Some may grant more, who do not grant so much. The Obligation of a Benefit wholly relates to the Good-will of those who confer it, the other co-incident Circumstances are dumb, dead, and casual. It costs her dearer to grant you that little, than it would do her Companion to grant all, If in any thing Rarity give the Estimation, it ought especially in this. Do not consider how little it is that is given, but how few have it to give. The Value of Money alters according to the Coin, and Stamp of the Place. Whatever the Spite and Indiscretion of some may make 'em say upon the Excess of their Discontentment; yet Vertue and Truth will in time recover all. I have known some, whose Reputation has for a great while suffer'd under Slander, who have after been restored to the World's universal Opinion meerly by their Constancy without Care or Artifice; every one repents, and gives himself the Lie for what he has believ'd and said, and from Maids, a little suspected, they have been afterward advanc'd to the first Rank amongst the Ladies of Honour. Some body told *Plato*; that all the World spoke ill of him. *Let them talk*, said he, *I will live so as to make them change their Note.* Besides the Fear of God, and the price of so rare a Renown, which ought to make them look to themselves, the corruption of the Age we live in, compels them to it; and if I were as they, there is nothing I would not rather do, than intrust my Reputation in so dangerous hands. In my time, the Pleasure of Telling, (a Pleasure little inferiour to that of Doing) was not permitted but to those who had some faithful and only Friend; but now
the

the ordinary Discourse and common Table-talk, is nothing but Boasts of Favours receiv'd, and the secret Liberality of *Ladies*. In earnest, 'tis too abject, and too much Meanness of Spirit, to suffer such ingrateful, indiscreet and giddy headed People, so to persecute, teize and rife those tender and obliging Favours. This our immoderate and illegitimate Exasperation against this Vice, springs from the most vain and turbulent Disease that afflicts humane Minds, which is Jealousie;

*Ovid. de
Arte A-
mandi.*

*Quis vetat apposito lumen de lumine sumi?
Dent licet assidue, nil tamen inde perit.*

That Light from Light be taken, who'll deny?
Tho' they do nought but give, nought's lost there-
(by).

*Jealousie
and Envy.*

She and Envy her Sister, seem to me to be the most idle and foolish of the whole Troop. As to the last, I can say little to't, a Passion, that tho' said to be so mighty and powerful, had never to do with me. As to the other, I know it by sight, and that's all, Beasts feel it. The Shepherd *Cratis* being fall'n in love with a *She-Goat*, the *He* out of Jealousie came to butt him as he was laid asleep, and beat out his Brains. We have rais'd this Fever to a greater Excess, by the Examples of some barbarous Nations; the best disciplin'd have been touch'd with it, and 'tis Reason; but not transported:

Ovid.

*Ense maritali nemo confossus Adulter,
Purpureo Strygias sanguine tinxit aquas,*

Ne'er did Adulterer, by the Husband slain,
With purple Blood the *Strygian* Waters stain.

*Lucullus, Caesar, Pompey, Antonius, Cato, and other
brave*

brave Men were Cuckolds, and knew it, without making any buſtle about it. There was in thoſe days but one Coxcomb, *Lepidus*, that died for Grief that his Wife had us'd him ſo :

*Ab! tum te miſerum malique fati,
Quom attrahis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent mugileſque raphaniqua.*

Catullus
Ep. 15.

And the God of our Poet, when he ſurpriz'd one of his Companions with his Wife, ſatiſfied himſelf with putting them to ſhame only.

— *Atque aliquis de Diis non triſtibus optat,
Sic fieri turpis.* —

Ovid. Met.
l. 4.

— they ſhamefully lay bound,
Yet one a Wanton wiſh'd to be ſo found.

Mr. Sandys.

And nevertheless took fire at the ſoft Embraces ſhe gave him, complaining, that upon that account ſhe was grown jealous of his Affection.

*Quid cauſas petis ex alto? fiducia ceſſit
Quo tibi Diva mei?*

Virgil. Æ-
neid. l. 8.

What need'ſt thou doubt and make a queſtion thus Mr. Ogilby
Where is your Confidence repos'd in us?

May, ſhe intreats Arms for a Baſtard of hers,

Arma rogo genitrix nato.

Ibid.

Another for her Son does Armour crave.

Which are freely granted; and *Vulcan* ſpeaks honourably of *Aeneas*.

Arma

*Ibid.**Arma acri facienda viro.*

Mr. Ogilby. Arms for a valiant Hero must be made.

with, in truth, a more than common Humanity,
And I am willing to leave this Excess of Bounty to
the Gods :

Catullus,
*Num. 69.**Nec divis homines componere equam est,*

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods,

As to the Confusion of Children, besides that
the gravest Legislators ordain and effect it in
their Republicks, it nettles not the Women, where
this Passion is I know not how much better seated,

*Ibid.**Sape etiam Juno maxima Cœlicolam,
Conjugis in culpa flagravit quotidiana.*

And *Juno* with fierce Jealousie inflam'd,
Her Husband's daily Slips has often blam'd.

When Jealousie seizes these poor, weak and resifless
Souls, 'tis pity to see how miserably it torments and
tyrannizes over them; it insinuates it self into them;
under the title of Friendship, but after it has once pos-
sess'd them, the same Causes that serv'd for a Founda-
tion of Good-will, serve them for a Foundation
of mortal Hatred: 'Tis of all the Diseases of the
Mind, that which most things serve for *Aliment*,
and fewest for *Remedy*. The Vertue, Health, Mer-
it and Reputation of the Husband, are the Incendi-
aries of their Fury and Ill-will.

*Propertius.**Nulla sunt inimicitia nisi amoris acerba.*

Their

Their Angers are but the Effects of Love.

This Feaver defaces and corrupts all they have of beautiful and good besides. And there is no Action of a jealous Woman, let her be how chaste and how good a Housewife soever, that does not relish of Anger and Rudeness. 'Tis a furious Agitation, that rebounds them to an Extremity quite contrary to its Cause: which was very manifest in one *Octavius* at *Rome*, who, having lain with *Pontia Posthumia*, found his Love so much augmented by Fruition, that he sollicitated with all Importunity to marry her, which seeing he could not persuade her to, this excessive Affection precipitated him to the Effects of the most cruel and mortal Hatred, for he kill'd her. In like manner, the ordinary Symptoms of this other amorous Disease, are intestine Hatreds, private Conspiracies and Conjurations,

Notumque furens quid famina possit.

Æneid. 5.

— The Cause unknown,
But what a desp'rate Woman carry'd on
With Rage might do,

Mr. Ogilby

and a Rage which so much the more frets it self, as it is compell'd to excuse it self by a pretence of Good Will. Now the Duty of Chastity is of a vast Extent. Is it their Wills that we would have them restrain? That is a very pliant and active thing, a thing very quick and nimble to be staid. How? if Dreams sometimes ingage them so far that they cannot deny them. It is not in them, nor peradventure in Chastity it self, seeing it is a Female, to defend it self from Lust and Desire. If we are only interested in their Will, what a case are we in then? Do but imagine what Crowding there would be

be amongst Men in pursuance of these Privileges, to run full speed, tho' without Tongue and Eyes, into every Woman's Arms that would accept them. The *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, that they might have their Pleasure of them, and they never the wiser. Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity! Should any one ask me, what was the first part of Love, I should answer, that it was how to take a Man's time; and so the second, and so the third; 'tis a Point that can do every thing. I have sometimes wanted Fortune, but I have also sometimes been wanting to my self in matter of Attempt. There is greater Temerity requir'd in this Age of ours, which our young People excuse under the name of Heat. But should Women examine it more strictly, they would find, that it rather proceeded from Contempt. I was always superstitiously afraid of giving Offence, and have ever had a great respect for her I lov'd: Besides, who in this Traffick takes away the *Reverence*, defaces at the same time the *Lustre*. I would in this affair have a Man a little play the Child, the Timorous, and the Servant: if not altogether in this, I have in other things some air of the foolish Bashfulness whereof *Plutarch* makes mention; and the Course of my Life has been divers ways hurt and blemish'd with it, a Quality very ill suiting my universal Form. And what is there also amongst us but Sedition and Discord? I am as much out of Countenance to be deny'd as I am to deny; and it so much troubles me to be troublesome to others, that in Occasions where Duty compels to try the Good-will of any one in a thing that is doubtful, and that will be chargeable to him, I do it very faintly, and very much against my will: But if it be for my own particular (whatever *Homer* truly says, that Modesty is a foolish Vertue in an indigent Person) I commonly

monly commit it to a third Person to blush for me, and deny those that employ me with the same difficulty; so that it has sometimes befall'n me to have had a mind to deny when I had not the power to do it. 'Tis Folly then to attempt to bridle in Women a Desire that is so powerful in them, and so natural to them. And when I hear them brag of having so maidenly and so temperate a Will, I laugh at them. They retire too far back. If it be an old Toothless Trot, or a young dry Consumptive thing, tho' it be not altogether to be believ'd, at least they may say it with more similitude of truth. But they who are yet capable of Love, and still pant with Desire, talk at that ridiculous rate to their own Prejudice, by reason that inconsiderate Excuses are a kind of self Accusation. Like a Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine suspected to be insufficient;

*Languidior tenera cui pendens scula beta,
Numquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam,*

Catullus;
Num. 68.

who three or four days after he was married, to justify himself, swore aloud that he had rid *twenty Stages* the Night before: an Oath that was afterwards made use of to convince him of his Ignorance in that Affair, and to divorce him from his Wife. Besides, it signifies nothing, for there is neither Continency nor Vertue where there are no opposing Desires. It is true, they may say, but they will not yield to it. *Saints* themselves speak after that manner, I mean those who boast in good earnest of their Coldness and Insensibility, and who expect to be believ'd, when they profess it with a grave and serious Countenance; for when it is spoken with an affected Look, where their Eyes give the Lie to their Tongue, and speak in the Cant of their Profession, which always goes against the hair, 'tis good Sport. I am a great Servant of Liberty and Plainness;

Plainness; but there is no Remedy, if it be wholly simple and childish; 'tis silly and unbecoming Ladies in this Commerce; and presently runs into Impudence: Their Disguises and Figures only serve to cozen Fools. Lying is there in its Seat of Honour; 'tis a By-way, that by a Back-door leads to Truth. If we cannot curb their Imagination, what would we have them to do? Do indeed? there are enow who evade all Communication, by which Chastity may be corrupted.

Mar. l. 7.
Epigr. 61.

Illud saepe facit quod sine teste facit.

He often does himself apply
To that he does when none is by.

And those whom we fear the least, are peradventure most to be fear'd; their Sins that make the least noise are the worst.

Id lib. 6.
Ep. 7.

Offendor mæcha simpliciore minus.

A profess'd Strumpet less offence does give.

There are ways by which they may lose their Virginity without Prostitution, and which is more without their Knowledge. *Obstetrix virginis cujusdam integritatem manu velut explorans, sive malevolentia, sive inscitia, sive casu, dum inspicit, perdidit.*

D. Aug. de Civit. l. 1. cap. 18.

Some one by seeking her Maiden-head has lost it, another by playing with it has destroy'd it. We cannot precisely circumscribe the Occasions we interdict them. They must guess at our Meaning under general and doubtful Terms. The very *Idea* we invent for their Chastity is ridiculous; for, amongst the greatest Examples arriv'd at my knowledge, *Fatua* the Wife of *Faunus*, is one, who never after her Marriage suffer'd her self to be seen by any Man whatever;

The extreme Chastity of some Women.

whatever; and the Wife of *Hiero*, who never perceiv'd her Husband's stinking Breath, imagining that it was common to all Men. They must become insensible and invisible to satisfy us. Now let us confess, that the Knot of this Judgment of Duty does principally lie in the Will. There have been Husbands who have suffer'd this accident not only without Reproach, or taking offence at their Wives, but with singular Obligation to them, and great Commendation of their Vertue. Such a Woman has been, who priz'd her Honour above her Life, and yet has prostituted it to the furious Lust of a mortal Enemy to save her Husband's Life, and who, in so doing, did that for him, she would not have done for her self! It is not here that we are to produce their Examples, they are too high and rich to be set off with so poor a Foil as I can give them here, let us reserve them for a nobler place; but for Examples of ordinary Lustre, Do we not every day see Women amongst us that surrender themselves for their Husbands only Benefit, and by their express Order and Mediation? and of old *Phaulius* the *Argian*, who offer'd his to King *Philip* out of Ambition, as that *Galba* did out of Civility, who having entertain'd *Mecenas* at Supper, and observing that his Wife and he began to cast Sheeps eyes at one another, and to complot Love by Signs, let himself sink down upon his Cushion, like one in a profound Sleep, to give opportunity to their Desires: which he also handsomly confess'd, for at the same time a Servant making bold to clatter the Plate that stood upon the Table, he plainly cry'd, *What a Noise do you make, you Rogue? do you not see that I only sleep for Mecenas?* Such a Man may be, whose Manners may be lewd enough, and yet whose Will may be more reform'd than another, who outwardly carries himself after a more regular manner: As we see some who complain of having vow'd Chastity.

ty before they knew what they did; and I have also known others really complain of having given themselves up to Debauchery before they were at years of Discretion. The Vice of the Parents, or the Impulse of Nature, which is a rude Counsellour, may be the Cause. In the *East Indies*, tho' Chastity is of singular Reputation, yet Custom permitted, a married Woman to prostitute her self to any one who presented her with an Elephant, and that with Glory too, to have been valued at so high a rate. *Phadon* the Philosopher, a Man of Birth, after the taking of his Country *Elida*, made it his trade to prostitute the Beauty of his Youth, so long as it lasted, to any one that would for Money, thereby to gain his Living. And *Solon* was the first in *Greece*, 'tis said, who by his Laws gave Liberty to Women, at the expence of their Chastity, to provide for the Necessities of Life; a Custom that *Herodotus* says had been receiv'd in many Governments before his time. And besides, what Fruit is there of this painful Solitude? For what Justice soever there is in this Passion, we are yet to consider whether it turns to account or no. Does any one think to curb it by his Industry?

Juven.
Sat. 6.

*Pone seram, cobibe: sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes: cauta est, & ab illis incipit uxor.*

*Sir Robert
Stapleton.*

Hang on a Lock, I hear old Friends advise,
Appoint a Guard, but who shall watch the Spies?
Her Art first draws them in.

What Conveniency will not serve their turn in so knowing an Age? Curiosity is *vicious* throughout; but 'tis pernicious here. 'Tis Folly to examine into a Disease for which there is no Physick that does not inflame and make it worse; of which the Shame grows still greater, and more publick, by Jealousie, and of which the Revenge more wounds our *Prosperity*,

ity, that heals us. You wither and die in the Search of so obscure a Proof. How miserably have they of my time arriv'd at that Knowledge; who have been so unhappy as to have found it out? If the Informer does not at the same time apply a Remedy, and bring Relief; 'tis an injurious Information, and that better deserves a stab than the *Lye*: We no less laugh at him who takes pains to prevent it, than he who is a Cuckold, and knows it not. The Character of Cuckold is indelible, who once has it carries it to his Grave; the Punishment proclaims it more than the Fault. It is to much purpose to see, to draw the Curtain, and to lift up the Quilt to discover our private Misfortunes, thence to expose them on Tragick Scaffolds; and Misfortunes that only hurt us by being known; for a good Wife, or a happy Marriage, is said, not that they are really so, but because no one says to the contrary. Men should be so discreet, as to evade this tormenting and unprofitable Knowledge: and the *Romans* had a Custom, when returning from any Expedition, to send home before to acquaint their Wives with their Coming, that they might not surprize them; and to this purpose it is, that a certain Nation has introduc'd a Custom, that the *Priest* shall, on the Wedding-day, unlock the Brides Cabinet, to free the Husband from the Doubt and Curiosity of examining in the first Assault, whether she comes a Virgin to his Bed; or that she has been at the Trade before. But the World will be talking. I know an hundred honest Men Cuckolds, that are handsomly and not very indecently so; a worthy Man is lamented but not disesteem'd for it. Order it so that your Vertue may conquer your Misfortune, that good Men may curse the Occasion, and he who wrongs you may tremble but to think on't. And moreover, who escapes being talk'd of at the same rate, from the least even to the greatest?

Lucret. l. 3. ——— *tot qui legionibus imperitavit,
Et melior quam tu multis fuit, improbe, rebus.*

To whom so many Legions did bow,
And who by much was better far than thou.

You hear how many honest Men are reproach'd with this in your presence, and you may believe that you are no more spar'd behind your Back. Nay, the Ladies will be laughing too; and what are they so apt to laugh at in this vertuous Age of ours, as at a peaceable and well-composed Marriage? there is not one amongst you but has made somebody a Cuckold: and Nature runs much in parallel in compensation, and turn for turn. The Frequency of this Accident ought long since to have made it easie; and 'tis now past into Custom. Miserable Passion, which has this also that it is incommunicable,

Catullus. *Fors etiam nostris invidet questibus Aures.*

And spiteful Fortune too denies
An Ear to our Calamities.

For to what Friend dare you intrust your Grievs; who, if he does not laugh at them, will not make use of the occasion to get a share of the *Quarry*? The Sharps as well as the Sweets of Marriage, are kept secret by the Wife; and amongst other troublesome Conditions appertaining to it, this to a prating Fellow, as I am, is one of the chief, that Custom has rendred it indecent and prejudicial, to communicate to any one all that a Man knows, and all that a Man feels. To give even Women Counsel against Jealousie, would be so much time lost, their
very

very being is so made up of Suspicion, Vanity, and Curiosity, that to cure them by any lawful ways, is not to be hop'd or expected. They often recover of this Infirmary, by a Form of Health much more to be fear'd than the Disease it self. For as there are Enchantments that cannot take away the Evil, but by throwing it upon another, they also willingly transfer this Fever to their Husbands, when they shake it off themselves. And yet I know not, to speak Truth, whether a Man can suffer worse from them than their Jealousie; 'tis the most dangerous of all their Conditions, as the Head is of all their Members. *Pittacus* was us'd to say, that every one had his Defect, and that his was the jealous Head of his Wife; but for which he should think himself perfectly happy. A mighty Inconvenience sure which could poison the whole Life of so just, so wise, and valiant a Man; what must we other little Fellows do? The *Senat* of *Marseilles* had reason to grant him that begg'd leave to kill himself, that he might be deliver'd from the Clamour of his Wife, his Request; for 'tis a Mischief that is never remov'd, but it carries away the piece; and that has no remedy but Flight or Patience. Tho' both of them very hard. He was doubtless an understanding Fellow that said, there was no happy Marriage but betwixt a blind Wife and a deaf Husband. Let us also consider, whether the great and violent Severity of Obligation we enjoin them, does not produce two Effects contrary to our Design, namely, whether it does not render the Pursuants more eager to attack, and the Women more easie to yield. For, as to the first, by raising the Value of the *Place*, we raise the Value and Desire of the *Conquest*. Might it not be *Venus* her self, who so cunningly enhanc'd the Price of her Merchandize, by making the Laws her Bawds; knowing how insipid a delight it would be that was not heighten'd by Fancy and hardness

to achieve? To conclude, 'tis all Swines-flesh, varied by Sauces; as said *Flaminius* his Host. *Cupid* is a roguish *God*, who makes it his Sport to contend with Devotion, and Justice: 'Tis his Glory, that his Power makes all other Powers, and all other Rules give place to his.

Ovid. Tri.
l. 4. El. 1.

Materiam culpa prosequiturque sua.

And seeks out Matter for his Crimes.

As to the second Point; should we not be less Cuckolds, if we less fear'd to be so? according to the Humour of Women: whom Interdiction incites, and who are more eager for being forbid.

Teren. E-
mu. Act. 4.
Sc. 7.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro,
Concessa pudet ire via.

You would, they wont, when you would not, they
Consent does freeze, Denial fires their Blood. (wou'd,

What better Interpretation can we make of *Messalina's* Behaviour? She at first made her Husband a Cuckold in private, as is the common Use: but, bringing her Business about with too much Ease, by reason of her Husband's Stupidity; she soon scorn'd that way, and presently fell to making open love, to own her Servants, and to favour and entertain them in the sight of all. She would make him know and see how she us'd him. This Animal not to be rous'd with all this, and rendring her Pleasures dull and flat by his too stupid Facility, by which he seem'd to authorize, and make them lawful; what does she? but being the Wife of a living and healthful Emperour, and at *Rome*, the Theatre of the World, in the Face of the Sun, and with solemn Ceremony, and to *Silius*, who had long before enjoy'd her, she publickly

publicly marries her self one day that her Husband was gone out of the City. Does it not seem as if she was going to become Chast by her Husband's Negligence? or that she sought another Husband that might sharpen her Appetite by his Jealousie, and who by watching should incite her? But the first Difficulty she met with was also the last, this Beast suddenly rous'd. These stupid sort of Men are oft the most dangerous. I have found by Experience, that this extream Toleration, when it comes to dissolve, produces the most severe Revenge, for taking fire on a sudden, Anger and Fury being combin'd in one, discharge their utmost Force at the first charge.

Iraticaque omnes effundit habenas.

Virgil. *Æ-*
neid. l. 12.

He put her to Death, and with her a great number of those with whom she had had Intelligence; even those who could not help it, and whom she had caus'd to be forc'd to her Bed with Scourges. What Virgil says of Venus and Vulcan, Lucretius had better express'd of a stoln Enjoyment betwixt her and Mars.

bellifera Mœnia Marvors

*Armipotens regit, in gremium qui saepe tuum se
Rejicit, æretho devinctus vulnere amoris:
Pascit amore avidos inhians in te Dea visus,
Eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore:
Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore sancto
Circumfusa super, suaves ex ore loquelas
Funde.*

Lucretius
lib. 1.

For furious Mars,

Mr. Creech.

The only Governour and God of Wars,
Tired with heat and toil, doth oft resort
To taste the Pleasures of the Paphian Court;
Where on thy Bosom he supinely lies,

And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes,
 Till, quite overcome, snatching an eager Kiss,
 He hastily goes on to greater Bliss :
 Then midst his strict Embraces clasp thine Arms
 About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms,
 Careless, with all thy subtle Arts become
 A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for Rome.

Sen. Epist.
 33.

Quint. 10.

When I consider this *rejecit, pascit, inhians, molli, fovet, medullas, labefacta, pendet, percurrit*, and that noble *circumfusa*, Mother of the gentle *infusus* ; I contemn those little Quibbles and verbal Allusions have been since in use. Those well meaning People stood in need of no Subtilty to disguise their Meaning ; their Language is downright and plain, and full of natural and continued Vigour, they are all *Epigram*, not only with a Sting in the Tail, but the Head, Body and Feet, carry the same Force throughout. There is nothing forc'd, nothing languishing, but they still keep the same pace. *Contextus totus virilis est, non sunt circa flosculos occupati*. The whole Contexture is manly, without insisting upon little Flowers of Rhetorick. 'Tis not a soft Eloquence, and without offence only, 'tis nervous and solid, that does not so much please, as it fits and ravishes the greatest Mind. When I see these brave Methods of Expression, so lively, so profound, I do not say that 'tis well said, but well thought. 'Tis the Sprightliness of the Imagination that swells and elevates Words, *Pectus est quod disertum facit*. Our People call Language Judgment, and fine Words full Conceptions. This Painting is not so much carried on by Dexterity of hand, as by having the Object more lively imprinted in the Soul : *Gallus* speaks simply because he conceives simply : *Horace* does not content himself with a superficial Expression that would betray him ; he sees farther and more clearly into things, his Wit breaks into and rump-
 images

images all the magazine of Words and Figures wherewith to express himself, and he must have 'em above ordinary, because his Conception is so. *Plutarch* says, that he sees the Latin Tongue by the things, 'Tis here the same: the Sense illuminates and produces the Words: no more Words of Air, but of Flesh and Bone; they signifie more than they express. Moreover those who are not well skill'd in a Language, perceive some Image of this, for in *Italy* I said whatever I had a mind to in common discourse, but in more serious Subjects, I durst not have trusted my self with an *Idiom* that I could not wind and turn out of its ordinary pace; I would therein have a power of introducing something of my own. The handling and utterance of fine Wits is that which sets off a Language; not so much by innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various Service, and by straining, bending and adapting it to them. They do not create Words, but they enrich their own, and give them weight and signification by the Uses they put them to, and teach them unwonted Motions, but withal, ingeniously and discreetly. And how little this Talent is given to all, is manifest by the many French Scriblers of this Age. They are bold and proud enough not to follow the common Road, but Want of Invention and Discretion ruins them. There is nothing seen in their Writings but a wretched Affectation of a Strange new Style, with cold and absurd Disguises, which, instead of elevating, depress the Matter. Provided they can but trick up their Style with fine new Words, they care not what they signifie; and to bring in a new Word by the head and shoulders, they leave out the old one, very often more sinewy and significant than the other. There is Stuff enough in our Language, but there is a Defect in cutting out. For there is nothing that might not be made out of our Terms
of

of *Hunting* and *War*, which is a fruitful Soil to borrow from. And the Forms of speaking, like Herbs, improve and grow stronger by being transplanted. I find it sufficiently abounding, but not sufficiently pliable and vigorous. It quails under a powerful Conception. If you would maintain the Dignity of your Style, you will oft perceive it to flag and languish under you, and there *Latin* steps in to its Relief, as *Greek* does to other Languages. Of some of the Words I have pick'd out for my own use, we do not easily discern the Energy, by reason that the frequent Use of them hath in some sort embas'd their Beauty, and render'd it common. As in our ordinary Language there are several excellent Phrases and Metaphors to be met with, of which the Beauty is wither'd by Age, and the Colour is sullied by too common handling; but that takes nothing from the relish to an understanding Man; neither does it derogate from the Glory of those antient Authors, who, 'tis likely, first brought those Words into that Lustre. The *Sciences* treat of things too finely, and after an artificial, very different from the common and natural way. My Page makes love, and understands it, but read to him *Leo Hebreus* and *Ficinus*, where they speak of him, his Thoughts and Actions, he understands it not. I do find in *Aristotle* most of my ordinary Notions; they are there cover'd and disguis'd in another Robe for the use of their Schools. Well may they speed; but were I of the Trade, I would as much *naturalize* Art, as they *artifice* Nature. Let us let *Bembo* and *Equicola* alone. When I write, I can very well spare both the Company and the Remembrance of Books, lest they should interrupt my Method, and also in truth the best *Authors* too much humble and discourage me. I am very much of the *Painter's* mind, who, having represented Cocks most wretchedly ill, charged all his Boys not to suffer any natural

ral Cock to come into his Shop, and had rather need give my self a little Lustre of the Invention of *Antinomides* the Musician, who, when he was to sing or play, took care beforehand, that the Auditory should either before or after, be entertained and glutted with some other ill Musicians. But I can hardly be without a *Plutarch*, he is so universal, and so full, that upon all Occasions, and what extravagant Subject soever you take in hand, he will still intrude himself into your Business, and holds out to you a liberal, and not to be exhausted hand of Riches and Embellishments. It vexes me that he is so expos'd to the Spoil of those who are conversant with him. I can no sooner cast an Eye upon him, but I purloin either a Leg or a Wing. And also for this Design of mine, 'tis convenient for me to write at home, in a wild Country, where I have nobody to assist or relieve me; where I hardly see a Man that understands the Latin of his *Pater Noster*, and of *French* as little, if not less. I might have made it better elsewhere, but then the Work would have been less my own; and its principal End and Perfection is to be exactly mine: I should well enough correct an accidental Error, of which I am full, as I run carelessly on: but for any ordinary and constant Imperfections, it were a kind of Treason to put them out. When another tells, or that I say to my self, *Thou art too thick of Figures*; this is a Word of the Gascon growth, and therefore a dangerous Phrase; (I do not reject any of those that are us'd in the common Streets of France, they that will fight Custom with Grammar, are Fools;) this is an ignorant Discourse; this is a Paradoxical Saying; this is a foolish Expression. *Thou mak'st thy self merry sometimes*; and Men will think thou say'st a thing in good earnest, which thou only speak'st in jest. Yes say I, but I correct the Faults of Inadvertence, not those of Custom. Do I not talk

talk at the same rate throughout? Do I not represent my self to the Life? 'Tis enough that I have done what I design'd; all the VVorld knows me in my Book, and my Book in me. Now I have an apish imitating Quality; when I us'd to write Verses, (and I never made any but *Latin*) they evidently accus'd the Poet I had last read; and some of my first *Essays* have a little exotick Taste. I speak somewhat another kind of Language at *Paris* than I do at *Montaigne*. VVhoever I stedfastly look upon, easily leaves some Impression of his upon me. Whatever I consider I usurp; whether a foolish Countenance, a disagreeable Look, or a ridiculous way of speaking; and Vices most of all because they seize and stick to me, and will not leave hold without shaking off. I swear more by Imitation than Humour. A murdering Imitation, like that of the Apes, so terrible both in Stature and Strength, that *Alexander* met with in a certain Country of the *Indies*, which he would have had much ado any other way to have subdu'd. But they afforded him the Means by that Inclination of theirs to imitate whatever they saw done. For by that the Hunters were taught to put on Shoes in their Sight, and to tye them fast with many Knots, and to muffle up their Heads in Caps all compos'd of running Nooses, and to seem to anoint their Eyes with Glue; so did those silly Creatures employ their Imitations to their own Ruine; they glud up their own Eyes, halter'd and bound themselves. The other Faculty playing the Mimick, and ingeniously acting the Words and Gestures of another, purposely to make others merry, and to raise their Admiration, is no more in me than in a Stock. When I swear my own Oath, 'tis only by *God*, of all *Oaths* the most direct. They say that *Socrates* swore by his *Dog*; *Zeno* had for his Oath the same Interjection, at this time in use amongst the *Italians*, *Cappari*; *Pytha-*

Pythagoras swore by *Water* and *Air*. I am so apt, without thinking of it, to receive these superficial Impressions, that if I have *Majesty* or *Highbness* in my Mouth for three days together, they come out instead of *Excellency* and *Lorship*, eight days after; and what I say to day in sport and fooling, I shall seriously say the same to morrow. Wherefore, in writing, I more unwillingly undertake beaten Arguments, lest I should handle them at another's expence. Every subject is equally fertile to me. A Fly will serve me for a Subject, and 'tis well if this I have in hand has not been undertaken at the Recommendation of as wanton a Will. I may begin with that which pleases me best, for the Subjects are all link'd to one another; but my Soul displeases me, in that it ordinarily produces its deepest and most airy Conceits, which please me best, when I least expect or study for them; and suddenly vanish, having, at that instant, nothing to apply them to; on Horse-back, at the Table, and in Bed; but most on Horse-back, where I am most given to think. My Speaking is a little nicely jealous of Silence and Attention, if I talk my best. Who interrupts me, cuts me off. In Travelling, the Necessity of the Way will often put a stop to Discourse; besides that I, for the most part, travel without Company, fit to entertain long Discourse, by which means I have all the Leisure I would to entertain my self. It falls out as it does in my Dreams, whilst dreaming I recommend them to my Memory, (for I am apt to dream that I dream) but the next Morning I may represent to my self of what Complexion they were, whether gay, or sad, or strange, but what they were, as to the rest, the more I endeavour to retrieve them, the deeper I plunge them in Oblivion. So of Thoughts that come accidentally into my Head, I have no more but a vain Image remaining in my Memory, only enough to make me torment my self

Definition
of Love.

self in their quest to no purpose. Well then, laying Books aside, and more simply and materially speaking, I find after all, that *Love is nothing else but the Thirst of enjoying the Subject desir'd*; neither is *Venus* any other thing than the Pleasure of discharging the Vessels, as the Pleasure Nature gives us of discharging other Parts, that either by Immoderation or Indiscretion become vitious. According to *Socrates*; *Love is the Appetite of Generation, by the Mediation of Beauty*. And having often consider'd the ridiculous Titilation of this Pleasure, the absurd, hair-brain'd and senseless Motions with which it inspires *Zeno* and *Cratippus*; the indiscreet Rage, and the Countenance enflam'd with Fury and Cruelty in the sweetest Effects of Love: and then that sower, grave, severe and extatick one in so wahton an Action, that our Delights and our Excrements are promiscuously shuffled together, and that the supreme Pleasure carries along with it Fainting and Complaining, as well as Grief; I then believe it to be true that *Plato* says, That the Gods made Man for their Sport:

Claudian.

— *quænam ista jocanti*
Savitia?

What a strange sporting Cruelty
May this be said to be?

And that it is in Mockery, that *Nature* has order'd the most troublesome of Actions to be the most common; by that to make us equal; and to parallel Fools and wise Men, Beasts and us. Even the most contemplative and prudent Man, when I imagine him in this posture, I hold him an impudent Fellow to pretend to be prudent and contemplative. They are the Peacocks Feet that abate his Pride.

— *ridentem*

——— *videntem dicere verum*

Quid vetat? ———

Hor. lib. 1.

Sat. 1.

One may speak Truth in jest without Offence.

They who banish serious Imaginations from their Sports, do, says one, like him who dares not adore the Statue of a *Saint*, if not cover'd with a Veil. We eat and drink indeed as Beasts do; but those are not Actions that obstruct the Functions of the Soul. In those we maintain our Advantage over them; but this subjects all other Thoughts, and by its imperious Authority makes an Ass of all *Plato's Divinity* and *Philosophy* too, and yet he complains not of it. In every thing else a Man may keep some *Decorum*, all other Operations submit to the Rules of Decency; this cannot so much as in imagination appear other than vicious or ridiculous. Examine if you can therein find one wise and discreet Proceeding. *Alexander* said, That he chiefly knew himself to be mortal by this act and sleeping; Sleep suffocates and suppresses the Faculties of the Soul; the Familiarity with Women does likewise dissipate and exhaust them. Doubtless 'tis a mark not only of our original Corruption, but also of our vanity and Deformity. On the one side, *Nature* pushes us on to it, having fix'd the most noble, utile, and pleasant of all her Functions to this Desire: And on the other side leaves us to accuse and avoid it, as insolent and indecent, to blush at it, and to recommend Abstinence. Are we not sufficiently *Brutes*, to call that Work brutish which begets us a People of so many differing Religions have concurr'd in several Ceremonies, as Sacrifices, Lamps, burning Incense, Fasts and Offerings; and amongst other, in condemning this Act: All Opinions concentre in this, besides the old Custom of Circumcisions.

cumcisions. We have peradventure reason to blame our selves for being guilty of so foolish a Production as Man, and to call the Act and Parts shameful that are employ'd in the Work. (I am sure mine are now properly shameful.) The *Essenians*, of whom *Pliny* speaks, kept up their Countrey several Ages without either Nurse or Baby-clouts, by the arrival of Strangers, who following this pretty Humour, came continually in to them: A whole Nation being resolute, rather to hazard a total Extermination, than to engage themselves in Female Embraces, and rather to lose a Succession of Men than to beget one. 'Tis said, that *Zeno* never had to do with a Woman but once in his Life, and then out of Civility, that he might not seem too obstinately to disdain the *Sex*. Every one avoids seeing a Man born, every one runs to see him die. — To destroy, a spacious Field is fought out, and in the Face of the Sun; but to make him, we creep into as dark and private a Corner as we can. 'Tis a Man's Duty to withdraw himself from the light to do it; but 'tis Glory, and the Fountain of many Vertues, to know how to destroy what we have done: The one is Injury, the other Favour: For *Aristotle* says, That to do any one a Courtesie, in a certain Phrase of his Country, is to kill him. The *Athenians* to couple the disgrace of these two Actions, being to purge the *Ile of Delos*, and to justify themselves to *Apollo*, interdicted at once all Birth and Burial in the Precincts thereof: *Nostri nosmet poenitet. We are asham'd of our selves.* There are some Nations that will not be seen to eat. I know a Lady, and of the best Quality; who has the same Opinion, That it is an ill Sight to see one chew their Meat, that takes away much from their Grace and Beauty, and therefore unwillingly appears at a publick Table with an Appetite; and know a Man also, that cannot endure to see one

Terencia.

see another eat; nor be seen himself; and is more shy of Company in putting in than putting out. In the *Turkish* Empire, there are a great number of Men, who, to excel others, never suffer themselves to be seen when they make their repast; who never have any more than one a Week, who cut and mangle their Faces and Limbs, and never speak to any one: Fanatick People! who think to honour their Nature by denaturing themselves; that value themselves upon their Contempt of themselves, and grow better by being worse: What monstrous Animal is this, that is a Horror to himself, to whom his Delights are grievous, and who weds himself to Misfortunes! There are who conceal their Life

Exiboque domos, & dulcia limina mutant.

Virgil.
Georg. l. 2.

Some banish'd to their native Seats exchange,
And Countries under other Climates range;

Mr. Ogilby

and withdraw them from the Sight of other Men, that avoid Health and Chearfulness, as dangerous and prejudicial Qualities. Not only many Sects, but many People curse their Birth, and bless their Death; and there is a Place where the Sun is abominated, and darkness ador'd. We are only ingenious in using our selves ill; 'tis the only Quarry our Wits fly at; and Wit, when misapply'd, is a dangerous Tool.

O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent!

Gallus
leg. 1.

O wretched Men whose Pleasures are a Crime!

Alas, poor Man! thou hast Inconveniencies that are inevitable enough, without increasing them by thine own Invention, and art miserable enough by

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Nature,

Nature, without being so by Art; thou hast real and essential Deformities enow, without forging those that are imaginary. Dost thou find that thou hast not perform'd all the necessary Offices that Nature has enjoyn'd thee, and that she is idle in thee; if thou dost not oblige thy self to more and new? Thou dost not stick to infringe the universal and undoubted Laws; but stick it close to those confederate and fantastick ones of thy own, and by how much more particular, uncertain and contradicted they are, by so much thou employ'st thy whole Endeavour in them. The Laws of thy *Rarish* bind thee; those of the World concern thee not: Run but a little over the Examples of this kind, thy Life is full of them. Whilst the Verses of these two Poets treat so reservedly and discreetly of Wantonness, as they do, methinks they discover it much more. Ladies cover their Necks with Network, as Priests do several Sacred things; and Painters shadow their Pictures to give them greater Lustre: And 'tis said, that the Sun and Wind strike more violently by Reflection than in a direct Line. The *Egyptian* wisely answer'd him, who ask'd him what he had under his Cloak? *It is hid under my Cloak,* said he, *that thou may'st not know what it is.* But there are certain other things that People hide only to shew them. Hear this that speaks plainly

Ovid. de Arte Amandi.

l. 1. El. 5.

Et nudam pressi corpus adusque meum.

And in these naked Arms of mine
Her naked Body I did twine.

Methinks I am *eumuch'd* with the Expression. Let *Martial* turn up *Venus*'s Coats, as high as he can, he cannot shew her so naked; He, who says all that is to be said, gluts and disgusts us: He, who is afraid

afraid to express himself, draws us on to guess at more than is meant. There is a kind of Treachery in this sort of Modesty, and especially whilst they half open; as they do, so fair a path to Imagination, both the Action and Description should relish Theft. The more respectful, more timorous, more coy and secret Love; of the *Spaniards* and *Italians* pleases me. I know not who of old wish'd his Weapon, as long as that of a Crane, that he might the longer taste what he swallow'd. It had been better wish'd in this quick and precipitous Pleasure, especially in such Natures as mine, that had the Fault of being too prompt. To stop its Flight, and delay it with Preambles, all things, a Wink, a Bow, a Word, a Sign, stand for Favour and Recompence betwixt them. Was it not an excellent piece of Thrift in him that could dine on the Steam of the Roast? 'Tis a Passion that mixes very little with solid Essence, much more with vanity and feverish Raving, and we are to reward and pay it accordingly. Let us teach the *Ladies* to value and esteem themselves; to amuse and fool us. We give the last Charge at the first Onset, the *French* Impetuosity will still shew it self. By spinning out their Favours, and exposing them in small parcels, even miserable Old Age it self will find some little share of Reward; according to its worth and merit; who has no Fruition but in Fruition, who wins nothing unless he sweeps the stakes; and who takes no pleasure in the Chase, but in the Quarry, ought not to introduce himself into our School. The more Steps and Grieffes there are, so much higher and more honourable is the uppermost Seat. We should take a pleasure in being conducted to it, as in magnificent Palaces, by Portico's, Entries, long and pleasant Galleries, by many turns and windings. This Disposition of things would turn to our advantage; we should there longer stay, and longer love;

without Hope, and without Desire we proceed not worth a pin: Our Conquest and entire possession is what they ought infinitely to dread: When they wholly surrender themselves up to the mercy of our Fidelity and Constancy, they run a mighty hazard; they are Vertues very rare, and hard to be found, they are no sooner ours, but we are no more theirs:

Catullus.

*Postquam cupida mentis satiata libido est,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuriam curant.*

When our Desires and Lusts once sated are,
For Oaths and Promises we little care.

And *Thrasonides*, a young Man of Greece, was so in love with his Passion, that having gain'd a Mistress's Consent, he refus'd to enjoy her, that he might not by Fruition quench and stupifie the unquiet Ardour of which he was so proud, and with which he so pleased himself. *Dearness* is a good Sauce to Meat: Do but observe how much the manner of Salutation, particular to our *Nation*, has by its Facility made Kisses, which *Socrates* says are so powerful and dangerous for stealing Hearts, of no esteem. It is a nauseous and injurious Custom for *Ladies*, that they must be obliged to lend their Lips to every Fellow that has three Footmen at his heels, how nasty or deform'd soever.

*Mar. l. 7.
Epiqr. 77.*

*Cajus livida narribus caninis,
Dependet glacies, rigetque barba:
Centum occurrere malo culilingis.*

And we do not get much by the bargain; for as the World is divided, for three beautiful Women, we must kiss threescore ugly ones; and to a tender Stomach, like those of my Age, an ill Kiss over-
pays

pays a good one. In *Italy* they passionately court, even their common Women, who prostitute themselves for Money, and justifie the doing so, by saying, that there are Degrees of Fruition; and that by their Services, they will procure themselves that which is best and most entire. They sell nothing but their Bodies, the Will is too free, and too much its own to be expos'd to sale: So say these, that 'tis the Will they undertake, and they have Reason. 'Tis indeed the Will that we are to serve, and have to do withal. I abhor to imagine mine in a Body without Affection. And this Madness is, methinks, Cousin-german to that of the Boy, who would needs lie with the beautiful Statue of *Venus*, made by *Praxiteles*; or that of the furious *Egyptian*, who violated the dead Carcass of a Woman he was embalming; Which was the occasion of the Law afterwards made in *Egypt*, That the Corps of beautiful young Women, of those of good Quality, should be kept three days before they should be delivered to those whose Office it was to take care for the Interment. *Periander* did more wonderfully, who extended his Conjugal Affection (more regular and legitimate) to the Enjoyment of his Wife *Melissa* after she was dead. Does it not seem a Lunatick humour in the *Moon*, seeing she could no otherwise enjoy her Darling *Endymion*, to lay him for several Months asleep, and to please her self with the Fruition of a Boy, who stir'd not but in his Sleep? I likewise say, that we love a Body without a Soul, when we love a Body without its Consent and Concurring Desire. All Enjoyments are not alike; there are some that are hectic and languishing: A thousand other causes, besides Good will, may procure us this Favour from the *Ladies*: This is not a sufficient Testimony of Affection; Treachery may lurk there as well as elsewhere: They sometimes go to't but by halves.

The Corps of beautiful Women kept three Days in *Egypt*, before they were inter'd.

Id. lib. 12.
Ep. 61.

*Tanquam tbyra merymque parent
Absentem marmoreamve putes.*

So coldly they unto the Work prepare,
You'd think them absent, or elle Marble were.

I know some, who had rather lend That than their
Coach, and who only impart themselves that way:
You are to examine whether your Company pleases
them upon any other account, or like some strong-
chin'd Groom, for that only, and in what degree
of Favour you are with them:

Catullus.

— — — — — *tibi si datur uni
Quo lapide illa diem candidiore notat.*

Whether thy Mistrefs favour thee alone,
And mark thy Day out with the whiter Stone.

What if they eat your Bread with the Sauce of a
more pleasing Imagination?

Tibullus.

Te tener, absentes alios suspirat amores.

She kindly strains thee in her Arms, but has
Her Thoughts the while fix'd in another place.

What? have we not seen one in these days of ours,
that made use of this Act upon the account of a
most horrid Revenge, by that means to kill and
poison, as he did a beautiful Woman? Such as
know *Italy*, will not think it strange, if for this
Subject, I seek not elsewhere for Examples: For
that Nation may be call'd the *Regent* of the World
in this: They have generally more handsome, and
fewer ugly Women than we: but for rare and excel-
ling Beauties we may have as many as they. I
think

think the same of their Wits; of those of the common sort they have many, and evidently more. Brutality is without comparison much rarer there; but in singular Souls, and those of the highest Form, we are nothing indebted to them. If I should carry on the comparison, I might say, as touching Valour, that, on the contrary it is, to what it is with them, common and natural with us: but sometimes we see them possess'd to such a degree, as surpasses the most steady and obstinate Examples we can produce. The Marriages of that Country are defective in this: Their Custom commonly imposes so rude, and so slavish a Law upon the Women, that the most remote Acquaintance with a Stranger is rendred necessarily substantial; and seeing that all comes to one account, they have no hard Choice to make. And have they broken down the Fence? We may safely presume they have, *Luxuria ipsis vinculis, sicut fera bestia, irritata, deinde emissâ. Last, like a wild Beast, being more enrag'd by being bound, breaks from his Chains with greater wildness.* They must give them a little more Rein.

*Vidi ego nuper equum contra sua frana tenacem
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo,* Ovid. Am.
lib. 3.
Eleg. 4.

I saw, spite of his Bit, a head-strong Colt
Run with his Rider, like a Thunder-bolt,

The desire of Company is allay'd by giving a little Liberty. 'Tis a good Custom we have in *France*, that our Sons are received into the best Families, there to be entertain'd and bred up Pages, as in a School of *Nobleness*. And 'tis look'd upon as a Discourtesie, and an Affront to refuse a Gentleman. I have taken notice (for so many Families, so many differing Forms) that the Ladies who have been

strictest with their Maids, have had no better luck than those who allow'd them a greater Liberty. There should be moderation in all things; one must leave a great deal of their Conduct to their own Discretion; for, when all comes to all, no Discipline can curb them throughout. But it is true withal, that she who comes off with flying Colours from a School of Liberty, brings with her whereon to repose more Confidence, than she who comes away sound from a severe and strict Education. Our Fathers dress'd up their Daughters looks in Bashfulness and Fear, we ours in Confidence and Assurance. We understand nothing of the Matter. We must leave it to the *Sarmates*, that are not to lie with a Man, till with their own hands they have first kill'd another in Battle. For me, who have no other title left me to these things, but by the Cares; 'tis sufficient, if according to the Privilege of my Age, they retain me for one of their Counsel. I do then advise them, and as Men too, to Abstinence; but if the Age we live in will not endure it, at least Modesty and Discretion. For as the Story of *Aristippus* says, speaking to two young Men, who blush'd to see him go into a scandalous House; the Vice is in not coming out, not in going in. Let her that has no Care of her Conscience, have yet some regard to her Reputation; and tho' she be rotten within, let her carry a fair outside at least, I commend a Gradation, and the deferring of time in bestowing of their Favours. *Plato* declares, That in all sorts of Love, Facility and Promptness are forbidden the Defendant. 'Tis sign of eagerness, so rashly, suddenly, and hand over-head wholly to surrender themselves, which they ought to disguise with all the Art they have. In carrying themselves modestly and unwillingly in the granting their last Favours, they much more allure our Desires, and hide their own. Let them

still

still fly before us; even those who have most mind to be overtaken. They better conquer us by flying, as the *Scythians* do. To say the truth, according to the Law that *Nature* has impos'd upon them, it is not properly for them either to will, or desire; their part is to suffer, obey, and consent: and for that it is, that Nature has given them a perpetual Capacity, which in us is but sometimes and uncertain; they are always fit for the encounter, that they may be always ready when we are so. *Patruus* Seneca in Epist.

And whereas she has order'd that our Appetites shall be manifest by a prominent Demonstration, she would have theirs to be hidden and conceal'd within; and has furnish'd them with Parts improper for Ostentation, and simply defensive. Such Proceedings as this that follows, must be left to the *Amazonian* License. *Alexander* marching his Army thorough *Hyrcania*, *Thalestris* Queen of the *Amazons*, came with three hundred light Horse of her own Sex, well mounted and arm'd, having left the remanier of a very great Army that follow'd her behind the neighb'ring Mountain, to give him a Visit; where she publicly allow'd, and in plain terms told him, that the Fame of his Valour and Victories had brought her thither to see him, and to make him an Offer of her Forces to assist him in the pursuit of his Enterprises: and that finding him so handsome, young, and vigorous, she, who was also perfect in all those Qualities, advis'd that they might lie together; to the end, that from the most valiant Woman of the World, and the bravest Man then living, there might spring some great and wonderful Issue for the time to come. *Alexander* return'd her thanks for all the rest; but to give leisure for the accomplishment of her last demand, he detain'd her thirteen days in that place, which were spent in Royal Feasting and Jollity, for the welcome of so noble

Princes. We are almost throughout incompetent and unjust Judges of their Actions, as they are of ours. I confess the Truth when it makes against me, as well as when 'tis on my side. 'Tis an abominable Intemperance that pushes them on so often to change, and that hinders them to limit their Affection to any one Person whatever; as is evident in that *Goddeff*, to whom are attributed so many changes, and so many several *Enamurato's*: But 'tis true withal, that 'tis contrary to the Nature of Love, if it be not violent; and contrary to the Nature of Violence, if it be constant. And they who make it a wonder, exclaim, and keep such a clutter to find out the causes of this Frailty of theirs, as unnatural, and not to be believ'd; how comes it to pass they do not discern how often they are themselves guilty of the same, without any Astonishment or Miracle at all? It would peradventure be more strange to see the Passion fixt. 'Tis not a simply corporeal Passion. If there be no end in Avarice and Ambition, there is doubtless no more in Desire. It still lives after Satiety, and 'tis impossible to prescribe either constant Satisfaction, or End; it ever goes beyond its possession: and by that means Inconstancy peradventure is in some sort more pardonable in them than in us. They may plead as well as we the inclination to Variety and Novelty, common to us both. And secondly, without us, that they buy a Pig in a poak. *Joan* Queen of *Naples*, caus'd her first Husband *Andreas* to be hang'd at the Bars of her Window in a Halter of Gold and Silk, woven with her own Hand, because that in Matrimonial performances, she neither found his Parts nor Abilities answer the Expectation she had conceiv'd from his Stature, Beauty, Youth, and Activity, by which she had been caught and deceiv'd. There is more Pains required in doing than in suffering;

Affections
of Women
subject to
change.

Inconstancy
pardonable
in
Women.

Andreas
hang'd by
his Wife
Joan,
Queen of
Naples, for
not being
sufficiently
furnish'd

suffering, and so they are on their part always at least provided for Necessity, whereas on our part it may fall out otherwise. For this Reason it was that *Plato* wisely made a Law, that before Marriage, to determine of the fitness of the Persons, the Judges should see the young Men who pretended to it, stript stark naked, and the Women but to the Girdle only. When they come to try us, they do not perhaps think us worthy of their Choice.

*Experta latus maledoque simillima loro
Inguina, usc lassa stare coacta manu,
Deserit imbelles thalamos*

*Mart. l. 7.
Epiq. 57.*

'Tis not enough that a Man's Will be good, Weakness and Insufficiency lawfully break a Marriage.

*Et querendum aliunde foret nervosus illud,
Quid posset Zonam salvare virginam.*

Catullus.

why not, and according to her own scantling, and amorous intelligence, more bold and active?

Si blando nequeat superesse labori.

*Virg. Geor.
l. 3.*

If strength they want, Loves task to undergo.

But is it not a great Impudence to offer our Imperfections and Imbecillities, where we desire to please, and leave a good Opinion and Esteem of our selves? For the little that I am able to do now,

Mollis Opus ————— *ad ignem*

*Horace,
Epod. 17.*

One Bout a Night.

I would not trouble a Woman; that I am to reverence
and fear.

Hor. lib. 2.

Ode 4.

— *fuge suspicari,*
Cujus incensum trepidavit atus
claudere lustrum.

Sir Rich.

Fanshew.

suspect not him,
On whose Love's Wild-fire Age doth throw it's
cooling Snow.

Nature should satisfie her self in having rendred
Age miserable, without rendring it ridiculous too.
I hate to see it, for one poor inch of pitiful Vigour,
which comes upon it but thrice a Week, to strut,
and set out it self with as much eagerness as if it
could do mighty Feats, a true flame of Flax;
and wonder to see it so boyl and bubble, at a time
when it so congeal'd and extinguish'd. This
Appetite ought not to appertain to any thing but
the flower of beautiful Youth. Trust not to it,
because you see it seconds that indefatigable, full,
constant, and magnanimous ardour that is in you,
for it will certainly leave you in the lurch at your
greatest need; but rather return it to some tender,
bashful, and ignorant Boy, who yet trembles at the
Rod, and blushes,

Æcid.

lib. 12.

Indium sanguineo veluti violaverit ostrea
Si quis ebur, vel mista rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosa—

So *Indian* Ivory streak'd with Crimfon shows,
Or Lilies white mixt with the Damask Rose.

who can stay till the Morning without dying for
shame to behold the disdain of the fair Eyes of her
who knows so well his fumbling impertinence;

Et

Et taciti facere tamen convivia vultus,

Ovid *Amor.*
l. 1. *Eleg.* 73

and though she nothing say,
How ill she likes my work, her looks betray.

he never had the satisfaction and the glory of having cudgel'd them till they were weary, with the vigorous performance of one heroick Night. When I have observ'd any one to be troubled with me, I have presently accus'd her Levity; but have been in doubt if I had not Reason rather to complain of *Nature*; she has doubtless us'd me very uncivilly, and unkindly,

Si non longa satis, si non bene mentula crassa:
Nunquam sapient videntque parvam
Matrona quoque mentulam illibenter.

Manial.

and done me a most irreparable injury. Every Member I have, as much one as another, is equally my own, and no other does more properly make me a Man than this. I universally owe my intire Picture to the publick. The Wisdom of my Instruction wholly consists in Liberty, and naked Truth; disdainng to introduce these little, feign'd, common, and provincial Rules, into the Catalogue of its real Duties, all natural, general, and constant; of which *Civility* and *Ceremony* are Daughters indeed, but illegitimate. We are sure to have the Vices of Appearance when we shall have had those of Essence. When we have done with these, we run full drive upon others, if we find it must be so. For there is danger that we shall fanse new Offices, to excuse our Negligence toward the natural ones, and to confound them. That this is so, it is manifest, that in places where the *Faults* are Witchcrafts, the Witchcrafts are but *Faults*.
That

That in Nations where the Laws of Decency are most rare and most remiss, the Primitive Laws of common Reason are better observ'd: the innumerable multitude of so many Duties filling and dissipating our Industry and Care. The Application of our selves to light and trivial things, diverts us from those that are necessary and just. O, that these superficial Men take an easie and plausible way in comparison of ours! These are shadows wherewith we palliate and pay one another, but we do not pay, but inflame the reckoning towards that great Judge, who tucks up our Rags and Tatters above our shameful Parts, and is not nice to view us all over; even to our inmost and most secret Nudities: it were an useful Decency of our maidenly Modesty, could it keep him from this Discovery. In fine, whoever could reclaim Man from so scrupulous a verbal Superstition, would do the World no great disservice. Our Life is divided betwixt Folly and Prudence. Whoever will write but what is Reverend and Canonical, will leave above the one half behind. I do not excuse my self to my self, and if I did it, should rather be for my Excuses than I would excuse my self, than for any other Fault. I excuse my self of certain Humours, which I think more strong in number than those that are on my side. In consideration of which, I will farther say this, (for I desire to please every one, though it will be hard to do, *esse unum hominum accommodatum ad tantam morum et sermonum evolutionem, varietatem;*) that they ought not to condemn me for what I make Authorities, receiv'd and approv'd of so many Ages, to utter: and that there is no Reason that for want of Rhime they should refuse me the Liberty they allow even to Church-men of our Nation, and time. Of which here are two, and of the briskest amongst them,

Rimula, dispersam, ni monogrammatum est. Bena.

Un vit d'any le contense, Et bien vraye. St. Gelais.

besides how many others. I love Modesty; and 'tis not out of Judgment that I have chosen this scandalous way of speaking: 'tis Nature that has chosen it for me: I recommend it not, no more than other Forms that are contrary to common usages: But I excuse it, and by Circumstances both general and particular, alleviate the Accusation. But to proceed, From whence also can that Usurpation of Sovereign Authority you take upon you over the Women, who favour you at their own expence,

Sa furtiva de dia nigra munuscula nota. Catullus.

If in the silence of the Night,

She has permitted stolen delight,

so that you presently assume the Interests, Goods, and Authority of a Husband, be deriv'd? 'Tis a free Contract. Why do you not then begin, as you intend to hold on? There is no prescription upon voluntary things. 'Tis against the form; but it is true withal, that I in my time have carried on this Intrigue as much as the Nature of it would permit, as conscientiously, and with as much colour of Justice, as any other Contract whatever; and that I never pretended other Affection than what I really had, and have truly acquainted them with the Destination, Vigour, and Birth of the same, and Fits and Intermittions: a Man does not always hold on at the same rate. I have been so sparing of my Promises, that I think, I have been better than my Word. They have found me faithful to their

The Author's Fidelity in Love.

Incon-

Inconstancy, even to a profess'd, and sometimes a multiplied Inconstancy. I never broke with them whilst I had any hold at all, and what Occasion soever they have given me, never broke with them to Hatred or Contempt. For such Privacies, though obtain'd upon never so scandalous Terms, do yet oblige to some good Will. I have sometimes, upon their Tricks and Evasions, discover'd a little indiscreet Anger and Impatience; for I am naturally subject to rash Emotions, which though light and short, even spoil my Market. Would they freely have consulted my Judgment, I should not have stuck to have given them sharp and paternal Counsels, and to have pinch'd them to the quick. If I have left them any cause to complain of me, 'tis rather to have found in me, in comparison of the modern usance, a Love foolishly conscientious, than any thing else. I have kept my word in things wherein I might easily have been dispens'd; they then sometimes surrendred themselves with Reputation, and upon Articles that they were willing enough should be broken by the Conquerour. I have more than once made Pleasure in its greatest Effort strike to the Interest of their Humour; and where Reason importun'd me, have arm'd them against my self; so that they order'd their Affairs more decently and securely by my Rules, when they frankly refer'd themselves to them, than they would have done by their own. I have ever, as much as I could, wholly taken upon my self alone the hazard of our Assignations to acquit them, and have always contriv'd our Meetings after the hardest and most unusual manner, as less suspected, and moreover, in my Opinion, more accessible. They are chiefly more open, where they think they are the most securely shut. Things least fear'd are less interdicted and observ'd. One may more boldly dare what

no

no body thinks you dare, which by the difficulty becomes easie. Never had any Man his approaches more impertinently genital; this way of loving is more according to my Discipline: but how ridiculous and ineffectual to our People, who better know than I? yet I shall not repent me of it, I have nothing there more to lose.

— *me tabula sacer*
Votiva paries, indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta Maris Deo.

Hor. lib. 1.
 Ode 5.

For me, my votive Table shows
 That I have hang'd up my wet cloaths
 Upon the Temple Wall
 Of Sea's great Admiral.

Sir Rich.
 Fanshawe.

'Tis now my time to speak out. But I might peradventure say, as another would do. Thou talkest idely, my Friend, the Love of thy time has little Commerce with Faith and Integrity.

hac si tu postules
Ratione certa facere, nibilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

Terent.
 Eun.
 Act. 1.
 Scen. 1.

These things if thou wilt undertake,
 By Reason, permanent to make;
 This will be all thou'lt get by it,
 Wisely to run out of thy Wit.

On the contrary also, if it were for me to begin again in earnest, it should be by the same method, and the same progress, how fruitless soever it might prove. Folly and Ignorance are commendable in an incommendable Action. The farther I go from their Humour in this, I approach so much nearer to
 L my

my own. As to the rest, in this Traffick, I would not suffer my self to be totally carried away, I would please my self in it, but would not forget my self withal: I would keep the little Sense and Discretion that Nature has given me, intire fortheir Service and my own: a little Emotion, but no Dotage. My Conscience should also be engag'd in it, even to Debauch and Dissolution; but so far as to Ingratitude, Treachery, Malice and Cruelty, never. I would not purchase the Pleasure of this Vice at any rate, but content my self with its proper and single expence. *Nullum intra se vitium est, Nothing is a Vice in its self.* I almost equally hate a stupid and slothful Laziness; as I do a toilsome and painful Employment; the one pinches, the other lays me asleep. I like Wounds as well as Bruises, and Cuts as well as dry Blows. I found in this Commerce, when I was the most able for it, a just moderation betwixt these Extreains. Love is a spritely, lively, and gay Agitation, I was neither troubled nor afflicted with it, but heated, and moreover disorder'd; a Man must stop there: it hurts no body but Fools. A young Man ask'd the Philosopher *Panetius*, if it was becoming a wise Man to be in Love? *Let the wise Man look to that, answer'd he, but let not thou and I, who are not so, engage our selves in so stirring and violent an Affair, that will slave us to others and render us contemptible to our selves.* He said true; that we are not to intrust a thing so precipitous in it self, to a Soul that has not wherewithal to withstand its Assaults, and disprove the Saying of *Agefilaus*, that Prudence and Love cannot live together. 'Tis a vain Employment, 'tis true, indecent, shameful, and unlawful; but to carry it on after this manner, I look upon it as wholesome and proper to enliven a drowsie Soul, and to rouse up a heavy Body. And as an experienc'd Physician, I would prescribe it to a Man of my form and

and condition; as soon as any other *Recipe* whatever, to rouse and keep him in Vigor till well advanc'd in years, and to defer the approaches of Age, whilst we are but in the Suburbs, and that the Pulse yet beats.

*Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesis quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.*

*Juven.
Sat. 3.*

(it, Sir Robert
Stapleton)

Whilst Age strait-shouldred hath some Youth in
Whilst my Hairs gray, whilst there a remnant yet
For *Lachesis* to spin, whilst I walk on
My own Legs, need no Staff to lean upon:

We have need to be trinkled and tickled by some such nipping incitation as this. Do but observe what Youth, Vigour, and Gayety it inspir'd *Anacreon* withal. And *Socrates*, who was then older than I, speaking of an amorous Object, *Leaning*, said he, *my Shoulder to her Shoulder, and my Head to hers, as we were reading together in a Book, I felt, without dissembling, a sudden sting in my Shoulder like the biting of a Flea, which I still felt above five days after, and a continual itching crept into my Heart.* What only an accidental touch, and of a Shoulder, to heat and alter a Soul mortified and enerv'd by Age, and the strictest Liver of all Mankind? and pray why not? *Socrates* was a Man, and would neither be nor be like any other thing. *Philosophy* does not contend against natural Pleasures, provided they be moderate: and only preaches Moderation, not a total Abstinence. The Power of Resistance is employ'd against those that are adulterate, and introduced by Innovation. *Philosophy* says, that the Appetites of the Body ought not to be augmented by the Mind; and ingeniously warns us not to stir up Hunger by Saturity, not to stuff instead of filling

ling the Belly, to avoid all Fruition that may bring us to want, and all Meats and Drinks that procure Thirst and Hunger: As she does in the Service of Love, she there prescribes us to take such an Object as may only simply satisfie the Body's real need, and may not stir the Soul, which ought only barely to follow and assist the Body, without mixing in the Affair. But have I not reason to believe, that these Precepts, which nevertheless, in my Opinion, are elsewhere very severe, are only directed to a Body in its best, and best performing plight: and that in a Body broken with Age, as in a weak Stomach, 'tis excusable to warm and support it by Art, and by the Mediation of the Fancy, to restore the Appetite, and cheerfulness it has lost in it self. May we not say, That there is nothing in us, during this earthly Prison, that is purely either corporeal or spiritual; and that we injuriously break up a Man alive; and that it seems but reasonable that we should carry our selves as favourable, at least against the Use of Pleasure, as we do against that of Pain? It was (for example) vehement even to Perfection in the Souls of the Saints by Repentance: The Body had there naturally a Share by the Right of Union, and yet might have but little Part in the Cause; and yet are they not contented that it should barely follow and assist the afflicted Soul. They have afflicted it by it self, with grievous and peculiar Torments, to the End, that by Emulation of one another, the Soul and Body might plunge Man into Misery, by so much more salutiferous, as it is more painful and severe. In like manner, it is not Injustice in bodily Pleasures: to subdue and keep under the Soul, and say, that it must therein be dragg'd along, as to some enforc'd and servile Obligation and Necessity? 'Tis rather her part to botch and cherish them, there to present her self, and to invite them, the Authority of Ruling belonging

longing to her; as it is also her Part, in my opinion, in Pleasures that are proper to her, to inspire and infuse into the Body all the Resentment it is capable of, and to study how to make it pleasant and useful to it. For it is good reason, as they say, that the Body should not pursue its Appetites to the Prejudice of the Mind; but why it is not also reason that the Mind should not pursue hers to the Prejudice of the Body? I have no other Passion to keep me in breath. What Avarice, Ambition, Quarrels and Suits do to others, who, like me, have no particular Vocation, Love would much more commodiously do; it would restore to me Vigilancy, Sobriety, Grace, and the Care of my Person. It would reassure my Countenance, that these four Looks, those deform'd and to be pitied four Looks of old Age, might not step in to disgrace it; would again put me upon sound and wise Studies, by which I might render my self more lov'd and esteem'd, clearing my Mind of the Despair of it self, and of its Use, and redintegrate it to it self; would divert me from a thousand troublesome Thoughts, and a thousand melancholick Humours, that Idleness and the ill posture of our Health, loads us withal at such an Age; would warm again, in Dreams at least, the Blood that Nature has given over; would hold up the Chin, and a little stretch out the Nerves, the Vigorous and Gaiety of Life of that poor Man, who is going full drive toward his ruine. But I very well understand that it is a Commodity very hard to recover: By Weakness and long Experience our Taste is become more delicate and nice: We ask most, when we bring least; and will have the most Choice, when we least deserve to be accepted: and knowing our selves for what we are, we are less confident and more distrustful, nothing can assure us of being belov'd, considering our condition and theirs, I am out of

countenance to see my self in company with those young wanton Creatures,

Horat. *Æ*
 ped. 12. *Cujus in indomito constantior inguine nervus,
 Quam nova collibus arbor inbaret.*

To what end should we go insinuate our Misery with their gay and sprightly Humour.

Horace, L.
 4. Ode 13. *Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi,
 Multo non sine risu,
 Dilapsam in cineres facem.*

Sir Thomas
 Hawkins. That Youth inflamed may behold,
 Not without Laughter, and much Scorn,
 A burning Torch to Ashes worn.

They have Strength and Reason on their side, let us give way, we are best able to make good our ground. And these Blossoms of springing Beauty suffer not themselves to be handled by such benumb'd Hands, nor be dealt with by meer material Means. For, as the old Philosopher answer'd one that jeer'd him, because he could not gain the Favour of a young Girl he made Love to, *Friend, the Hook will not stick in such soft Cheese.* It is a Commerce that requires Relation and Correspondence; The other Pleasures we receive may be acknowledg'd by Recompences of another Nature: But this is not to be paid but with the same kind of Coin. In earnest, in this Sport, the Pleasure I give does more tickle my Imagination, than that they give me. Now, as he has nothing of Generosity in him that can receive a Courtesie where he confers none, it must needs be a mean Soul that will owe all, and can be contented to maintain a Friendship with Persons to whom he is a continual Charge. There is no Beauty, Grace, nor Privacy

so exquisite, that a gallant Man ought to desire at this rate. If they only can be kind to us out of Pity, I had much rather die than live upon Charity. I would have right to ask in the Style that I saw some beg in *Italy*, *Faite bien pour voi, Do good to your self*; and after the manner that *Cyrus* exhorted his Soldiers, *Who loves me, follow me*. Confort your self (some one will say to me) with Women of your own Condition, whom, the Company of one of the same Age will render more easie to your Desire. O ridiculous and stupid Composition!

— nolo
Barbam vellere mortuo Leoni.

*Mart. l. 7.
Epigr. 90.*

Rouze not a sleeping Lions.

Xenophon lays it for an Objection, and an Accusation against *Menon*, That he never made Love to any but old Women: For my part, I will take more pleasure in seeing only the just and sweet Mixture of two young Beauties; or only to meditate on it in my Fancy, than to be my self an Actor in the second with a deform'd old Creature. I leave that fantastick Appetite to the Emperour *Galba*, that was only for old curry'd Flesh; And to this poor Wretch,

*O, ego Dii faciant talem te cernere possim,
Charaque mutatis oscula ferre comis,
Amplexique meis corpus non pingue lacertis.*

Ovid. Tri.

O would to Heav'n, that such I might thee see,
To kiss those Locks, gray with Antiquity,
And thy lank wither'd Body to embrace.

Painted
Beauties
reckon'd
amongst
Deformi-
ties.

And amongst the Deformities, I reckon forc'd and artificial Beauties. *Emonex*, a young Courtesan of *Chios*, thinking by fine dressing to acquire the Beauty that Nature had deny'd her, came to the Philosopher *Arcefilaus*, and ask'd him, If it was possible for a wise Man to be in love: *Yes*, replied he, *provided it be not with a faded and adulterated Beauty, like rhine*. The Deformity of a confess'd Antiquity, is not to me so despicable and nauseous, as another that is polish'd and plaster'd up. Shall I speak it without the danger of having my Throat cut? Love, in my Opinion, is not properly and naturally in its Season, but in the Age next to Childhood :

At what
Age Love
s in his
Throne,

Horace, l.
9. Ode 5.

*Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mille sagaces falleret hospites,
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crimibus, ambiguoque vultu.*

Whom should you, with dishevel'd Hair,
And that ambiguous Face, bring in
Amongst the Chorus of the Fair,
He would deceive the subtlest there,
So smooth, so rosie is his Skin.

Nor Beauty neither. For whereas *Homer* extends it so far as to the Budding of the Chin; *Plato* himself has observ'd it for rare. And the Reason why the Sophist *Dion* call'd the first appearing Hairs of Adolescence, *Aristogitons*, and *Harmodii*, is sufficiently known. I find it in Virility already, in some sort, a little out of date, tho' not so much as in old Age.

Importunus

*Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus.*

Horace, l.
4. Ode 13.

Love, restless, with quick Motion flies
From wither'd Oaks.

And *Margaret*, Queen of *Navarre*, like a Woman, does very far extend the Advantage of Women, ordaining, That it is time, at Thirty years old, to convert the Title of Fair into that of Good. The shorter Authority we give him over our Lives, 'tis so much the better for us. Do but observe his Comportment; 'tis a beardless Boy, that knows not how they proceed in his School, contrary to all Order: Study, Exercise, and Ufance, are ways for Insufficiency to proceed by. There *Novices* rule. *Amor ordinem nescit.* Love knows no Or-
der. Doubtless his Conduct is much more graceful, when mix'd with Inadvertency and Trouble; Miscarriages and ill Successes give him Appetite and Grace, provided it be sharp and eager, 'tis no great matter whether it be prudent or no. Do but observe how he goes Reeling, Tripping, and Playing: You put him in the Stocks when you guide him by Art and Wisdom, and he is restrain'd of his divine Liberty, when put into those hairy and callous Clutches. As to the rest, I oft hear them set out this Intelligence, as entirely spiritual, and disdain to put the Interest, the Senses there have, into Consideration. Every thing there serves turn; but I can say, That I have often seen, that we have excus'd the Weakness of their Understandings, in favour of their outward Beauty; but have never seen, that in favour of a Mind, how mature and well-dispos'd soever, any one would lend a hand to support a Body that was never so little decay'd. Why does not some one make an attempt

D. Hieron.

to

to make that noble *Socratical* Contract and Union of the Body to the Soul, purchasing a philosophical and spiritual Intelligence and Generation at the price of his Thighs, which is the highest Price it can amount to? *Plato* ordains in his *Laws*, that he who has perform'd any signal and advantageous Exploit in War, may not be refus'd during the whole Expedition, his Age or Deformity notwithstanding, a Kiss or any other amorous Favour, from any whatever. What he thinks to be so just in Recommendation of Military Valour, why may it not be the same in Recommendation of any other Good Quality? And why does not some Woman take a Fancy to prepossess over her Companions the Glory of this chaste Love? I may well say chaste,

Virgil.

Georg. l. 3.

— nam si quando ad prælia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis
Incaustum fuit. —

Mr. Ogilby.

For when to join Love's Battle they engage,
Like Fire in Straw, they fondly spend their Rage,

The Vices that are stifled in the Thought are not the worst. To conclude this notable Commentary, which has escap'd from me in a Torrent of Babble, a Torrent sometimes impetuous and offensive.

Catullus.

*Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum,
Præcierrit casto Virginis à gremio:
Quod misera oblita molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris profilit excutitur,
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu,
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.*

As

As a fair Apple, by a Lover sent
 To's Mistress, for a private Complement,
 Does tumble from the rosie Virgin's Lap,
 Where she had quite forgot it, by mishap;
 When, starting at her Mother's coming in,
 It is dropt out her Garments from between,
 And rouls over the Floor before her Eyes,
 A guilty Blush her fair Complexion dyes.

I say that *Males* and *Females* are cast in the same Mould, and that, Education and Usage excepted, the Difference is not great: *Plato* indifferently invites both the one and the other to the Society of all Studies, Exercises and Commands, Military and Civil, in the Common-wealth; and the Philosopher *Antisthenes* took away all Distinction betwixt their Vertue and ours. It is much more easie to accuse one Sex than to excuse the other. 'Tis according to the Proverb, *Ill may Vice correct Sin.*

C H A P. VI.

Of Coaches.

IT is very easie to make it appear, That great Authors when they write of Causes, do not only make use of those they think to be the true Causes indeed, but also of those they believe are not so, provided their Works may be illustrated with the Beauty of Invention. They speak true, and usefully enough, if it be ingeniously. We cannot make our selves sure of the supream Cause,
 and

and therefore clutter a great many together, to see if it may not accidentally be amongst them,

Lucretius
lib. 6.

— *namque unam dicere causam,*
Non satis est, verum plures unde una tamen fit.

Mr. Creech. And thus my Muse a store of Causes brings ;
For here, as in a thousand other things,
Tho by one single Cause th' Effect is done,
Yet since 'tis hid, a thousand must be shown, }
That we may surely hit that single one.

Why they
say, God
bles you
when you
Sneeze.

Will you ask me, whence the Custom of Blessing those that Sneeze? we break wind three several ways; that which fallies from below is too filthy; that which breaks out from the Mouth carries with it some Reproach of having eaten too much; the third Eruption is Sneezing, which, because it proceeds from the Head, and is without Offence, we give it this Civil Reception: Do not laugh at this Distinction, for they say 'tis *Aristotle's*. I think I have read in *Plutarch* (which of all the Authors I ever convers'd with, is he who has best mix'd *Art* with *Nature*, and *Judgment* with *Knowledge*) giving a Reason for the rising of the Stomach in those that are at Sea, that it is occasion'd by Fear, having found out some Reason by which he proves, that Fear may produce such an Effect: I who am very subject to vomit, know very well that that Cause concerns not me; and know it not by Argument, but by necessary Experience, without instancing what has been often told me, that the same thing oft happens in Beasts, especially Hogs, when out of all apprehension of Danger, and what an Acquaintance of mine has told me of himself, that being very subject to it, the Disposition to vomit has three or four times gone off him, being very much afraid in a violent Storm, as it hapned to that Antient, *Pejus vexabar*.

Why people are apt
to vomit
at Sea.

vexabar quam ut periculum mihi succurreret. I was too Semca.
 much troubled for my Danger to relieve me. I was never afraid upon the Water, nor indeed in any other peril (and I have had enow before my Eyes, that have been juſt enough, if Death be one) ſo as to be aſtoniſh'd and to loſe my Judgment. Fear ſprings ſometimes as well from want of Judgment as from want of Courage. All the Dangers I have been in, I have look'd upon without winking, with an open, ſound and intire Sight; and beſides, a Man muſt have Courage to fear: It has formerly ſerved me better than ſome others, ſo to order my Retreat, that it was, if not without Fear, nevertheless without Affright and Aſtoniſhment. It was ſtirr'd indeed, but not amazed nor ſtupified. Great Souls go yet much farther, and repreſent Flights not only ſound and temperate, but moreover fierce. Let us make a Relation of that which *Alcibiades* reports of *Socrates*, his Fellow in Arms; I found him, ſays he, after the Rout of our Army, him and *Lachez*, in the Rear of thoſe that fled, and conſidered him at my Leiſure, and in Security, for I was mounted on a good Horſe, and he on foot, and had ſo fought. I took notice, in the firſt place, how much Judgment and Reſolution he ſhew'd, in compariſon of *Lachez*; and then the Bravery of his March, nothing different from his ordinary Gate; his Sight firm and regular, conſidering and judging what paſſ'd about him, looking one while upon thoſe, and then upon others, Friends and Enemies, after ſuch a manner, as encouraged the one, and ſignified to the others, that he would ſell his Life dear to any one ſhould attempt to take it from him, and ſo they came off; for People are not willing to attack ſuch kind of Men; but purſue thoſe they ſee are in a Fright. This is the Teſtimony of this great Captain, which teaches us what we every day ſee, That nothing ſo much throws us into Dangers, as an inconfiderate Eagerneſs of getting our ſelves clear

Livius, l.
22.

clear of them. *Quò timoris minus est, eò minus ferme periculi est.* Where there is least Fear, there is, for the most part, least Danger. Our People are to blame to say, that such a one is afraid of Death, when he expresses that he thinks of it and foresees it: Foresight is equally convenient in what concerns us, whether Good or Ill. To consider and judge of the Danger, is, in some sort, the Reverse to being astonish'd. I do not find my self strong enough to sustain the Force and Impetuosity of this Passion of Fear, nor of any other vehement Passion whatever: If I was once conquer'd and beaten down, I should never rise again very sound. Whoever should once make my Soul loose her Footing, would never set it upright again: She retales and researches her self too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and therefore would never let the Wound she had receiv'd heal and cicatrize: It has been well for me that never any Sickness has yet discompos'd it: At every Charge made upon me, I make my utmost Opposition, and best Defence; by which means, the first that should rout me, would make me for ever Rallying again: I have no After-Game to play. On which side soever the Inundation breaks my Banks, I lie open, and am drown'd without Remedy. *Epicurus* says, that a Wise Man can never become a Fool; and I have an Opinion reverse to this Sentence, which is, That who has once been a very Fool, will never after be very Wise. God grant me Cold according to my Cloth, and Passions proportionable to the Means I have to withstand them. *Nature* having laid me open on the one Side, has cover'd me on the other; having disarm'd me of Strength, she has arm'd me of Insensibility, and an Apprehension that is either regular or dull. Now I cannot long endure (and when I was young much less endur'd) either Coach, Litter, or Boat, and hate all other Riding but on Horseback, both in
the

the City and Country. But I can worse endure a Litter than a Coach, and by the same Reason, better a rude Agitation upon the Water, from whence Fear is produc'd, than the Motions of a Calm. At the little Jerks of Oars, stealing the Vessel from under us, I find, I know not how, both my Head and my Stomach disorder'd: neither can I endure to sit upon a tottering Stool. When the Sail or the Current carries us equally; or if we are tow'd, those equal Agitations do not disturb me at all. 'Tis an interrupted Motion that offends me, and most of all when most slow. I cannot otherwise express it. The *Physicians* have order'd me to squeeze and gird my self about the Bottom of my Belly with a Napkin, to remedy this Accident; which however I have not try'd, being accusom'd to wrestle with my own Defects, and to overcome them by my self. Would my Memory serve me, I should not think my Time ill spent in setting down here this infinite Variety that History presents us of the Use of Coaches in the Service of War: various according to the Nations, and according to the Ages; in my opinion of great Necessity and Effect: so that it is a wonder that we have lost all Knowledge of them: I will only say this, that very lately, in our Fathers time, the *Hungarians* made very advantageous Use of them against the *Turks*; having in every one of them a Targeteer and a Musket, and a Number of Harquebusiers, drawn up ready, and* A Discharge'd, and all cover'd with a * *Pavesade* like a *Galliot*. They made the Front of their Battle with three thousand such Coaches, and after the Canon had play'd, made them all pour in their Shot upon the Enemy, and made them swallow that Volley before they tasted of the rest, which was no little Advance; and that done, the said Chariots charg'd into their Squadrons to break them, and make way for the rest: besides the Use they might make of them

them to flank their Bodies in a place of Danger marching in the Field, or to cover a *Quarter*, and fortifie it in haste. In my time, a Gentleman in one of our Frontiers, unwieldy of Body, and not being able to procure a Horse able to carry his Weight, having a Quarrel, rid up and down in a Chariot of this Fashion, and found great Convenience in it. But let us leave these Chariots of War. As if the Insignificancy of Coaches had not been sufficiently known by better Proofs, the last *Kings* of our first Race travell'd in a Chariot drawn by four Oxen. *Mark Anthony* was the first at *Rome* that caus'd himself to be drawn in a Coach by *Lyons*, and a singing Wench, with him. *Heliogabalus* did since as much, calling himself *Cybele* the Mother of the *Gods*; and also by *Tygers*, taking upon him the Person of the *God Bacchus*; he also sometimes harness'd two Stags to his Coach, another time four Dogs, at another four naked Whores, causing himself to be drawn by them in Pomp, stark naked too. The Emperour *Firmus* caus'd his Chariot to be drawn by *Ostriches* of a prodigious size, so that it seem'd rather to fly than roul. The Strangeness of these Inventions puts this other Fancy in my head; that it is a kind of Pufflanimity in Monarchs, and a Testimony that they do not sufficiently understand themselves what they are, when they study to make themselves honour'd, and to appear great by excessive Expence. It were indeed excusable in a foreign Country, where they are Strangers; but amongst their own Subjects, where they are in Sovereign Command, and may do what they please, it derogates from their Dignity, the most supream Degree of Honour, to which they can arrive. As, methinks, it is superfluous in a private Gentleman to go finely dress'd at home; his House, his Attendants, and his Kitchen, sufficiently answer for him. The Advice that *Isocrates* gave his King, seems to be grounded

The excessive Expence of Monarchs a testimony of Pufflanimity.

grounded upon Reason; that he should be splendid in Plate and Furniture: for as much as it is an Ex-
 pence of Duration, that devolves to his Successors; and that he should avoid all Magnificences that will, in a short time, be forgot. I lov'd to go fine when I was a younger Brother, for want of other Orna-
 ment, and it became me well: There are some upon whom their Rich Cloaths weep, we have strange Stories of the Frugality of our Kings about their own Persons, and in their Gifts: Kings that were great both in Reputation, Valour and Fortune: *Demosthenes* mightily stickles against the Law of the City, that assign'd the Publick Money for the Pomp of their publick Plays and Festivals: He would that their Greatness should be seen in the Number of Ships well equipp'd, and good Armies well provided for. And there is good Reason to condemn *Theophrastus*, who, in his Book of *Riches*, has establish'd a contrary Opinion, and maintains that sort of Ex-
 pence to be the true Fruit of Abundance. They are Delight, says *Aristotle*, that only please the baser sort of the People, and that vanish from the Memory so soon as they are sated with them, and of which no serious and judicious Man can have any Esteem. This Money would, in my Opinion, be much more Royally, as more profitably, justly and durably, laid out in *Ports, Havens, Walls, and Fortifications*; in sumptuous *Buildings, Churches, Colleges*, the reforming of *Streets and High-ways*; wherein Pope *Gregory* the Thirteenth will leave a laudable Memory to future Times; and wherein our Queen *Catherine* would, to all Posterity, manifest her natural Liberality and Munificence to succeeding Ages, would her Means supply her Affection. Fortune has done me a great Despite, in interrupting the noble Structure of the *Pont-neuf* of our great City, and depriving me of the Hopes of seeing it finish'd before I die.

M

Moreover,

The *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*.

Moreover, it seems to the Subjects, who are daily Spectators of these Triumphs, that their own Riches are expos'd before them, and that they are entertain'd at their own Expence. For the People are apt to presume of Kings, as we do of our *Servants*, that they are to take care to provide us all things necessary, in Abundance; but not to touch it themselves: And therefore the Emperour *Galba*, being pleas'd with a *Musician* that play'd to him at Supper, call'd for his Cabinet, and gave him a handful of Crowns that he took out of it, with these Words, *This is not the publick Money, but my own*. Yet it so falls out, that the People, for the most part have Reason on their side, and that their Princes feed their Eyes with what they once had to fill their Bellies. Liberality it self is not in its true Lustre in a Sovereign Hand: Private Men have therein the most Right; for, to take it exactly, a King has nothing properly his own; he owes himself to others. Authority is not given in favour of the *Magistrate*, but of the *People*. A Superiour is never made so for his own Profit, but for the Profit of the Inferiour; and a Physician for the Sick Person, and not for himself. All Magistracy, as well as all Art, has its End out of it self. *Nulla ars in se versatur*. Wherefore the *Governours* of Young *Princes*, who make it their business to imprint in them this Virtue of Liberality, and preach to them to deny nothing, and to think nothing so well spent as what they give, a Doctrine that I have known in great Credit in my time, either have more particular regard to their own Profit than that of their Master, or ill understand to whom they speak. It is too easie a thing to imprint Liberality in him who has as much as he will to supply it with at the expence of others; and the Estimate of it, not being proportion'd to the Value of the Gift, but to the Wealth of him who

Scheta.

who extends it, it comes to nothing in-so mighty Hands. They find themselves Prodigal, before they can be reputed Liberal; And yet it is but of little Recommendation, in comparison of other Royal Virtues: and the only one, as the Tyrant *Dionysius* said, that suits well with Tyranny it self. I should rather teach him this of the antient Labourer,

Τῆ χειρὶ δεῖ σπειρῆν, ὡλλὰ μὴ ἄλω τῆς θύλακός.

Corinea
apud Plin.
tarch.

That whoeuer will haue a good Crop, must sow with his Hand, and not pour out of the Sack: he must disperse it abroad, and not lay it on a heap in one place: and that being he is to give, or to say better, to pay and restore to so many People according as they have deserv'd, he ought to be a loyal and discreet Disposer. If the Liberality of a Prince be without Measure or Discretion, I had rather he were covetous. A Royal Virtue seems most to consist in Justice; and of all the parts of Justice, that best denotes a King that accompanies his Liberality; for that they have particularly reserv'd to be perform'd by themselves, whereas all other sorts of Justice they remit to the Administration of others. An immoderate Bounty is a very weak means to acquire them Good Will, for it checks more People than it allures: Quo in plures usus sit, minus in multos uti possit. Quid autem est stultius, quam quod libenter facias, curare ut id diutius facere non possis? By how much more you use it to many, by so much less will you be in a capacity to use it to many more. And what greater Folly can there be than to order it so, that what you would do willingly you cannot do long? And if it be conferr'd without due Respect of Merit, it puts him out of Countenance that receives it, and is receiv'd without Grace: Tyrants have been sacrific'd to the Hatred of the People by the hands of

Wherein
Royal Vir-
tue cons-
ists.

Cicero de
Offic.

Seneca de
Benef. vel
in Epist.

Tyrants
hated by
those that
they have
unjustly
advanc'd.

those very Men they have unjustly advanc'd; such kind of Men thinking to assure to themselves the Possession of Benefits unduly receiv'd, if they manifest to have him in Hatred and Disdain of whom they hold them; and in this associate themselves to the common Judgment and Opinion. The Subjects of a Prince profuse in Gifts, grow unreasonable in asking, and accommodate themselves not to Reason but Example. We have in earnest very oft Reason to blush at our own Impudence: we are over-paid, according to Justice, when the Recompence equals our Service; for do we owe nothing of Natural Obligation to our Princes? If he bears our Charges, he does too much; 'tis enough that he contributes to them, the Overplus is called Benefit, which cannot be exacted: For the very Name of Liberality sounds of Liberty; there is no end on't, as we use it. We never reckon what we have receiv'd, we are only for the future Liberality. Wherefore, the more a Prince exhausts himself in giving, the poorer, he grows in Friends. How should he satisfy immoderate Desires that still increase the more they are fill'd? He who has his Thoughts upon taking, never thinks of what he has taken. Covetousness has nothing so proper, and so much its own as Ingratitude. The Example of *Cyrus* will not do amiss in this place, to serve the *Kings* of these Times for a Touch-stone to know whether their Gifts are well or ill bestow'd, and to see how much better that Emperour confer'd them than they do: By which means they are reduc'd to borrow of their unknown Subjects, and rather of them whom they have wrong'd, than of them on whom they have confer'd their Benefits, and so receive *Aids*, wherein there is nothing of gratuitous but the Name. *Cræsus* reproach'd him with his Bounty, and cast up to how much his Treasure would amount, if he had been a little closer handed.

He

He had a mind to justify his Liberality, and therefore sent Dispatches into all parts, to the *Grandeos* of his Dominions, whom he had particularly advanc'd, entreating every one of them to supply him with as much Money as they could, for a pressing Occasion, and to send him a Particular of what every one could advance. When all these Tickets were brought to him, every one of his Friends, not thinking it enough barely to offer him only so much as he had receiv'd from his Bounty, adding to it a great deal of his own, it appear'd that the Sum amounted to a great deal more than *Craesus* his Reckoning. Whereupon *Cyrus*, *I am not, said he, less in love with Riches than other Princes, but rather a better Husband, you see with how small a Venture I have acquired the inestimable Treasure of so many Friends; and how much more faithful Treasure they are to me than mercenary Men without Obligation or Affection would be; and my Money better laid up than in Chests, putting upon me the Hatred, Envy and Contempt of other Princes.* The *Emperours* excus'd the Superfluity of their Plays and publick Spectacles, by reason that their Authority did, in some sort, (at least in outward Appearance,) depend upon the Will of the People of *Rome*; who, time out of mind, had been accustomed to be entertain'd and caress'd with such Shows and Excesses. But they were particular Men who had nourish'd this Custom, to gratifie their Fellow-Citizens and Companions, (and chiefly out of their own Purfes) by such Profusion and Magnificence: It had quite another Taste, when they were the Masters who came to hold it up. *Pecuniarum translatio à justis dominis ad alienos non debet liberalis videri.* The transferring of Money *cit de of.* from the Right Owners to Strangers, ought not to *lib. 1.* have the Title of Liberality. *Philip*, seeing his Son, went about by Presents to gain the Affection of

the *Macedonians*, reprimanded him in a Letter after this manner: *What! hast thou a mind that thy Subjects look upon thee as their Cash-keeper, and not as their King? Wilt thou tamper with them to win their Affections? Do it then by the Benefit of thy Vertue, and not by those of thy Chest.* And yet it was doubtless a fine thing to bring and plant within the *Theatre* a great number of vast Trees, with all their Branches in their full Verdure, representing a great shady Forest, dispos'd in excellent order, and the first day to throw into it a thousand Ostriches, a thousand Stags, a thousand Boars and a thousand Fallow-Deer, to be kill'd and dispos'd of by the People: the next day, to cause an hundred great Lions, an hundred Leopards, and three hundred Bears to be kill'd in his presence: And for the third day, to make three hundred pair of Fencers to fight it out to the last, as the Emperour *Probus* did. It was also very fine to see those vast *Amphitheatres*, all fac'd with Marble without, curiously wrought with Figures and Statues, and the Inside sparkling with rare Decorations and Enrichments.

Rich and sumptuous Amphitheatres.

Calpurnius,

Eg. 7. Baltheus en gemmis, en illita Porticus auro.

Behold a Belt with Jewels glorious made,
And a brave Portico with Gold o'er laid.

All the Sides of this vast Space fill'd and environ'd
from the bottom to the top, with three or four-score Ranks of Seats, all of Marble also, and cover'd with Cushions.

— *exeat*

— *exeat, inquit,
Si pudor est, & de pulvino surgat equestri.
Cujus res legi non sufficit.*

Juven.
Sat. 3.

Sir Robert
Stapleton.

Get y'out, whose Means fall short of Law, one cries,
For shame, from off the noble Cushion rise.

when an hundred thousand Men might sit plac'd at
their Ease; and the place below, where the Plays
were play'd, to make it by Art first open, and
cleft into Chinks, representing Caves that vomited
out the Beasts designed for the Spectacle; and then
secondly, to be overflow'd with a profound Sea,
full of Sea-Monsters, and loaded with Ships of
War, to represent a Naval Battle: and thirdly,
to make it dry and even again for the Combats
of the Gladiators; and for the fourth Scene, to
have it strew'd with Vermillion and Storax instead
of Sand, there to make a solemn Feast for all that
infinite Number of People; the last Act of one
only Day.

— *Quoties nos descenditis arena
Vidimus in partes, ruptaque voragine terra
Emersisse feras, & iisdem saepe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Nec solum nobis silvestria cernere monstra
Contigit, aquareos ego cum certantibus ursis
Spectavi vitulos, & equorum nomine dignum,
Sed deforme pecus.*

Calphur-
nius.

How often, when Spectators, have we seen
 One Corner of the Theatre sink in ;
 And from a dreadful Chasm in the Earth,
 Vomit Wild Beasts : Then presently give birth
 Unto a glittering Grove of golden Bowers,
 That put forth Blossoms of enamell'd Flowers.
 Nor yet of *Sylvan* Monsters had we fight.
 Alone, I saw Sea-calves with wild Bears fight,
 And a deformed sort of Monsters came,
 Which, by their Shape, we might Sea-Horses
 (name.

Sometimes they have made a high Mountain advance it self, full of Fruit-trees and other flourishing sorts of Woods, sending down Rivulets of Water from the top, as from the mouth of a Fountain : Other whiles, a great Ship was seen to come rouling in, which opened and divided of it self; and after having disgorg'd from the *Hold* four or five hundred Beasts for Fight, clos'd again, and vanish'd without help. At other times, from the Floor of this place, they made Spouts of perfum'd Waters dart their Streams upward, and so high as to besprinkle all that infinite Multitude. To defend themselves from the Injuries of the Weather, they had that vast Place one while cover'd over with Purple Curtains of Needle-work, and by and by with Silk of another Colour, which they could draw off or on in a moment, as they had a mind.

*Quamvis non modico caleant spectacula sole,
 Vela reducuntur cum venit Hermogenes.*

The Curtains, tho' the Sun does scorch the Skin,
 Are, when *Hermogenes* appears, drawn in.

The Net-work also that was set before the People
 to

to defend them from the Violence of these turn'd
out Beasts, were also woven of Gold.

— *Auro quoque torta refulgent*
Retia.

Calpurnias, Eg. 7.

And woven Nets refulgent are with Gold.

If there be any excusable in such Excesses as these,
it is where the Novelty and Invention create more
Wonder than Expencc. Even in these Vanities we
discover how fertile those Ages were in other kind
of Wits than these of ours. It is with this sort
of Fertility, as with other Products of Nature.
Not that she there employ'd her utmost Force. We
do not go, we rather run up and down, and whirl
this way and that; we turn back the way we came.
I am afraid our Knowledge is weak in all Senses.
We neither see far forward nor backward: Our
Understanding comprehends little, and lives but a
little while; 'tis short both in extent of Time, and
extent of Matter.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemmona
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabilis,
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte.

Horace, l.
4. Ode 9.

Men flash'd e'er *Diomed* was made;
But all are in Oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the ground,
For lack of sacred Poets Aid,

Sir Rich.
Fanshawe.

Et supra bellum Trojanum, & funera Troja,
Multi alias alii quoque res cecinere Poeta.

Lucret l. 5.

And long before the War, and Sack of *Troy*,
On other things *Bards* did their Pens employ.

And

And the Narrative of *Solon*, of what he had got out of the *Egyptian* Priests, touching the long Life of their State, and their manner of learning and preserving forein *Histories*; is not, methinks, a Testimony to be slighted upon this consideration.

Cicero de
nat. Deor.
l. 1.

Si interminatam in omnes partes magnitudinem regionum videremus, & temporum, in quam se injiciens animus, & intendens, ita late longeque peregrinatur, ut nullam oram ultimi videat, in qua possit insistere: in hac immensitate infinita vis innumerabilium appareret formarum. Could we see on all parts the unlimited Magnitude of Regions and Extent of Times, upon which the Mind being intent, does wander so far and wide, that no Limits of the last are to be seen, in which it can bound its Eye. We should in that infinite Immensity discover an innumerable Quantity of Forms. Tho' all that has arriv'd at our Knowledge of Times past should be true, and known by some one Person, it would be less than nothing in comparison of what is unknown. And if this be the Image of the World, which glides whilst we live upon it, how wretched and thort is the Knowledge of the most curious? Not only of particular Events, which Fortune often renders exemplary and of great concern, but of the Estate of great Governments and Nations, an hundred more escape us, than ever come to our Knowledge. We make a mighty Business of the Invention of *Artillery* and *Printing*, which other Men at the other end of the World, in *China*, had a thousand years ago. Did we but see as much of the World as we do not, we should perceive, it is to be suppos'd, a perpetual Multiplication, and Vicissitude of Forms. There is nothing single and rare in respect of Nature, but in respect of our Knowledge; which is a wretched Foundation whereon to ground our Rules, and that represents to us a very false Image of things. As we now a days vainly conclude the Declension and
Decrepitude

Printing
in China.

Decrepitude of the World, by the Arguments we extract from our own Weakness and Decay ;

Jamque adeo fracta est Ætas effœtaque Tellus. Lucret. l. 2.

So much the Age, so much the Earth is chang'd.

so did they formerly vainly conclude the Birth and Youth of theirs, by the Vigour they observ'd in the Wits of their time, abounding in Novelties, and the Invention of divers Arts.

*Verum, ut opinor, habet navitatem suavis, reconscq,
Natura est mundi, neque priorem exordia cepit :
Quare etiam quædam nunc artes expotuntur,
Nunc etiam auferunt, nunc addita navigiis sunt
Multa.* Lucret. l. 3.

But sure the Nature of the World is strong,
Perfect and young ; nor can I think it long
Since it beginning took, because we know
Arts still increase, and still politer grow,
And many things, in former times unknown,
Are added now to Navigation.

Our World has lately discover'd another, (and who will assure us that it is the last of his Brothers, since the *Demons*, the *Sibyls* and we our selves have been ignorant of this till now ?) as large, well peopled, and fruitful as this whereon we live ; and yet so raw and childish, that we yet teach it its *A B C* : 'Tis not above fifty Years since it knew neither *Letters*, *Weights*, *Measures*, *Vestments*, *Corn*, nor *Vines*. It was then quite naked in the Mothers Lap, and only liv'd upon what she gave it. If we rightly conclude of our End, and this Poet of the Youthfulness of that Age of his ; that other World will only enter into the Light when this of ours shall make

make its *Exit*. The Universe will be Paralytick, one Member will be usefess, another in Vigour. I am very much afraid that we have very much precipitated its Declension and Ruine by our Contagion; and that we have sold it our Opinions and our Arts at a very dear rate. It was an infant World, and yet we have not whip'd, and subjected it to our Discipline, by the Advantage of our Valour and Natural Forces; neither have we won it by our Justice and Goodness, nor subdu'd it by our Magnanimity. Most of their Answers, and the Negotiations we have had with them, witness, that they were nothing behind us in Pertinency and Clearness of natural Understanding. The astonishing Magnificence of the Cities of *Cusco* and *Mexico*, and, amongst many other such like things, the Garden of this King, where all the *Trees, Fruits and Plants*, according to the Order and Stature they are in a Garden, were excellently form'd in Gold; as in his Cabinet were all the Animals bred upon the Earth, and in the Seas of his Dominions; and the Beauty of their Manufactures, in *Jewels, Feathers, Cotton and Painting*, gave ample proof that they were as little inferiour to us in Industry. But as to what concerns *Devotion, Observance of the Laws, Bounty, Liberality, Loyalty*, and plain Dealing, it was of Use to us, that we had not so much as they; for they have lost, sold, and betray'd themselves by this Advantage. As to *Boldness and Courage, Stability, Constancy* against Pain, Hunger and Death, I should not fear to oppose the Examples I find amongst them, to the most famous Examples of elder Times, that we find in our *Records* on this side of the World. For as to those who have subdu'd them, take but away the Sights and Artifices they practis'd to deceive them, and the just Astonishment it was to those Nations, to see so sudden and unexpected an Arrival of Men with

The magnificent
Garden of
the King
of Mexico.

with Beards, differing in Language, Religion, Shape and Countenance, from so remote a Part of the World, and where they had never heard there was any Habitation, mounted upon great unknown Monsters, against those who had never so much as seen a Horse, or any other Beast train'd up to carry a Man or any other Loading; sheld in a hard and shining Skin, with a cutting and glittering Weapon in his hand against them, who, out of wonder at the Brightness of a Looking-glass, or a Knife, would truck great Treasures of Gold and Pearl; and who had neither Knowledge nor Matter with which at leisure they could penetrate our Steel: to which may be added, the Lightning and Thunder of our Pieces and Harquebusses, enough to fright *Cesar* himself, if surpriz'd with so little Experience; and now, against naked People, if not, where the Invention of a little quilted Cotton was in use, without other Arms at the most, than *Bows, Stones, Staves, and Bucklers of Wood*; People surpriz'd under colour of Friendship and good Faith, by the Curiosity of seeing strange and unknown things; take but away, I say, this disparity from the Conquerours, and you take away all the occasion of so many Victories. When I look upon that invincible Ardor wherewith so many thousands of Men, Women and Children, have so often presented, and thrown themselves into inevitable Dangers for the Defence of their *Gods and Liberties*; that generous Obstinacy, to suffer all Extremities and Difficulties, and even Death it self, rather than submit to the Dominion of those by whom they had been so shamefully abus'd; and some of them chusing rather to die of Hunger and Fasting, than to accept of Nourishment from the hands of their so basely victorious Enemies: I foresee, that whoever would have attack'd them upon equal Terms of Arms, Experience, and Number

ber, would have had a hard, and peradventure a harder game to play, than in any other War we have seen. Why did not so noble a Conquest fall under *Alexander*, or the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*; and so great a Revolution and Mutation of so many Empires and Nations, fall into hands that might have rooted up and gently levell'd, and made plain and smooth whatever was rough and salvage amongst them, and that might have cherish'd and propagated the good Seeds that Nature had there produc'd, mix'd, not only with the Culture of Land, and the Ornament of Cities, the Arts of this part of the World, in what was necessary, but also the *Greek* and *Roman* Virtues, with those that were Originals of the Country? What a particular Reparation had it been to them, and what a general Good to the whole World, had our first Examples and Deportment in those Parts allur'd those People to the Admiration and Imitation of Vertue, and had begot betwixt them and us a fraternal Society and Intelligence? How easie had it been to have made Advantage of Souls so innocent, and so eager to learn; having for the most part naturally so good Inclinations before? Whereas on the contrary, we have taken Advantage of their Ignorance and Inexperience, with greater ease to incline them to Treachery, Luxury, Avarice, and towards all sorts of Inhumanity and Cruelty; by the Pattern and Example of our Manners. Who ever enhanc'd the Price of Merchandize at such a rate? So many Cities levell'd with the Ground, so many Nations exterminated, so many Millions of People fallen by the Edge of the Sword, and the richest and most beautiful part of the World turn'd upside down, for the Traffick of Pearl and Peper: Mechanick Victories! Never did Ambition, never did Animosities engage Men against one another to such a degree of Hostility and miserable Calamity.

Calamity. Certain Spaniards coasting the Sea in quest of their Mines, landed in a fruitful, and pleasant, and very well peopled Country; and there made to the Inhabitants their accustomed Remonstrances; That they were peaceable Men, who were come from a very remote Country, and sent on the behalf of the King of Castile, the greatest Prince of the habitable World, to whom the Pope, God's Vicegerent upon Earth, had given the Principality of the Indies. That if they would become Tributaries to him, they should be very gently and courteously us'd, at the same time requiring of them Victuals for their Nourishment, and Gold whereof to make some pretended Medicine. They moreover remonstrated to them the Belief of the only God, and the Truth of our Religion, which they advis'd them to embrace, to which they also added some Threats. To which they receiv'd this Answer: *That as to their being peaceable, they did not seem to be such, if they were so. As to their King, he seem'd to be necessitous and poor, because he ask'd, and he who had given him that dividend, a man that lov'd dissension, to go give away that to another, which was none of his own, to bring it into dispute against the ancient Possessors. As to Victuals, they would supply them; that of Gold they had little, it being a thing they had in very small esteem, as being of no use to the service of Life, whereas their Care was only bent to pass it over happily and pleasantly: but that what they could find, excepting what was employ'd in the Service of their Gods, they might freely take. As to one only God, the Proposition had pleas'd them well, but that they would not change their Religion, because they had so happily liv'd in it, and that they were not wont to take advice of any but their Friends, and those they knew. As to their Menaces, it was a sign of want of Judgment, to threaten those whose Nature and Power was to them unknown. - That therefore they*

The Offers of the Spaniards to the discover'd Indians.

were

were to make haste to avoid their Coast, for they were not us'd to take the Civilities and Remonstrances of arm'd Men and Strangers in good part; otherwise they should do by them as they had done by those others, shewing them the Heads of several executed men round the Wall of their City. A fair Example of the gibberish and beginning to speak of this Infancy. But so it is, that the Spaniards did neither in this nor several other places, where they did not find the Merchandize they sought for, make any stay or any attempt, whatever other Conveniences were there to be had; Witness the *Canibals*.

The excessive Ransom of the King of Peru.

Of two the most puissant Monarchs of that World, and peradventure of this, Kings of so many Kings, and the last they exterminated; that of Peru, having been taken in a Battle, and put to so excessive a ransom as exceeds all belief, and it being faithfully paid, and that he had by his Conversation given manifest signs of a frank, liberal, and constant Spirit, and of a clear and settled understanding; the Conquerors had a mind, after having exacted a Million, three hundred twenty five thousand, and five hundred weight of Gold, besides Silver, and other things which amounted to no less; (so that their Horses were shod with Massie Gold) yet to see (at the price of what Disloyalty and Injustice whatever) what the remainder of the Treasure of this King might be, and to possess themselves of that also. To which end a false Accusation was preferred against him, and false Witnesses brought in to prove that he went about to raise an Insurrection in his Provinces, by that means to procure his own Liberty. Whereupon, by the vertuous Sentence of those very Men who had by this Treachery conspir'd his ruin, he was condemn'd to be publickly hang'd, after having made him buy off the Torment of being burnt alive, by the Baptism they gave him immediately before Execution. A horrid and unheard of barbarity,

Afterward hang'd not withstanding.

rity, which nevertheless he underwent without going less either in Work or Look, with a truly grave and royal Behaviour. After which, to calm and appease the People, daunted and astonished at so strange a thing, they counterfeited great Sorrow for his Death, and appointed most sumptuous Funerals. The other *King of Mexico*, after a long ^{The Siege of Mexico.} time defended his beleaguerr'd City, and having in this Siege manifested the utmost of what Suffering and Perseveration can do, if ever Prince and People did, and his Misfortune having deliver'd him alive into his Enemies hands, upon Articles of being treated like a *King*; neither did he in his Captivity discover any thing unworthy of that Title. His Enemies, after their Victory, not finding so much Gold ^{The King taken Prisoner.} as they expected, when they had search'd and rifled with their utmost Diligence, they went about to procure Discoveries by the most cruel Torments they could invent upon the Prisoners they had taken: but having profited nothing that way; their Courages being greater than the Torments, they arriv'd at last to such a degree of Fury, as contrary to their Faith, and the Law of Nations, to condemn the *King* himself, and one of the principal *Noblemen* of ^{Put to the Rack.} his Court to the Rack, in the Presence of one another. This *Lord* finding himself overcome with Pain, being environ'd with burning Coals, pitifully turn'd his dying Eyes towards his Master, as it were to ask him pardon that he was able to endure no more; whereat the *King* darting at him a fierce and severe look, as reproaching his Cowardize and Pusillanimity, with a rude and constant Voice said to him thus only: *And what dost thou think I suffer,* said he, *am I in a Bath, am I more at ease than thou?* Whereupon the other immediately quail'd under the Torment, and died upon the Place. The *King*, half roasted, was carried thence; not so much out of pity, (for what compassion ever touch'd so barba-

After-
wards
hang'd.

Indian
Prisoners
burnt alive
by the
Spaniards.

rous Souls, who, upon the doubtful information of some Vessel of Gold to be made a Prey of, caus'd not only a Man, but a *King* so great in Fortune and Desert, to be broil'd before their Eyes) but because his Constancy rendred their Cruelty still more shameful. They afterward hang'd him, for having nobly attempted to deliver himself by Arms from so long a Captivity, where he died with a Courage becoming so Magnanimous a *Prince*.

Another time they burnt in the same fire, four hundred and sixty Men alive at once, the four hundred, of the common People, the sixty the principal Lords of a Province; no other but meer Prisoners of War. We have these Narratives from themselves: for they do not only own it, but boast of it. Could it be for a testimony of their Justice, or their Zeal to Religion! Doubtless these are ways too differing, and contrary to so holy an end. Had they propos'd to themselves to extend our Faith, they would have considered, that it does not amplify in the Possession of Territories, but in the gaining of Men, & would have more than satisfied themselves with the slaughters occasion'd by the necessity of War, without indifferently mixing a Massacres, as upon wild Beasts, as universal as Fire and Sword could make it, having only, by their good will, sav'd so many as they intended to make miserable Slaves of for the Work and Service of their *Mines*: So that many of the Captains were put to death upon the place of Conquest, by order of the *King* of *Castile*, justly offended with the horror of their Deportments, and almost all of them hated and disesteem'd. God did meritoriously permit that all this great Plunder should be swallow'd up by the Sea in Transportation, or by Civil Wars, wherewith they devoured one another, and the greatest part was buried upon the Place, without any fruit of their Victory. As to what concerns the *Revenue*, that being in the hands

hands of so parsimonious and so prudent a Prince, it so little answers the expectation was given to his Predecessors of it; and that first abundance of *Riches* which was found at the first Landing in those new discovered Countreys; (for tho' a great deal be fetch'd from thence, yet we see 'tis nothing in comparison of that ought to be expected) it is, that the use of Coin was there utterly unknown, and that consequently their Gold was found all hoarded together, being of no other use but for Ornament and Shew, as a Furniture reserv'd from Father to Son, by many puissant Kings; who always drain'd their Mines to make this vast heap of *Vessels* and *Statues*, for the decoration of their *Palaces* and *Temples*; whereas our Gold is always in Motion and Traffick: We cut ours into a thousand small pieces, and cast it into a thousand Forms, and scatter and disperse it a thousand ways. But suppose our Kings should thus hoard up all the Gold they could get in several Ages, and let it lie Idle by them. Those of the Kingdom of *Mexico* were in some sort more civiliz'd, and greater *Artists* than the other *Nations* that were beyond them: Therefore did they judge as we do, that the World was near its period, and look'd upon the Desolation we brought amongst them for a certain Sign of it. They believ'd that the Existence of the World was divided into five *Ages*, and the Life of five successive *Sons*, of which *four* had already ended their time, and that which gave them Light was the *fifth*. The first perish'd, with all other Creatures, by an universal Inundation of Water. The second, by the Heavens falling upon us, which suffocated every living Thing: to which Age they assign the *Giants*, and shew'd bones to the *Spaniards*, according to the proportion of which, the Stature of Men amounted to twenty hands high. The third by Fire, which burnt and consum'd all. The fourth, by an Emotion of the

Air and *Wind*, which came with such violence as beat down even many Mountains; wherein the Men died not, but were turned into *Baboons*; (what impressions will not the weakness of humane Belief admit?) After the Death of this fourth *Son*, the World was twenty five years in perpetual darkness; in the fifteenth of which a Man and a Woman were created, that restored humane Race: ten years after, upon a certain day the *Sun* appeared newly created, and since the account of their years take beginning from that day. The third day after his Creation, the antient *Gods* died; and the new ones are since born daily. After what manner they think this last *Sun* shall perish, my *Author* knows not. But their number of this fourth Change agrees with the great Conjunction of Stars, that eight hundred and odd years ago, as *Astrologers* suppose, produc'd great Alterations and Novelties in the World. As to Pomp and Magnificence, upon the account of which I am engag'd in this Discourse, neither *Greece*, *Rome*, nor *Egypt*, whether for utility, difficulty, or state, compare any of their Works with the *Way* to be seen in *Peru*, made by the *Kings* of the Country, from the City of *Quito*, to that of *Cusco*, (three hundred Leagues) straight, even five and twenty Paces wide, pav'd, and enclos'd on both sides with high and beautiful Walls; and close by them on the inside, two clear Rivolets, border'd with a beautiful sort of a *Tree* which they call *Molly*: in which Work, where they met with Rocks and Mountains, they cut them through, and made them even, and fill'd up Pits and Valleys with Lime and Stone to make them level. At the end of every days Journey are beautiful *Palaces*, furnish'd with Provisions, Vestments, and Arms as well for Travellers, as for the Armies that are to pass that way. In the estimate of this Work, I have reckon'd the difficulty which is particularly considera-

The magnificent
Cawsey
betwixt
Quito and
Cusco.

ble

ble in that Place. They did not build with any Stones less than ten foot square : and had no other conveniency of carriage, but by drawing their load themselves by force of Arms, and knew not so much as the Art of Scaffolding, nor any other way of standing to their Work, but by throwing up Earth against the Building, as it rose higher, taking it away again when they had done. Let us here return to our Coaches, instead of which, and of all other sorts of Carriages, they caus'd themselves to be carried by Men, and upon their Shoulders. This last King of *Peru*, the day that he was taken, was thus carried betwixt two upon staves of Gold, and set in a Chair of Gold in the middle of his Battle. As many of these *Sedan-men* as were kill'd to make him fall, (and they contended for it) took the place of those that were slain, so that they could never beat him down, what slaughter soever they made of those People, till a *Light-horse-man* seizing upon him, brought him down.

C H A P. VII.

Of the inconvenience of Greatness.

Since we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge our selves by railing at it : and yet it is not absolutely railing against any thing to proclaim its defects, because they are in all things to be found, how beautiful, or how much to be coveted however. It has in general this manifest advantage, that it can go less when it pleases, and has very near the absolute choice of both the one and the other Condition. For a Man does not fall from all heights, there are several from which one may descend with-

out falling down. It does indeed appear to me, that we value it at too high a rate, and also over-value the Resolution of those whom we have either seen, or heard have contemn'd it, or displac'd themselves of their own accord. Its Essence is not so evidently commodious, that a Man may not without a Miracle refuse it; I find it a very hard thing to undergo Misfortunes, but to be content with a competent measure of Fortune, and to avoid Greatness, I think a very easie matter. 'Tis methinks, a Virtue to which I, who am none of the nicest, could without any great endeavour arrive. What then is to be expected from them that would yet put into Consideration the glory attending this refusal, wherein there may lurk worse Ambition, than even in the desire it self, and Fruition of Greatness? Forasmuch as Ambition never comports it self better according to it self, than when it proceeds by obscure and unfrequented ways. I incite my Courage to Patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards Desire. I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my Wishes as much Liberty and Indiscretion: but yet it never besel me to wish for either Empire or Royalty, for the Eminency of those high and commanding Fortunes. I do not aim that way, I love my self too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compell'd and timorous Advancement, such as is proper for me; in Resolution, in Prudence, in Health, in Beauty, and even in Riches too. But this supreme Reputation, and this mighty Authority oppres my Imagination. And quite contrary to some others, I should peradventure rather choose to be the second or third in *Perigord*, than the first at *Paris*; at least, without saying, the third, than the first at *Paris*. I would neither dispute, a miserable *unknown*, with a Nobleman's Porter, nor make Crowds open in Adoration as I pass: I am train'd up to a moderate Condition, as well

well by my choice, as Fortune; and have made it appear in the whole Conduct of my Life and Enterprizes, that I have rather avoided than otherwise, the climbing above the degree of Fortune wherein God has plac'd me by my Birth: all natural Constitution is equally just and easie. My Soul is so sneaking and mean, that I measure not good Fortune by the height, but by the Facility. But if my Heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any ones request freely to lay open its Weakness. Should any one put me upon comparing the Life of *L. Thorius Balbus*, a brave Man, Handsom, Learned, Healthful, Understanding, and abounding in all sorts of Conveniences and Pleasures, leading a quiet Life, and all his own, his Mind well prepar'd against Death, Superstition, Pains, and other Incumbrances of humane Necessity; dying at last in Battle with his Sword in his Hand, for the defence of his Country, on the one part; and on the other part, the Life of *M. Regulus*, so great and high as is known to every one, and his end admirable; the one without Name, and without Dignity, the other exemplary, and glorious to wonder: I should doubtless say as *Cicero* did, could I speak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own Phrase, I should then also say, that the first is as much according to my Capacity, and Desire, which I conform to my Capacity, as the second is far beyond it; that I could not approach the last but with Veneration, the other I would willingly attain by Custom. But let us return to our temporal Greatness, from which we are digress'd. I disrelish all Dominion, whether Active or Passive. *Otanes*, one of the seven who had right to pretend to the Kingdom of *Persia*, did, as I should willingly have done; which was, that he gave up to his Concurrents his right of being promoted to it, either by Election or by Lot; provided, that he and his might live in

A Sovereign Authority mov'd for a moderate Fortune.

That it is
a trouble-
some and
difficult
Employ-
ment to
command.

the Empire out of all Authority and Subjection, those of the ancient Laws excepted: and might enjoy all Liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding, as of being commanded. The most painful and difficult Employment in the World, in my Opinion, is worthily to discharge the Office of a *King*, I excuse more of their mistakes, than Men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their Function, which does astonish me. 'Tis hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a Power. Yet so it is, that it is to those who are not the best natur'd Men, a singular incitement to Virtue, to be seated in a place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon Record; and where the least benefit redounds to so many Men: and where your Talent of Administration, like that of *Preachers*, does principally address it self to the People; no very exact Judge, easie to deceive, and easily content. There are few things wherein we can give a sincere Judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular Interest. Superiority and Inferiority, Dominion and Subjection, are bound to a natural Envy and Contest, and must necessarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverse Party; let *Reason* therefore, which is inflexible and without Passion, determine. 'Tis not above a Month ago that I read over two *Scotch Authors* contending upon this Subject; of which, he who stands for the People, makes *Kings* to be in a worse Condition than a *Carter*; and he who writes for *Monarchy*, place him some degrees above *God Almighty* in Power and Sovereignty. Now the Inconveniency of *Greariness*, that I have made choice of to consider in this place, upon some occasion that has lately put it into my head, is this: There is not peradventure any thing more pleasant in the Commerce of Men,

The In-
conveni-
ence of
Greariness.

than

than the Tryals that we make against one another, out of Emulation of Honour and Valour; whether, in the Exercises of the Body, or in those of the Mind; wherein the Sovereign Greatness can have no true part. And in earnest, I have often thought, that out of force of respect Men have us'd Princes disdainfully and injuriously in that particular, For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my Childhood, that they who exercis'd with me, forbore to do their best, because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavour, is what we see happen to them every day, every one finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least Passion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his Business to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own Glory, than offend theirs; and will therein employ so much force only as is necessary to advance their Honour. What share have they then in the Engagement, wherein every one is on their side? Methinks I see those *Paladins* of ancient times presenting themselves to *Justs*, with enchanted *Arms* and *Bodies*; *Briffon* running against *Alexander*, purposely mist his blow, and made a fault in his Career; *Alexander* chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipt. Upon this consideration, *Carnades* said, that the Sons of Princes learn'd nothing right, but to ride the great Horse; by reason that in all their Exercises every one bends and yields to them: but a Horse, that is neither a Flatterer nor a Courtier, throws the Son of a King with no more remorse, than he would do that of a Porter. *Homer* was compell'd to consent, that *Venus*, so sweet and delicate as she was, should be wounded at the Battle of *Troy*, thereby to ascribe Courage and Boldness to her; Qualities that cannot possibly be in those who are exempt from Danger. The *Gods* are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve

The Paladins

Riding the great Horse the only true Exercise of the Sons of Princes.

grieve, & to be transported with Passions, to Honour them with the Vertues, that amongst us are built upon these Imperfections. Who does not participate in the hazard and difficulty, can pretend no interest in the Honour and Pleasure that are the consequents of hazardotis Actions. 'Tis pity a Man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. *Fortune* therein sets you too remote from Society, and places you in too great a Solitude. This easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all sorts of Pleasure. This is to slide, not to go, this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive Man accompanied with Omnipotency, you throw him into an *Abyss*: he must beg disturbance and Opposition as an Alms. His Being and his Good is indigent: Their good Qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived, but by Comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their Ears deaf with so continual and uniform an Approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their Subjects? they have no means to take any advantage of him, if he say, 'Tis because he is my King, he thinks he has said enough to express, that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This Quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential Qualities: They are involv'd in the Royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that meerly respect the function of their Place. 'Tis so much to be a King, that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him, conceals and throwds him from us; our sight is there repell'd and dissipated, being stop'd and filled by this prevailing light. The *Senate* awarded the prize of Eloquence to *Tiberius*; he refus'd it, supposing, that though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a Judgment so partial, and that

The prize of Eloquence refus'd by *Tiberius*, and why.

that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages, of Honour, so do we sooth and authorize all their Vices and Defects, not only by Approbation, but by Imitation also. Every one of *Alexander's* followers carried their Heads on one side, as he did; and the flatterers of *Dionysius* run against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and over-turn'd whatever was under foot, to shew they were as pur-blind, as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a Man to Favour. I have seen Deafness affected; and because the Master hated his Wife, *Plutarch* has seen his Courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved. And which is yet more, Uncleanness and all manner of Dissolution has been in Fashion; as also Disloyalty, Blasphemies, Cruelty, Heresie, Superstition, Irreligion, Effeminacy, and worse if worse there be. And by an Example yet more dangerous than that of *Misbrides* Flatterers, who, by how much their Master pretended to the Honour of a good Phyfician, came to him to have Incision and Cauteries made in their Limbs; for these others suffered the Soul, a more delicate and noble Part, to be cauteriz'd. But to end where I begun: The Emperour *Adrian*, disputing with the Philosopher *Favorinus* about the interpretation of some Word: *Favorinus* soon yielded him the Victory; for which his Friends rebuking him, You talk simply, said he, would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty Legions? *Augustus* wrote Verses against *Asinius Pollio*, and I said Pollio, say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe: And he had reason; for *Dionysius*, because he could not equal *Philoxenus* in Poesie, and *Plato* in Discourse, condemn'd one to the Quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a Slave into the Island of *Agina*.

Dionysius
his flatterers.

Those of
Misbrides

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Art of Conferring.

TIS the custom of our Justice to condemn some for a warning to others. To condemn them for having done amiss, were folly, as *Plato* says, for what is done can never be undone; but 'tis to the end they may offend no more, and that others may avoid the Example of their offence; we do not correct the Man we hang, we correct others by him. I do the same. My Errors are sometimes natural, incorrigible and irremediable: but the good Vertuous Men do the Publick in making themselves imitated, I peradventure may do the same in making my manners evaded.

*Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius utique (rem-
Barrus inopi? magnum documentum, ne patriam
Perdere quis velit.*

*Horace, l.
E. Sat. 4.*

Do but observe the wealthy *Albius's* Son,
Into what want he is by wildness run;
See what a shabby fellow *Barrus* is grown,
Barrus, the ranting'st Gallant of the Town:
A good Instruction for young *Heirs*, that they
Should not their Patrimony fool away.

*Mr. Alex-
ander
Brome.*

Whilst I publish and accuse my own Imperfections,
some one will learn to be afraid of them. The
Parts that I most esteem in my self, derive more
honour from decrying, than from commending my

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own Manners : which is the reason why I so often fall into, and so much insist upon that strain. But, when all is summ'd up, a Man never speaks of himself without loss. A Man's Accusations of himself are always believ'd, his praises never. There may peradventure be some of my own Complexion, who better instruct me by contrariety than similitude, and more by avoiding than by imitation. The elder *Cato* had a regard to this sort of discipline, when he said, *that the wise may learn more of fools, than fools can of the wise*; and *Pausanias* tells us of an ancient player upon the *Harp*, who was wont to make his Scholars go to hear one that played very ill, who liv'd over against him, that they might learn to hate his discords and false measures. The horror of Cruelty more inclines me to Clemency, than any Example of Clemency could possibly do. A good *Rider* does not so much mend my seat, as an awkward Attorney, or a *Venetian* on Horseback; and a clownish way of Speaking does more reform mine, than the quaintest *Dialect*. The ridiculous and simple look of another, does always advertise and advise me; that which pricks, rouzes and incites much better than that which tickles. The time is now proper that we should reform backward, more by dissenting than agreeing, by differing than consenting. Profiting little by good Examples, I make use of those that are ill, which also are every where to be found; I endeavour to render my self as agreeable as I see others offensive, as constant, as I see others fickle, as affable, as I see others rough, and as good as I see others evil. But I propose to my self invincible measures. The most fruitful and natural exercise of the Mind, in my opinion, is Conference; I find the use of it more sweet than of any other Action of Life: And for that reason it is, that if I were now compell'd to chuse, I should sooner, I think, consent to lose my Sight, than my

Confer-
ence of
greater
advantage
than the
reading of
Books.

my Hearing and Speech. The *Athenians*, and also the *Romans*, kept this Exercise in great Honour in their *Academies*. The *Italians* retain some footsteps of it to this day to their great advantage; as is manifest by the comparison of our understandings with theirs. The study of Books is a languishing and feeble Motion, that heats not, whereas Conference teaches and exercises at once. If I confer with an understanding Man, and a rude Jester, he presses hard upon, and wounds me on both sides; his imaginations raise up mine to a more than ordinary pitch. Jealousie, Glory, and Contention, stimulate and raise me up to something above my self; and a consent of Judgment is a quality totally offensive in Conference. But, as our minds fortifie themselves by the communication of vigorous and regular Understandings; 'tis not to be express'd how much they lose and degenerate by the continual commerce and frequentation we have with those are mean and low. There is no Contagion that spreads like that: I know sufficiently by Experience what 'tis worth a yard. I love to discourse and dispute, but it is but with few Men, and for my self; for to do it as a Spectacle and Entertainment to great Persons, and to vaunt of a Man's Wit and Eloquence, is, in my opinion, very unbecoming a Man of Honour. Impertinency is a scurvy Quality, but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another sort of disease, little inferiour to Impertinence it self; and is the thing that I will now accuse in my self. I enter into Conference, and dispute with great liberty and facility, forasmuch as Opinion meets in me with a Soil very unfit for Penetration, and wherein to take any deep root: no Propositions astonish me, no belief offends me, though never so contrary to my own. There is no so frivolous and extravagant Fancy that does not seem to me suitable to the product of human Wit. We, who deprive our
judgments

Judgments of the right of determining, look indifferently upon various Opinions, and if we incline not our Judgments to them, yet we easily give them the hearing. Where one Scale is totally empty, I let the other waver under old Wives dreams. And I think my self excusable, if I rather chuse the odd number, *Thursday*, rather than *Friday*; and if I had rather be the twelfth or fourteenth, than the thirteenth at Table; if I had rather on a Journey see a *Hare* run by me than cross my way; and rather give my Man my left foot than my right, when he comes to dress me. All such whinnies as are in Use amongst us, deserve at least to be hearkned unto. For my part, they only with me import inanity, but they import that. Moreover, vulgar and casual Opinions are considered as things of moment, and are indeed something more than nothing in Nature: and who will not suffer himself to proceed so far, falls peradventure into the Vice of Obstinacy, to avoid that of Superstition. The contradictions of Judgments then do neither offend nor alter, they only rouse and exercise me. We evade Correction; whereas we ought to offer and present our selves to it, especially when it appears in the form of Conference, and not of Authority. At every opposition, we do not consider whether or no it be just, but right or wrong, how to discharge our selves: instead of extending the Arms, we thrust out our Claws. I could suffer my self to be rudely handled by my Friend, so much as to tell me that I am a Fool, and talk I know not of what I love stout Expressions amongst brave Men, and to have them speak as they think. We must fortifie and harden our hearing against this tenderness of the Ceremonious sound of Words. I love a strong and manly Familiarity and Conversation; A Friendship that flatters it self in the sharpness and vigour of its Communication; like Love, in biting and scratching.

Cicero de
suib. l. 1.

scratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough, if it be not quarrelsome, if civiliz'd and artificial, if it treads nicely, and feels the Shock. *Neque enim disputari sine reprehensione potest. Neither can a Man dispute, but he must reprehend.* When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger: I advance towards him that controverts and instructs me! The Cause of Truth ought to be the common Cause both of one and the other: What will he answer? The Passion of Anger has already confounded his Judgment; *Amusement* has usurpt the place of Reason. It were not amiss, that the decision of our disputes should pass by wager: that there might be a material mark of our losses, to the end we might the better remember them; and that my Man might tell me, *Your Ignorance and Obstinacy cost you last Year, at several times an hundred Crowns.* I embrace and care for Truth in what hand soever I find it, and cheerfully surrender my self, and my conquer'd arms, as far off as I can discover it: and, provided it be not too imperiously, take a pleasure in being reprov'd and accommodate my self to my Accusers, very often more by reason of Civility than Amendment, loving to gratifie and nourish the liberty of Admonition, by my facility of submitting to it. Nevertheless it is hard to bring the Men of my time to it. They have not the courage to correct, because they have not the courage to suffer themselves to be corrected; and speak always with dissimulation in the presence of one another. I take so great pleasure in being judg'd and known, that it is upon the matter indifferent to me in which of the two Forms I am so: My Imagination does so often contradict and condemn it self, that 'tis all one to me if another do it, especially considering that I give his reprehension no greater authority than what I will my self. But I break with him, who carries himself so high, as I know some do; that repents his advertisement

tisement, if not believ'd, and takes it for an affront if it be not immediately follow'd. In that *Socrates* always receiv'd smiling the Contradictions oppos'd against his Arguments, a Man may say his strength of Reason was the cause, and the advantage being certain to fall on his side, he accepted them as matter of new Victory. Nevertheless, we see on the contrary, that nothing in Argument renders our Sentiments so delicate, as the opinion of prehemineny and disdain of the Adversary; and that in Reason, 'tis rather for the weaker to take in good part the oppositions that correct him and set him right. In earnest, I rather chuse the frequentation of those that ruffle me than those that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful Pleasure to have to do with People who admire us, and approve of all we say. *Antisthenes* commanded his Children, never to take it kindly or for a favour from any Man that commended them. I find I am much prouder of the Victory I obtain over my self, when even in the ardour of dispute, I make my self submit to my Adversaries force of Reason, then I am pleas'd with the victory I obtain over him through his weakness. In fine, I receive and admit of all manner of attacks that are direct, how weak soever; but I am too impatient of those that are made out of Form. I care not what the Subject is, the Opinions are to me all one, and I am, as indifferent whether I get the better or the worse: I can peaceably argue a whole day together, if the Argument be carried on with order. I do not so much require force and Subtilty, as Method. I mean the order which we every day observe in the wrangling of Shepherds and Apprentices, but never amongst us. If they start from their Subject, 'tis an incivility, and yet we do it. But their Tumult and Impatience never puts them out of their *Theme*, Their Argument still continues its Course. If

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they

they prevent, and do not stay for one another, they at least Understand one another very well. Any one answers too well for me, if he answers what I say. But when the dispute is regular and perplex'd, I leave the thing, and insist upon the form with Anger and Indiscretion; and fall into a wilful, malicious, and imperious way of Disputation, of which I am afterwards ashamed. 'Tis impossible to deal honestly and fairly with a Fool. My Judgment is not only corrupted under the hand of so impetuous a Master, but my Conscience also. Our Disputes ought to be interdicted, and punish'd as well as other verbal Crimes. What Vice do they not raise and heap up, being always govern'd and commanded by Passion? We first quarrel with their Reasons, and then with the Men. We only learn to dispute, that we may contradict, and so every one contradicting, and being contradicted, it falls out, that the fruit of Disputation is to lose and nullifie *Truth*; and therefore it is that *Plato* in his *Republick* prohibits this Exercise to Fools and ill bred People. To what end do you go about to inquire of him who knows nothing to purpose? A Man does no injury to the Subject, when he leaves it to seek how he may defend it. I do not mean by an Artificial and Scholastick way, but by a natural one, with a sound understanding. What will it be in end? One flies to the *East*, the other to the *West*, they lose the principal, and wander in the Crowd of Incidents. After an hour of Tempest they know not what they seek: one is low, the other high, and a third wide. One catches at a word and a *Simile*, another is no longer sensible of what is said in Opposition to him, and thinks of going on at his own rate, not of answering you. Another, finding himself too weak to make good his rest, fears all, refuses all, and, at the very beginning, confounds the Subjects:

or

or in the very height of the dispute stops short, and grows silent: by a peevish ignorance affecting a proud contempt; or by an unreasonable modesty thins any further debate. Provided that this strikes, he cares not how much he lays himself open; the other counts his Words, and weighs them for Reasons. Another only brawls, and makes use of the Advantage of his Lungs. Here's one that learnedly concludes against himself, and another that deafs you with Prefaces, and senseless Digressions: another falls into down-right railing, and seeks a ridiculous quarrel, to disengage himself from a Wit that presses too hard upon him: And a last Man sees nothing into the Reason of the thing, but draws a line of Circumvallation about you of *Dialectick*, Clauses, and the *formula's* of his *Art*. Now who would not enter into distrust of Sciences, and doubt whether he can reap from them any Solid Fruit for the service of Life; considering the use we put them to? *Nihil sanantibus literis.* Who has got Understanding by his Logic? Where are all her fair Promises? *Nec ad melius vivendum, nec Seneca. ad commodius differendum.* It neither makes a Man true better, nor dispute more commodiously. Is there more noise or confusion in the scolding of Fifth-Wives, than in the publick dispute of Men of this Profession? I had rather my Son should learn in a *Tap-House* to speak, than in the *School* to prate. Take a Master of *Arts*, confer with him; Why does he not make us sensible of this artificial Excellence? Why does he not ravish Women, and Ignorants, as we are, with Admiration at the steadiness of his *Reasons*, and the Beauty of his Order? Why does he not sway and perswade us to to what he will? Why does a Man who has so great advantage in matter, mix Railing, Indiscretion, and Fury in his Disputation? Strip him of his Gown, his Hood, and his Latin; let him batter our Ears with *Aristotle,*

le; who is wholly pure, and wholly believ'd, you will take him for one of us, or worse. Whilst they torment us with this Complication and Confusion of Words; it fares with them, methinks, as with Jugglers; their Dexterity imposes upon our Senses, but does not at all work upon our belief; this *Lagerdemain* excepted, they inform nothing that is not very ordinary and mean: For being the more learn'd they are nevertheless Fools. I love and honour Knowledge, as much as they that have it. And in its true use, 'tis the most noble, and the greatest Acquisition of Men: but in such as I speak of (and the number of them is infinite) who build their fundamental sufficiency and value upon it; who appeal from their Understanding to their memory, *sub aliena umbra latentes*; and who can do nothing but by Book; I hate it, if I may dare to say so, worse than Stupidity it self. In my Country, and in my time, Learning improves Fortunes enough, but not Minds. If it meet with those that are dull and heavy, it overcharges and suffocates them, leaving them a crude and undigested mass: if airy and fine, it purifies, clarifies, and subtilizes them, even to Exinanition. 'Tis a thing of almost indifferent quality, a very useful accession to a well-born Soul, but hurtful and pernicious to others: or rather, a thing of very precious use, that will not suffer it self to be purchas'd at an under-rate. In the hand of some 'tis a *Scepter*, in that of others a *Fools Bawble*. But let us proceed. What greater Victory can you expect, than to make your Enemy see and know that he is not able to encounter you? When you get the better of your Argument, 'tis *Truth* that wins; when you get the Advantage of Fame and Method, 'tis then you that win. I am of Opinion, that in *Plato* and *Xenophon*, *Socrates* disputes more in favour of Disputants, than in favour of the Dispute, and more to

Seneca.

to instruct *Euthydemus* and *Protagoras* in the knowledge of their Impertinence, than in the Impertinence of their Art. He takes hold of the first Subject, like one that has a more profitable end than to explain it, namely, to clear the Understanding, that he takes upon him to instruct and exercise. To hunt after Truth is properly our business, and we are inexcusable if we carry on the Chace impertinently and ill : to fail of seizing it, is another thing. For we are born to inquire after Truth, it belongs to a greater Power to possess it. It is not, as *Democritus* said, hid in the bottom of the Deeps; but rather elevated to an infinite height in the Divine knowledge. The World is but a School of Inquisition. It is not who shall carry the Ring, but who shall run the best Courses. He may as well play the fool who speaks true, as he that speaks false ; for we are upon the manner, not the matter of speaking. 'Tis my humour as much to regard the form as the substance, and the *Advocates*, as much as the Cause ; as *Alcibiades* order'd we should : And every day pass away my time in reading *Authors*, without any Consideration of their Learning ; their Method is what I look after, not their Subject ; how, not what they write : And just so to do I hunt after the Conversation of an eminent Wit, not that he may teach me, but that I may know him ; and that being acquainted, if I think him worthy of Imitation, I may imitate him. Every Man may speak Truly, but Methodically, and Prudently, and Fully, is a Talent that few Men have. The falsity also that proceeds from Ignorance does not offend me, but the foppery of it. I have broken off several Treaties that would have been of advantage to me, by reason of the Impertinence of those with whom I treated. I am not mov'd once in a Year at the Faults of those over whom I have Authority ; but upon

the Account of the Ridiculous Obstinacy of their Excuses, we are every day going together by the Ears: They neither understand what is said, nor why, and answer accordingly, which would make a Man mad. I never feel any hurt upon my Head but when 'tis knock'd against another, and more easily forgive the Vices of my Servants, than their Boldness, Importunity, and Folly. Let them do less, provided they Understand what they do. You live in hopes to warm their Affection to your Service; but there is nothing to be had or to be hop'd for from a stock. But what if I take things otherwise than they are? perhaps I do: and therefore it is that I Accuse my own Impatience, and hold in the first place, that it is equally vicious both in him that is in the right, and him that is in the wrong; for 'tis always a tyrannick sourness, not to endure a form contrary to ones own: And besides, there cannot in truth be a greater, more constant, nor more irregular folly, than to be mov'd and angry at the follies of the World, for it principally makes us quarrel with our selves; and the old *Philosopher* never wanted occasion for his tears, whilst he consider'd himself. *Miso*, one of the seven *Sages*, of a *Timonian* and *Democritick* humour, being ask'd, *what he laugh'd at, being alone?* That I do laugh alone, answered he. How many ridiculous things, in my own Opinion, do I say, and answer every day that comes over my Head? and then how many more, according to the opinion of others? If I bite my own Lips, what ought others to do? In fine, we must live amongst the living, and *let the River run under the Bridge*, without care, or at least, without our alteration. To speak the Truth, why do we meet a Man with a hunch back or any other deformity, without being mov'd, and cannot endure the encounter of a deform'd mind without being angry? This vicious sourness relishes more of the Judge than

than the Crime. Let us always have this saying of *Plato* in our Mouths ; *Do not I think things un-found, because I am not found my self? Am I not my self in Fault? may not my observation reflect upon my self?* A Wife and Divine saying, that lishes the most Universal and common Error of Man-kind? not only the Reproaches that we throw in the faces of one another, but our Reasons also, our Arguments and Controversies are reboundable upon us, and we wound our selves with our own weapons. Of which, Antiquity has left me enow grave Examples. It was ingeniously, and home said, by him who was the inventer of this Sentence,

Stercus cuique suum bene olet.

*Erasm.
Adag.*

We see nothing behind us. We mock our selves an hundred times a day, when we deride our Neighbour, and detest in others the Defects which are more manifest in us, and admire them with a marvellous inadvertency and Impudence. It was but Yesterday, that I saw a Man of Understanding, as pleasantly as justly scoffing at the Folly of another, who did nothing but torment every Body with the Catalogue of his Genealogy and Alliances, above half of them false, (for they are most apt to fall into such ridiculous Discourses, whose Qualities are most dubious, and least sure;) and yet, would he have look'd into himself, he would have discern'd himself, to be no less intemperate and impertinent, in extolling his Wife's Pedigree. Oh importunate presumption, with which the Wife sees her self arm'd by the Hands of her own Husband! Did he understand *Latin*, we should say to him,

Age, si hac non insanit satis sua sponte, instiga.

*Teren.
And.
Act. 4. sc. 2.*

If of her self she be not mad enough,
Faith, urge her on unto the utmost proof.

I do not say, that no Man should accuse who is not clean himself, for then no one would ever accuse, because none is absolutely clean from the same sort of spot; but I mean, that our Judgment, falling upon another whose name is then in question, does not at the same time spare our selves, but sentences us with an inward severe Authority. 'Tis an Office of Charity, that he who cannot reclaim himself from a Vice, should nevertheless endeavour to remove it from another, in whom peradventure it may not have so deep and malignant a root. Neither do I think it an answer to the purpose, to tell him, who reproves me for my Fault, that he himself is guilty of the same. What by that? The reproof is notwithstanding true, and of very good use. Had we a good Nose, our own ordure would stink worse to us, forasmuch as it is our own. And *Socrates* is of opinion, that whoever should find himself, his Son, and a Stranger guilty of any violence and wrong, ought to begin with himself, to present himself first to the Sentence of Justice, and implore, to purge himself, the Assistance of the Hand of the Executioner; in the next place he should proceed to his Son, and lastly, to the Stranger. If this Precept seem too severe, he ought at least to present himself the first to the Punishment of his own Conscience. The Senses are our proper and first Judges, which perceive not things but by external Accidents; and 'tis no wonder, if in all the parts of the Service of our Society, there is so perpetual and Universal a mixture of Ceremonies, and superficial Appearance; insomuch that the best and most effectual part of our Policies do therein consist: 'Tis still Man with whom we have to do, of whom the Condition is wonderfully Corporal. Let those, who of these late Years would erect for us such a contemplative and immaterial an Exercise of Religion, not wonder if there be some who

who think it had vanish'd and melted through their Fingers, had it not more upheld it self amongst us as a Mark, Title and Instrument of Division and Faction, than by it self. As in Conference, the Gravity, Robes and Fortune of him that speaks, oft-times give Reputation to vain Arguments and Idle Words; it is not to be presum'd, but that a Man so attended and fear'd has in him more than ordinary Sufficiency; and that he to whom the *King* has given so many Offices and Commissions, so supercilious and Proud, has not a great deal more in him, than another that salutes him at so great a distance, and who has no Employment at all. Not only the Words but the four looks also of these People are considered and recorded; every one making it his Business to give them some fine and solid Interpretation. If they stoop to common Conference, and that you offer any thing but Approbation and Reverence, they then knock you down with the Authority of their Experience; they have heard, they have seen, they have done so and so, you are crush'd with Examples. I should tell them, that the Fruit of a *Chirurgion's* Experience, is not the *History* of his Practices, and his remembring that he has cur'd four People of the *Plague*, and three of the *Gout*, unless he knows how from hence to extract something whereon to form his Judgment, and to make us sensible that he is become more skilful in his Art. As in a Consort of Instruments, we do not hear a *Lute*, a *Harp*, *scilicet*, or a *Flute* alone, but one intire Harmony of all together. If Travel and Offices have improv'd them, 'tis a product of their Understanding to make it appear. 'Tis not enough to reckon Experiments, they must weigh and sort them, digest and distil them, to extract the Reasons and Conclusions they carry along with them. There were never so many *Historians*. It is indeed good, and of use to
read

read them; for they furnish us every where with excellent and laudable Instructions from the Magazine of their Memory, which doubtless is of great concern to the relief of Life; but 'tis not that we seek for now: we examine whether these Relators and Collectors of things are commendable themselves. I hate all sorts of Tyranny, whether Verbal or Effectual. I am very ready to oppose my self against these vain Circumstances that delude our Judgments by the Senses; and whilst I lie upon my Guard from these extraordinary Grandeurs; I find, that at best, they are but Men, as others are;

Juven.
Sat. 8.

*Rarus enim ferme Sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.*

Sir Robert
Stapleton.

— For 'tis rare
If mighty Fortunes common Sence can share.

Peradventure we esteem and look upon them for less than they are; by reason they undertake more; and more expose themselves; they do not answer the charge they have undertaken. There must be more Vigour and Strength in the Bearer, than the Burthen; he who has not lifted as much as he can, leaves you to guess, that he has still a Strength beyond that; and that he has not been try'd to the utmost of what he is able to do; He who sinks under his Load, makes a discovery of his best, and the weakness of his Shoulders. This is the reason that we see so many silly Souls amongst the Learned, and more than those of the better sort: they would have made good Husbandmen; good Merchants, and good Artizans: their natural vigour was cut out to that proportion. Knowledge is a thing of great weight, they faint under it: their Understanding has neither vigour nor dexterity enough to set forth and distribute, to employ or make use of this Rich and Powerful matter. It has
no

no prevailing Virtue but in a ſtrong Nature; and ſuch Natures are very rare. And the weak ones, ſays *Socrates*, ſpoil the dignity of *Philofophy* in the handling. It appears ufeleſs and vicious, when lodg'd in an ill contriv'd mind. They ſpoil and make Fools of themſelves.

*Humanis qualis ſimulator ſinitis oris,
Quem puer aridens, pretioſo ſtamine Serum
Velavit, nudaque notes, ac terga reliquit.
Ludibrium menſis.*

Claudian.

Juſt like an Ape, that in his face does bear -
Of Man the counterfeited Character,
Whom wanton Boys to Table laughter move,
Have dizen'd up in richeſt ſilks above,
And the Ape more ridiculous to ſhow,
The raw, bald Buttocks naked left below.

Neither is it enough for thoſe who govern and command us, and have all the World in their Hand to have a common Underſtanding, and to be able to do the ſame that we can. They are very much below us, if they be not infinitely above us. As they promiſe more, ſo they are to perform more, and yet ſilence is to them not only a countenance of reſpect and gravity, but very often of good Husbandry too: for *Megabyſus* going to ſee *Appelles* in his Painting Room, ſtood a great while without ſpeaking a word, and at laſt began to talk of his Paintings; for which he receiv'd this rude reproof; *Whiſt thou waſt ſilent, thou ſeem'dſt to be ſome extraordinary Perſon; by reaſon of thy Chain and Rich Habit, but now that we have heard thee ſpeak, there is not the meaneſt Boy in my Shop that does not deſpiſe thee.* Thoſe Princely Ornaments and that mighty ſtate, did not permit him to be Ignorant with a common Ignorance, and to ſpeak impertinently of Painting; he ought to have kept this external and

pre-

Dignities
more di-
stributed
by For-
tune, than
Merit.

presumptive knowledge silent. To have many Pup-
pies of my time has a sullen and silent fashion procur'd
the opinion of Prudence and Capacity? Dignities and
Offices are of necessity conferr'd more by Fortune
than upon the account of Merit, and we are oft to
blame, to condemn, *Kings* when they are misplac'd;
On the contrary, 'tis a wonder they should have so
good luck where there is so little skill;

Maximal.

Principis est virtus maxima, nosse suos.

There's of a Princes Virtues none
So great as that he know his own.

For Nature has not given them a sight that can
extend to so many People, to discern which excels
the rest, nor to penetrate into our Bosoms, where
the Knowledge of our Wills and best Value lies.
They must choose us by conjecture and by gro-
ping; by the Family, Wealth, Learning, and the
Voice of the People, which are all very feeble
Arguments. Whoever could find out a way that
a Man might Judge by Justice, and chuse Men
by Reason, would in one thing establish a perfect
Form of Government. Ay, but he brought this
great Affair to a very good pass. That is indeed
to say something but not to say enough. For this
Sentence is justly receiv'd, *That we are not to judge
of Counsels by Events.* The *Carthaginians* punish'd
the ill Counsels of their Captains though the Issue
was successful; and the People of *Rome* have oft
deny'd a *Triumph* for great and very advantageous
Victories, because the Conduct of the *General* was
not answerable to his good Fortune. We ordinari-
ly see in the Actions of the World, that *Fortune*,
to shew us her Power in all things, and that takes
a Pride to abate our Presumption, seeing she could
not make Fools Wise, she has made them Fortu-
nate, in envy of Vertue; and does most favour
those

those Executions. The Web of which is most purely her own. Whence it is that we daily see the simplest amongst us bring to pass great Business, both publick and private. And, as *Syranuz* the *Persian* answer'd those who wonder'd that his Affairs succeeded so ill, considering that his Deliberations were so Wise, *that he was sole Master of his Designs, but that the Success was wholly in the Power of Fortune.* These may answer the same, but with a contrary *Bias*, most worldly Affairs are govern'd and perform'd by her.

Fata viam inveniunt.

King. 25.
l. 3.

The Event does often justify a very foolish Conduct. Our interposition is nothing more than as it were a running on by rote, and more commonly a Consideration of Custom and Example, than of Reason. Being astonish'd at the Greatness of the Execution, I have formerly been acquainted with their Motives and Address, by those who have perform'd it, and have found nothing in it, but very ordinary Counsels; and the most vulgar and useful are also perhaps the most sure and convenient for Practice, if not for show. And what if the plainest Reasons are the best seated? the meanest, lowest, and most beaten more adapted to Affairs? To maintain the Authority of the Counsels of Kings, How the Authority of the Councils of Kings is to be preserv'd. it is not fit that Prophane Persons should participate of them, or see further into them than the utmost Barr. He that will Husband his Reputation, must be reverenc'd upon Credit, and taken altogether. My Consolation gives the first lines to the Matter, and considers it lightly by the first Face it presents: The stress and main of the Business I have still referr'd to Heaven:

Permitte.

Hor. l. 1.
Ode 9.

Permittis deus caetera.

good and ill Fortune are in my Opinion two Sovereign Powers. 'Tis Folly to think that humane Prudence can play the part of Fortune; and vain is his attempt, who presumes to comprehend Causes and Consequences; and by the hand to conduct the Progress of his design; and most especially vain in the Deliberations of War. There was never greater Circumspection and Military Prudence, than sometimes is seen amongst us: can it be that Men are afraid to lose themselves by the way that they reserve themselves to the end of the Game? I do moreover affirm, that our Wisdom itself, and wisest Consultations, for the most part commit themselves to the Conduct of Chance. My Will and my Reason is sometimes mov'd by one Breath, and sometimes by another; and many of those movements there are that Govern themselves without me: my Reason has uncertain and casual agitations and impulsions.

Vir. Georg.
lib. 1.

Veritatis species animorum, Et pectora matris

Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat.

Concupiscunt.

and to a change of mind
Their Thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their

Mr. Ogilby

Inconstant are, like Clouds before the Wind.

Let a Man but observe who are of greatest Authority in Cities; and who best do their own business, we shall find that they are commonly Men of the least Parts: Women, Children, and mad Men have had the Fortune to Govern great Kingdoms equally well with the wisest Princes: and *Ibucydides* says, that the stupid more frequently do it than those of better under-

understandings. We attribute the effect of their good Fortune to their Prudence.

*Ut quisque fortuna utitur,
Ita praecelet; atque axinde sapere illum omnes dicunt.*
[*cinus, Pseud.*]

Men, as they husband their Estate, we prize,
And who are Rich are still reputed Wise.

Wherefore I say, that in all sorts of Fortune, Events are a very Poor Testimony of our Worth and Parts. Now I was upon this point, that there needs no more, but to see a Man promoted to Dignity, though we knew him but three days before a Man of no regard; yet an Image of Grandure, and some extraordinary Parts insensibly steals into our opinion, and we persuade our selves, that being augmented in Reputation and Attendants, he is also increas'd in Merit. We judge of him not according to his value, but as we do by Counters, according to the prerogative of his Place. If it happen so that he fall again, and be mix'd with the common crowd, every one requires with admiration, into the cause of his having been rais'd so high. Is it he? say they, could he make no better provision for himself when he was in place? Do Princes satisfy themselves with so little? Really we were in good hands. This is a thing that I have often seen in my time. Nay, so much as the very disguises of Grandeurs represented in our Comedies, does in some sort move and deceive us. That which I my self adore in Kings, is the Crowd of the Adorers. All Reverence and Submission is due to them, except that of the Understanding: my Reason is not oblig'd to bow and bend, my Knees are. *Melantibus* being ask'd, what he thought of the Tragedy of *Diomysius*? I could not see t, said he,

it

it was so clouded with Language : so the most of those who judge of the Discourses of great Men, ought to say, I did not Understand his Words, he was so clouded with Gravity, Majesty, and Greatness. *Antisthenes*, one day intreated the *Athenians* to give order that their Asses might as well be employ'd in tilling the ground as the Horses were : To which it was answer'd, that those Animals were not destin'd for such a Service : *That's all one*, repli'd he, *it only sticks at your command*: for the most Ignorant and incapable Men you employ in your Commands of War, immediately become worthy enough because you employ them. To which, the Custom of so many People who Canonize the *Kings* they have chosen out of their own Body, and are not content only to Honour, but Adore them, comes very near. Those of *Mexico*, after the Ceremonies of his Coronation, dare no more presume to look him in the Face ; but, as if they had desired him by his *Royalty*, among the Oaths they make him take to maintain their *Religion* and *Laws*, to be Valiant, Just, and Mild, he moreover swears to make the *Sun* run his Course in this wonted Light, to drain the Clouds at a fit Season, to confine Rivers within their Channels, and to cause all things necessary for his People to be landed upon the Earth. I differ from his common Fashion, and am more apt to suspect his Capacity, when I see it accompanied with that Grandeur of Fortune and publick Applause. We are to consider, of what advantage it is to speak when he pleases, to chuse the Subject he will speak of, to interrupt or change other Mens Arguments with a Magisterial Authority ; to protect himself from the oppositions of others by a nod, a smile, or silence, in the presence of an Assembly that trembles with reverence and respect. A Man of a prodigious Fortune, coming to give his Judgment upon some slight Dispute

Deification and Adoration of the Kings of Mexico.

Dispute that was Foolishly set on Foot at his Table, begun in these words, *It can be no other but a Liar or a Fool, that will say otherwise than so and so.* Pursue this Philosophical Point with a Dagger in your Hand. There is another Observation I have made, from which I draw great Advantage: which is, that in Conferences and Disputes, every word that seems to be good is not immediately to be accepted. Most Men are Rich in borrow'd Sentences, without Understanding the Force of themselves. That a Man does not perfectly Understand all he borrows, may perhaps be verified in my self. A Man must not always presently yield, what Truth or Beauty soever may seem to be in the Argument. Either a Man must stoutly oppose it, or retire, under colour of not Understanding it, to try on all parts how it is lodg'd in the Author. It may happen that we may run upon the point, and meet the truth that we could not otherwise reach. I have sometimes, in the necessity and heat of the Combat, made falsities that have gone through and through, beyond my expectation and design. I only gave them in number, they were receiv'd in weight. As when I contend with a vigorous Man, I please my self with anticipating his conclusions, I ease him of the trouble of explaining himself; I strive to prevent his Inagination, whilst it is yet springing and Imperfect: the Order and Pertinency of his Understanding, warns and threatens me afar off: I deal quite contrary with these; I must Understand, and presuppose nothing but by them. If they determine in general words, *this is good, that is naught*, and that they happen to be in the right, see if it be not Fortune that hits it off for them. Let them a little circumscribe and limit their Judgment, why, or how it is so. These universal Judgments, that I see so common, signifie nothing.

P

These

These are Men that salute a whole People in a crowd together; They who have a real Acquaintance, take notice of, and salute them particularly and by Name. But 'tis a hazardous Attempt; and from which I have more than every day seen it fall out, that weak Understandings, having a Mind to appear Ingenious in taking notice, as they read a Book, of that is Best, and most to be Admir'd, fix their Admiration upon something so very ill chosen, that instead of making us discern the excellency of the Author, they make us see their own Ignorance. This exclamation is safe enough, *This is fine*, after having heard a whole Page of *Virgil*: and by that the cunning sort of Fools save themselves. But to undertake to follow him Line by Line, and with an expert and approv'd Judgment, to observe where a good Author excels himself, weighing the Words, Phrases, Inventions, and various Excellencies, one after another; take heed of that, *Videndum est, non modo quid quisque loquatur, sed etiam, quid quisque sentiat, atque etiam qua de causa quisque sentiat.* A Man is not only to examine what every one says, but also what every one thinks, and for what Reason every one thinks. I every day hear Coxcombs say things that are not Foolish: They say a good thing, let us examine how far they Understand it, whence they have it, and what they mean by it. We help them to make use of this fine Expression, of this fine Sentence, which is none of theirs, they only have it in keeping; they have spit it out at a venture, we bring it for them into Credit and Esteem. You take them by the hand when you see them falling. To what purpose? They do not think themselves oblig'd to you for it, and become more Fools still. Never take their part, let them alone; they will handle the Matter like People who are afraid of burning their Fingers, they neither dare change its seat nor Light, nor break

*Cic. Offic.
lib. 1.*

break into it; shake it never so little, it slips through their fingers; they give up their cause, be it never so strong, or good, however. These are fine Arms, but ill handled. How many times have I seen the experience? Now, if you come to explain any thing to them, and to confirm them, they presently catch at it, and presently rob you of the Advantage of your Interpretation; *It was what I was about to say; it was just my conceit, and if I did not express it so, it was for want of Language.* Very pretty! Malice it self must be employ'd to correct this proud Ignorance. *Hegias* his Doctrine, that we are neither to Hate, nor Accuse, but Instruct, has Reason elsewhere; But here, 'tis Injustice and Inhumanity, to relieve and set him Right, who stands in no need on't, and is the worse for't. I love to let them step deeper into the dirt; and so deep, that if it be possible, they may at last discern their Error. Folly and Absurdity are not to be cur'd by bare Admonition. And what *Cyrus* answer'd to him, who importun'd him to *harangue* his Army, upon the point of Battle, that Men do not become Valiant and Warlike upon a sudden, by a Fine Oration, no more than a Man becomes a good Musician by hearing a fine Song, may properly be said of such an Admonition as this. These are Apprenticeships that are to be serv'd before-hand, by a long and continu'd Education. We owe this care, and this assiduity of Correction and Instruction to our own; but to go Preach to the first passer by, and to Lord it over the Ignorance and Folly of the first we meet, is a thing that I abhor. I rarely do it, even in particular conferences, and rather surrender my cause, than proceed to these supercilious and Magisterial Instructions. My Humour is unfit either to Speak or Write for Beginners; but for Things that are said in common Discourse, or amongst other Things, I never oppose them,

either by Word or Sign, how False or Absurd soever. As to the rest, nothing vexes me so Ill in Folly, as that it pleases it self more than any Reason can reasonably please it self. 'Tis ill luck, that Prudence forbids us to satisfie and Trust in our selves, and always dismisses us timorous and discontent; whereas Obstinacy and Temerity fill those who are possess'd with them with Joy and Assurance. 'Tis for the Ignorant to look at other Men over the shoulder, always returning from the Combat full of Joy and Triumph. And moreover, for the most part, this arrogancy of Speech and gaiety of Countenance gives them the better of it in the Opinion of the Audience, which is commonly Ignorant, and incapable of well Judging and discerning the real Advantage. Obstinacy of Opinion, and heat in Argument are surest proofs of Folly. Is there any thing so Assur'd, Resolute, Disdainful, Contemplative, Serious, and grave as an Ass? May we not mix with the Title of Conference and Communication, the quick and sharp Repartees which Mirth and Familiarity introduces amongst Friends, Pleasantly and Wittily Jestling with one another? An exercise for which my Natural gaiety renders me fit enough; which, if it be not too long and serious, as the other I spoke of, but now, 'tis no less smart and Ingenious, nor of less Utility, as *Lycurgus* thought. For my part I contribute to it more Liberty than Wit, and have therein more of Luck than Invention; but I am perfect in suffering, for I endure a Revenge, that is not only Tart, but Indiscreet to Boot, without being mov'd at all. And whoever attaques me, if I have not a brisk Answer Immediately ready, I do not study to pursue the Point with a tedious and impertinent Contest, bordering upon Obstinacy, but let it pass, and deter my revenge to another and some better time. There is no Merchant that always gets.

Most

Obstinacy
a testimony
of Folly.

Most Men change their Countenance and their Voice where their Wits fail, and by an Unseasonable Indignation, instead of Revenging themselves, accuse at once their own Folly and Impatience. In this Jollity we sometimes pinch the private strings of our Imperfection, which, at another time, when more Temperate, we cannot Touch without Offence, and profitably give one another a hint of our Defects. There are other Sports of Hand; rude and Indiscreet, after the *French* manner, that I mortally hate; my skin is very tender and sensible: I have in my time, seen two Princes of the Blood Interr'd upon that very account. 'Tis unhandfome to fall out, and Fight in Play. As to the rest, when I have a Mind to judge of any one, I ask him how much he is contented with himself, to what degree his speaking or his Work pleases him. I will none of these fine excuses; *I did it only in sport.*

Ablatum medicæ opus est incutibus istud.

*Ovid. Trist.
lib. 1. El. 6.*

This Work unfinish'd from the Anvil came.

I was not an hour about it; I have never revis'd it since. Well then, say I, lay these aside, and give a perfect one; such a one as you would be measur'd by; And then, what do you think is the best thing in your Work; Is it this part or that? the Grace, or the Matter, the Invention, the Judgment, or the Learning? For I find that Men are commonly as wide of the mark in Judging of their own Works, as those of others; not only by reason of the kindness they have for them, but for want of capacity to know and distinguish them. The Work, by its own Force and Fortune, may second the Workman, and sometimes out-strip him, beyond his Invention and Knowledge. For my part, I do not judge of the value of other Mens Works more obscurely than of my own; and prize

my *Essays* now high, now low, with great doubt and inconstancy. There are several Books that are useful upon the account of their Subjects, from which the Author derives no praise; and good Books, as well as good Works, that shame the Workman. I may Write the manner of our Feasts, and the Fashion of our Cloaths, and may write them ill; I may publish the *Edicts* of my time, and the Letters of *Princes* that pass from Hand to Hand, I may make an *Abridgment* of a good Book, (and every *Abridgment* upon a good Book is a Foolish *Abridgment*) which Book shall come to be lost, and the like Posterity will derive a singular Utility from such Compositions: but what Honour shall I have, unless by great good Fortune? A great part of the most Famous Books are in this condition. When I read *Philip de Comines*, several years ago, doubtless a very good Author, I there took notice of this for no vulgar saying, *That a Man must have a care of doing his Master so great service, till at last he will not know how to give him his just reward.* I ought to commend the Inventor, not him, because I met with it in *Tacitus* not long since: *Beneficia eo usque lata sunt, dum videtur excolui posse, ubi multum contulerit, pro gratia indam redditor.* Benefits are so far acceptable, as they are in a Capacity of being returned, but once exceeding that, hatred is returned instead of thanks. And *Seneca* boldly says, *Non qui potius essaturpe non reddere, non vult esse cui reddat.* For he who thinks it a shame not to requite, would not have that Man live to whom he owes return. *Q. Cicero* says more faintly, *Qui se non potius satisfacere, minus esse nullo modo potest.* Who thinks himself behind Hand in Obligation, can by no means be a Friend. The Subject, according to what it is, may make a Man look'd upon as Learned, and of good Memory, but to judge in him the Parts that are

The Epitomizing of Books a foolish undertaking, and without honor to the Undertaker.

Tacit. Ann. lib. 4.

Sen. Ep. 81.

are most his own, and the most worthy, the vigour and Beauty of his Soul; a Man must first know what is his own, and what is not; and in that which is not his own, how much we are oblig'd to him for the Choice, Disposition, Ornament, and Language he has there presented us with. What if he has borrow'd the Matter, and spoil'd the Form? as it oft falls out; we who are little read in Books are in this streight, that when we meet with a great Fancy in some new Poet, or some strong Argument in a Preacher, we dare not nevertheless commend it, till we have first inform'd our selves of some Learned Man, if it be his own, or borrow'd from some other; until that, I always stand upon my Guard. I came lately from reading the History of *Tacitus* quite thorough, without interrupting it with any thing else; (which but seldom happens with me, it being twenty Years since I have stuck to any one Book an hour together) and I did it at the instance of a Gentleman for whom *France* has great esteem, as well for his own particular Worth, as upon the account of a constant form of Capacity and Virtue, which runs thorough a great many Brothers of them. I do not know any Author that in a publick Narration, mixes so much Consideration of Manners, and particular Inclinations. And I am of a quite contrary Opinion to him, which is, that being especially to follow the Lives of the Emperours of his time, so various and extream in all sorts of Forms, and so many notable Actions as their Cruelty particularly produc'd in their Subjects, he had a stronger and more Attracting matter to treat of, than if he had been to describe Battles, and Universal Commotions: so that I oft find him sterile, runing over those brave Deaths, as if he fear'd to trouble us with their multitude and length. This form of *Histories* is by much

The Character of *Tacitus*.

the most useful: publick Commotions depend most upon the Conduct of *Fortune*, private ones upon our own. 'Tis rather a Judgment, than a Deduction of *History*; there are in it more *Precepts* than *Stories*: it is not a Book to Read, 'tis a Book to Study and Learn; 'tis so full of Sentences, that right or wrong, they are right in muster: 'tis a Nursery of *Erbicks* and *politick Discourses*, for the Use and Ornament of those who have any place in the Government of the World. He always pleads by strong and solid Reasons, after a tart and subtle manner, according to the affected style of that Age; and was so in love with a sound style, that where quickness and subtilty was wanting in things, he supplied them with lofty and swelling Words. It is not much unlike the style of *Seneca*. I look upon *Tacitus* as more sinewy, and *Seneca* more sharp. His Pen seems most proper for a troubled and sick Estate, as ours at present is; you would often say, that he deciphers and girds at us. They who doubt of his Fidelity, sufficiently accuse themselves of being his Enemy upon some other Account. His Opinions are sound, and lean for the most part towards the Roman Affairs: And yet I am Angry at him, for judging more severely of *Pompey*, than suited with the Opinion of those worthy Men that liv'd in the same time, and treated with him; and to have reputed him equal with *Marius* and *Sylla*, excepting that he was more close. Other *Writers* have not acquitted his intention in the Government of Affairs, from Ambition nor Revenge; and even his Friends were afraid that his Victory would have transported him beyond the bounds of Reason, but not to so immeasurable a degree: There is nothing in his Life that has threatned us with so express Cruelty and Tyranny. Neither ought we to proportion Suspicion to Evidence; and that makes me that I do not believe his Narratives to be

be Ingenious and true ; but that he might add a little in this very thing, that they are not always apply'd to the Conclusions of his Judgments, which he follows according to the Inclination he has taken, very often beyond the Subject he treats of, which he will not design to look upon with so much as one glance of Favour. He needs no excuse, for having approv'd the Religion of his time, according as the Laws enjoyn'd, and to have been ignorant of the true ; this was his Misfortune, not his Fault. I have principally consider'd his Judgment, and am not very well satisfied throughout ; as these Words in the Letter, that *Tiberius* being Tiberius old and Sick, sent to the Senate. *What shall I* his trouble of Con- *write to you, Sirs, or how should I write to you, or* science *what should I not write to you at this time ? May* about the *the Gods and the Goddesses lay a worse Punishment* Religion of *upon me, than I am every day tormented with, if* his time. *I know.* I do not see why he should so positively apply them to the sharp Remorses that tormented the Conscience of *Tiberius* : at least, when I was in the same Condition, I perceiv'd no such Thing. And this also seem'd to me a little mean in him, that being to say, that he had born honourable Offices in *Rome*, he excuses himself, that he does not speak it out of Ostentation : This seems a little too mean for such a Soul as his ; for, not to speak roundly of a Mans self, implies some want of Courage ; a Rough and Lofty Judgment, and that Judges Soundly and Surely, makes use of his own Example upon all Occasions, as well as those of others, and gives Evidence as freely of himself, as of a Third Person : we are to pass by these common Rules of Civility in Favour of Truth and Liberty. I dare not only speak of my self, but speak only of my self. When I write of any thing else, I miss my Way, and wander from my Subject ; yet am I not so indiscreetly inamour'd of

of my self, that I cannot distinguish and consider my self apart, as I do a Neighbour, or a Tree. 'Tis equally a Fault, not to discern how far a Man's worth extends, and to say more than a Man discovers in himself. We owe more love to God, than to our selves, and know him less, and yet speak of him as much as we Will. If the Writings of *Tacitus* relate any thing true of his Qualities, He was a great Man, upright and Bold, not of a superstitious, but a Philosophical and generous Virtue. A Man may think him a little too bold in his Relations; as where he tells us, that a Soldier carrying a burthen of Wood, his Hands were so Frozen, and so stuck to the Load, that they there remained clos'd and Dead, being sever'd from his Arms. I always in such things submit to the Authority of so great Witnesses. What he also says, that *Vespasian*, by the Favour of the *God Serapis*, cur'd a Blind Woman by anointing Her Eyes with his Spittle, and I know not what other Miracles: he does it by the Example and Duty of all good *Historians*. He records all Events of Importance; and amongst Publick Accidents are the common Rumours and Opinions: 'tis their part to recite common Beliefs, not to regulate them: That part concerns *Drives* and *Philosophers*, who are the guides of Conscience. And therefore it was, that this Companion of his, and as great a Man as himself, very Wisely said; *Equidem plura transcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare sustinoo, de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accipi.* Truly, I set down more things than I believe, for I can neither endure to affirm things whereof I doubt, nor smother what I have heard. And this other, *Hæc neque affirmare, neque refellere opera pretium est: fama rerum standum est.* 'Tis neither worth the while to Affirm, or to refute these things, we must stand to report. And writing in an Age wherein the belief of Prodigies began

A Soldiers
Hands per-
rish'd with
cold, car-
rying a
burthen of
Wood.

A Blind
Woman
cur'd by
Vespasian.

Quint.
Curius.

began to decline, he says, he would not nevertheless forbear to insert in his Annals, and to give a Relation of Things receiv'd by so many worthy Men, and with so great Reverence of Antiquity. 'Tis very well said. Let them deliver us History, more as they receive than believe it; I, who am *Monarch* of the matter whereof I treat, and who am accountable to none, do not nevertheless always believe my self; I often hazard fallies of my own Wit, for which I very much suspect my self, and certain Quibbles, at which I shake my Ears; but I let them go at a venture, I see that others get Reputation by such Things; 'Tis not for me alone to Judge. I present my self standing, and lying on my Face, my Back, my Right Side, and my Left, and in all my natural Postures, Wits, though equal in Force, are not always equal in Taste and Application. This is what my Memory has presented me in gross, and with uncertainty enough. All Judgments in gross, are weak and Imperfect.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Of Vanity.

There is peradventure no more manifest Vanity, than to write so vainly. That which Divinity has so Divinely express'd to us, ought to be carefully and continually meditated by Understanding Men. Who does not see that I have taken a Road, in which, incessantly and without labour I shall proceed, so long as there shall be Ink and Paper in the World? I can give no account of my Life by my Actions; Fortune has plac'd them too low: I must do it by my Fancies. And yet I have seen a Gentleman that only communicated his Life by the Workings of his Belly: You might see in his House a shew of a row of Basons of seven or eight days Excrements; that was all his Study, all his Discourse; all other talk stunk in his Nostrils. These here, but not so nauseous, are the Excrements of an old Mind, sometimes Thick, sometimes Thin, and always indigested; and when shall I have done representing the continual Agitation and Mutation of my Thoughts, as they come into my Head, seeing that *Diomedes* wrote six thousand Books upon the sole Subject of *Grammar*? What then ought prating to produce, since prating, and the first beginning to speak, stuff'd the World with such a horrible number of Volumes? So many words about words only. O *Pythagoras*, why did'st not thou allay the Tempest! They accus'd one *Galba* of old for living Idly; he made answer, *That every one ought to give Account of his Actions, but not of his leisure.* He was mistaken, for

for *Justice* takes Cognizance, and will have an account even of those that glean, which is one of the laziest Employments. But there should be some restraint of Law against Foolish and Impertinent Scriblers, as well as against Vagabonds and Idle Persons; which, if there was, both I and an hundred others would be banish'd the Kingdom. I do not speak this in Jest: Scribbling seems to be a sign of a disordered and licentious Age. When did we write so much as since our *Civil Wars*? When the *Romans* so much, as when their *Common-Wealth* was upon the point of Ruin? Besides that, the refining of Wits does not make People Wiser in a Government: This Idle Employment springs from this, that every one applies himself negligently to the Duty of his Vocation, and is easily debauch'd from it. The Corruption of the Age is made upon the particular Contributions of every individual Man. One contributes Treachery, others Injustice, Irreligion, Tyranny, Avarice and Cruelty, according as they are of Power, the weaker sort contribute Folly, Vanity, and Idleness, of which I am one. It seems as if it were the Season for vain Things when the hurtful oppress us; and that in a time when doing Ill is common, to do, nothing but what signifie nothing is a kind of Commendation. 'Tis my comfort, that I shall be one of the last that shall be called in question; and whilst the greater Offenders are calling to account, I shall have leisure to amend: For, it would, methinks be against Reason to Punish little Inconveniences, whilst we are infected with the greater. As the Physician *Philotimus* said to one who presented him his Finger to dress, and who he perceived, both by his Complexion and his Breath, had an Ulcer in his Lungs: *Friend*, said he, *it is not now time to concern your self about your fingers ends.* And yet I saw, some years ago, a Person whose

Name

Name and Memory I have in very great Esteem; in the very height of our great Disorders, when there was neither Law nor Justice put in Execution, nor Magistrate that perform'd his Office, no more than there is now, publish I know not what pitiful Reformatiōs about Cloaths, Cookery, and long depending Suits in Law. These are Amusements wherewith to Feed a People that are ill us'd, to shew that they are not totally forgot. These others do the same, who insist upon stoutly defending the Forms of speaking, Dances and Games, to a People totally abandoned to all sort of execrable Vices. 'Tis no time to bathe and clean a Man's self when he is seiz'd on by a violent Fever. 'Tis for the *Spartiates* only to fall to combing and curling themselves, when they are just upon the Point of running head-long into some extream Danger of their Life. For my part, I have yet a worse Custom, that if my Shooe go awry, I let my Shirt and my Cloak do so too, I scorn to mend my self by Halves: When I'am lean, I feed upon mischief; I abandon my self through despair; let my self go towards the Precipice, and as the saying is, *Throw the Helve after the Hatchet*. I am obstinate in growing worse, and think my self no more worth my own care; I am either good or Ill throughout. 'Tis a Favour to me, that the Desolation of this Kingdom falls out in the Desolation of my Age: I better suffer that my *ills* be multiplied, than if my *goods* had been disturb'd. The words I utter in mishape, are words of spite. My Courage sets up his bristles, instead of letting them down; and, contrary to others, I am more devout in good than evil Fortune, according to the Precept of *Xenophon*, if not according to his Reason, and am more ready to turn up my Eyes to Heaven to return my Thanks than to crave; I am more solicitous to improve my Health when I am Well

Well, than to restore it when I am Sick. Prosperities are the same Discipline and Instruction to me, that Adversities and Persecutions are to others: as if good Fortune were a thing inconsistent with good Conscience; Men never grow good, but in evil. Good Fortune is to me a singular spur to modesty and moderation. And intreaty wins, a threat checks me, favour makes me bend, Fear stiffens me. Amongst humane Conditions this is common enough, to be better pleased with strange things than our own, and to love Innovation and Change.

Change
pleasing
to Men.

*Ipsa dies ideo nos grato perluit haustu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit aquis.*

*Petrus
Arbiter.
Epiq.*

The day it self with better draughts does pass,
Because it changes Water every Glas.

Spoke of
a Water
Hour-glass.

I have my share. Those who follow the other extreme of agreeing amongst themselves, to value what they have above all the rest, and to conclude no Beauty can be greater then what they see, if they are not Wiser than we, are really more Happy. I do not envy their Wisdom, but their good Fortune. This greedy Humour of new and unknown Things help to nourish in me the desire of Travel: But a great many more Circumstances contribute to it. I am very willing to over-run the Government of my House. There is, I confess, a kind of convenience in Commanding, though it were but in a Barn, and to be obey'd by ones Servants: But 'tis too uniform and languishing a Pleasure, and is moreover of necessity mixt with a Thousand vexatious Thoughts. One while the Poverty and the Oppression of your Tenants; another, Quarrels amongst Neighbours; another, the trespasses they make upon you afflicts you;

Ant

*Aur verberata grandine vinea,
Fundisque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sydera, nunc hyemes iniquas.*

Horat. l. 3.
Ode 1.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.
Or Hail-smit Vines, or Years of Dearth,
Sometimes the too much wet in Fault,
Sometimes the Stars, that broil the Earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught.

and that God scarce in six Months sends a Season,
wherein your Bayliff can do his Business as he
should; but that if it serves the Vines, it spoils
the Meadows.

*Aur nimis torret fervoribus aethereus Sol,
Aur subiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruina,
Flabraque ventorum violento turbine vexant.*

Lucret. l. 5.

Mr. Creech.
The Scorching Sun, with his too busie beams,
Burns up the Fruits, or Clouds do drown with
Streams;
Or chill'd by too much Snow, they soon decay;
Or Storms blow them and all our hopes away.

To which may be added, the new and neat made
Shoe of the Man of Old, that hurts your Foot;
and that a Stranger does not Understand how much
it Costs you, and what you contribute to maintain
that shew of Order that is seen in your Family, and
that peradventure you buy too Dear. I came late
to the Government of a Family. They whom
Nature sent into the World before me long eas'd
me of that Trouble: So that I had already taken
another bent more suitable to my Humour; yet
for so much as I have seen, 'tis an Employment
more troublesome than hard. Whoever is capable
of

The Go-
vernment
of a Fami-
ly more
trouble-
some than
hard.

of any thing else will easily do that. Had I a mind to be Rich, that way would seem too long; I had serv'd my Kings, a more profitable Traffick than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the Reputation of having got nothing, as I have imbezell'd nothing, conformable to the rest of my Life, improper either to do good for all of any moment; and that I only desire to pass, I can do it, thanks be to God, without my great endeavour. At the worst, evermore prevent Poverty by lessening your expence: 'Tis that which I make my great concern, and doubt not but to do it before I shall be compell'd. As to the rest, I have sufficiently settled my Thoughts to live upon less than I have, and live contentedly. *Non avaritiae censuram, verum victu, atque cultu, terminatur pecuniae modus.* ^{Cicero.} 'Tis not in the value of Possessions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited. My real need does not so wholly take up all I have, that Fortune has not wherewith to fasten her Teeth without biting to the Quick. My Presence, as contemptible as it is, does me great Service in my Domestic Affairs; I employ my self in them, but it goes against the Grain, considering that I have this in my House, that though I burn my Candle at one end by my self, the other is not spared. Journeys do me no harm but only by their Expence, which is great and more than I am well able to bear; being always wont to Travel with not only a necessary, but a handsome Equipage. I must make them so much shorter and fewer, wherein I spend but the froth, and what I have reserv'd for such Uses, delaying and deferring my Motion till that be ready. I will not, that the Pleasure of going abroad spoil the pleasure of being retir'd at Home. On the contrary, I intend they shall nourish and Favour one another. Fortune has assisted me in this, that since my principal Profession

sion in this Life, was to live at ease, and rather idly
 than busily, she has deprived me of the necessity
 of growing Rich, to provide for the multitude
 of my *Heirs*. If there be not enough for one,
 of that whereof I had so plentifully enough, at
 his peril be it. His impudence will not deserve
 that I should wish him any more. And every one,
 according to the Example of *Platon*, provides
 sufficiently for his Children, who do provides for
 them, as to leave them as much as was left
 him. I should by no means like of *Craes* his way.
 He left his Money in the hand of a *Banker*, with
 this Condition; that if his Children were Fools,
 He should then give it to them; if Witty, he
 should then distribute it to the most Fools of the
 People. As if Fools, for being less capable of
 living without Riches, were more capable of using
 them. So it is that the damage which is Occasion'd
 by my Absence, seems not to deserve, so long
 as I am able to support it, that I should waver the
 Occasions of diverting my self from that trou-
 blefom Assistance. There is always something that
 goes amiss. The Affairs one while of one House
 and then of another will tear you to pieces. You
 pry into every thing too near; your *Perpicacity*
 does you hurt here as well as in other Things. It
 steal away from Occasions of vexing my self, and
 turn from the Knowledge of Things that go amiss,
 and yet cannot I so Order it, but that every Hour
 I juggle against something or other that displeases
 me. And the Tricks that they most conceal
 from me, are those that I the soonest come to
 know. Some there are that a Man himself must
 help to conceal. Vain Vexations, vain sometimes
 but always Vexations. The smallest and slightest
 Impediments are the most piercing. And as little
 Letters most tire the Eyes, so do little Affairs the
 most disturb us. A rout of little ills more offend
 than

than one how great soever. By how much Domestic Thorns are numerous and sharp, by so much they prick deeper, and without warning, easily surprize us, when least we suspect them. I am no *Philosopher*. Evils oppress me according to their Importance, and they import as much according to the Form as the Matter; and very often more. If I have therein more Perspicacity than the Vulgar, I have also more Patience. Finally, they weigh with me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender thing, and easily molested. Since my Age has made me grow more pensive and morose, *Nemo enim resistit sibi cum ceperit impelli: Sen. Epist.* For no Man resists himself, after he once begins to decline; for the most trivial cause imaginable, I irritate that Humour, which afterwards nourishes and exasperates it self of its own accord; attracting and heaping up matter upon matter whereon to Feed.

Stillicidii casus Lapidem cavat.

Pro Lucret. l. 1.

A falling drop at last will cave a Stone.

These continual trickling drops make Ulcers in me. Ordinary Inconveniences are never light, they are continual and irreparable; when they continually and inseparably spring from the concerns of good Husbandry. When I consider my Affairs at distance, and in gross, I find, because perhaps my Memory is none of the best, that they have gone on hitherto in improving, beyond my Reason or Expectation. Methinks my Revenue is greater than it is; their Prosperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the Business, and see how all Things go,

Q. 2

Time

Virg. Æn.
lib. 5.

Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes.

————— then my Breaff
Is with innumerable cares oppres'd.

I have a thousand Things to Desire and to Fear. To give them quite over is very easie for me to do: But to look after them without Trouble is very hard. 'Tis a miserable Thing to be in place where every Thing you see Employs and concerns you. And I fansie that I more cheerfully enjoy the Pleasures of another Man's House; and with greater and purer relish than those of my own. *Diogenes*, according to my Humour, answer'd him who ask'd him what sort of Wine he lik'd the best, *That of another's*, said he. My Father took a delight in Building at *Montaigne*, where he was Born; and in all the Government of Domestick Affairs; I love to follow his Example and Rules; and shall engage those who are to succeed me; as much as in me lies, to do the same. Could I do better for him, I would; and am proud that His Will is still performing and Acting by me. God forbid, that in my Hands I should ever suffer any Image of Life, that I am able to render to so good a Father; to fail. And whereas I have taken in hand to Finish some old Foundations of Walls, and to repair some ruinous Buildings, in earnest I have done it more out of respect to his Design, than my own Satisfaction; and am angry at my self, that I have not proceeded further to Finish the Foundation he has left in my House; and so much the more, because I am very likely to be the last Possessor of my Race, and to give the last hand to it. For, as to my own particular Application; neither the Pleasure of Building, which they say is so bewitching, nor Hunting, nor Gardens; nor the other Pleasure

of

of a retir'd Life, can much trouble my head. And 'tis what I am angry at my self for, as I am for all other Opinions that are incommodious to me; which I would not so much care to have vigorous and learned, as I would have them easie and convenient for Life. They are true and sound enough, if they are profitable and pleasing. Such as hear me declare my Ignorance in Husbandry, whisper in my Ear, that it is disdain, and that I neglect to know the Instruments of Husbandry, its Season and Order; how they order my Vines, how they Graft, and to know the Names and Forms of Herbs and Fruit, and the dressing the Meat by which I live, with the Names and Prices of the Stuffs I wear, because I have set my Heart upon some higher Knowledge; they Kill me in saying so. This is Folly, and rather Brutishness than Glory; I had rather be a good Horse-Man than a good Logician.

*Quin tu aliquid saltem potius quorum indiget usus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco.*

*Verg.
Eclog. 2.*

Why rather not, usef. Employment find
Thy long-neglected Vines to prune and bind.

We amuse our Thoughts about the general Concern, and about Universal Causes and Conducts, which will very well carry on themselves without our Care; and leave our own Business at random, with the care of our own Persons, which are nearest to us, than that of any one Man whatever. Now I am indeed for the most part at home; but I would be there better pleas'd than any where else.

Hor. lib. 1,
Ode 6.

*Sit mea sedes vitamq; senectæ,
Sit locus lassæ Maris, & Vrarum,
Militiaque.*

Sir Thomas
Hawkins,

*Tyber, which th' Argos built (O may)
That be the place of my last Day;
May it my limit be of ease,
From Journeys, Warfare, and rough Seas.*

Cicero de
Amicitia.

I know not whether or no I shall bring it about; I could wish, that instead of some other member of his Succession, my Father had resign'd to me the passionate Affection he had in his old Age to his Husbandry. He was happy in that he could accommodate his Desires to his Fortune, and satisfy himself with what he had. Philosophy may to much purpose condemn the meanness and sterility of my Employment, if I can once come to relish it as he did. I am of Opinion, that the most honourable Calling is to serve the Publick, and to be usefull to many. *Prælius enim ingenti, & Virtutis, omnisque præstantia tum maximus accipitur, quam in proximum quemque confertur.* We then reap the most Wit, Vertue, and all sorts of Merit, when they are conferr'd upon every one of our nearest Relations. For my part, I disclaim in it; partly out of Conscience; (for where I see the weight that lies upon such Employments, I perceive also the little means I have to contribute to them; and Plato, who was a Master in all sorts of Government, did not nevertheless forbear to abstain from them) and partly out of Cowardize. I content my self with enjoying the World without bustle, only to live an irreproachable Life, and such a one as may neither be a burthen to my self, nor to any other. Never did any Man more faintly and negligently suffer himself to be govern'd

wern'd by a Third Person, than I should do, had I any one to whom to intrust my self. One of my wishes at this time should be, to have a Son-in-Law that knew handsomly how to cherish my old Age, and to rock it asleep, into whose hands I might deposite in Sovereignty the Management and Use of all my Goods, that I might dispose of them as I do, and get by them what I get, provided that he on his part were truly acknowledging, and a Friend. But we live in a World where Loyalty in one's own Children is unknown. He that has the charge of my Purse upon Travel, has it purely, and without controul; and he might also deceive me in reckoning; and, if he is not a Devil, I shall oblige him to deal Faithfully with me by so Infire a Trust: *Multi fallere docuerunt, cum rimoris Semis. falk, alis jus pecandi, suspicando fecerunt. Marty Epist. 3.* Have taught others to deceive, by fearing to be deceived, and by suspecting them, have given them a just title to do ill. The most common security I take of my People, is their Ignorance: I never suspect any to be vicious, till I have first found them so, and repose the most Confidence in the younger sort, that I think are least spoil'd by Example. I had rather be told at two Months end, that I have spent four hundred Crowns than to have my Ears beaten every Night with Three, Five and Seven; and I have been this way as little robb'd as another. It is true, I am willing enough not to see it; I do in some sort in good earnest, harbour a kind of perplexed; Uncertain Knowledge of my Money; for to a certain proportion, I am content to doubt. One must leave a little room for the Infidelity or Indiscretion of a Servant; if you have enough in gross to do your Business, let the over-plus of Fortune's Liberality run a little more freely at her mercy; 'tis the Gleaners Portion. After all, I do not so much value the Fidelity

felicity of my People, as I contemn their Injury. What a mean and ridiculous Thing it is for a Man to study his Money, to delight a Man's self with handling and telling it! 'Tis by that, that Avarice makes its Approaches. . . Of eighteen Years that I have had my Estate in my own Hands, I could never prevail with my self, either to read over my Deeds, or examine my principal Affairs, which ought of necessity to pass through my Knowledge and Inspection. 'Tis not a Philosophical Disdain of Worldly and Transitory Things. My Taste is not so purified to that Degree, and I value them at as great a rate at least as they are worth; but 'tis in truth an inexorable and childish Laziness and Negligence. What would I not, rather do than read an Evidence? and sooner, than as a Slave to my own Business, to tumble over a Company of old musty Writings? or, which is worse, those of another Man, as so many do now a-days to get Money? I have nothing dear but Care and Trouble, and endeavour nothing so much as to be careless and at ease. I had been much fitter, I believe, could it have been without, Obligation and Servitude, to have liv'd upon another Man's Fortune than my own; And also I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according to my Humour, what I have to suffer for my Affairs and Servants, have not in it something more Abject, Troublesome and Tormenting, than there would be in serving a Man better Born than my self, that would govern me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own ease. *Servitus Obedientia est fracti Animi, & abjecti, arbitrio carentis sui, Servitudo is the Obedience of a subdu'd and Abject Mind, wanting its own Free-will.* Crates did worse, who threw himself into the liberty of Poverty, only to rid himself of the inconveniences and care of his House. This is what I would not do; I hate Poverty equally with Grief; but I could

Cicero.

Poverty
affected
by Crates.

could be content to change the kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer Affairs. When absent from Home, I strip my self of all these Thoughts, and should be less concern'd for the ruine of a Tower, than I am, when present, at the fall of a Tile. My Mind is easily compos'd at distance, but suffers as much as that of the meanest Peasant when I am in place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong put on, or a Strap flapping against my Leg, will keep me out of humour a day together. I raise my Courage well enough against Inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot,

Sensus, à superi, sensus,

I am at home responsible for whatever goes amiss. Few Masters, I speak of those of competent Condition, such as mine (and if there be any such, they are happy) can rely so much upon another, but that the greatest part of the burthen will lie upon their own shoulders. This takes much from my Grace in entertaining Strangers, so that I have peradventure detained some rather out of expectation of a good Dinner, than by my own Behaviour; and lose much of the Pleasure I ought to reap at my own House, from the visitation and assembling of my Friends. The most ridiculous Carriage of a Gentleman in his own House, is to see him bustling about the Business of the House, whispering one Servant, and looking an angry Look at another. It ought insensibly to slide along, and to represent an ordinary Current; and I think it equally unhandsome to talk much to their Guests of their Entertainment, whether by way of bragging or excuse. I love Order and Cleanliness:

For. lib. 1.
Epi. 5.

Œ cantuarus, Œ lant
Ostendunt mihi me.

more than abundance, and at home have an exact regard to necessity, little to outward shew. If a Footman falls to Cuffs at another Man's House, or that he stumble and throw a Dish before him as he is carrying it up, you only laugh and make a jest on't. You sleep whilst the Master of the House is stating a *Bill of Fare* with his Steward, for your Morrow's Entertainment: I speak according as I do my self, not disesteeming nevertheless good Husbandry in general, or not considering how pleasant a quiet and thrifty managery, and carried regularly on, is to some Natures. And not willing to annex my own errors and inconveniences to the thing, nor to give *Plato* the lie, who looks upon it as the most pleasant Employment to every one to do his particular Affairs, without wrong to another, when I Travel, I have nothing to care for but my self, and the laying out my Money; which is dispos'd of by one single Precept. Too many things are requir'd to the raking it together; in that I understand nothing; in spending it I understand a little, and how to give day to my Expences, which is indeed its principal Use. But I rely too proudly upon it, which renders it unequal and difform, and moreover immoderate, in both the one and the other Usage. If it makes a show, if it serve the turn, I indiscreetly let it run, and as indiscreetly tie up my Purse-strings if it does not shine and please. Whatever it be, whether *Art* or *Nature*, that imprint in us the condition of Living by the Example of others, it does us much more harm than good. We deprive our selves of our proper Utilites, to accommodate appearances to the common Opinion. We care not so much what our
Being

Being is, as to us, and in reality, as what it is to the publick Observation. Even the Goods of the Mind, and *Wisdom* it self, seem fruitless to us, if only enjoy'd by our selves, and if it produce not it self to the view and approbation of others. There is a sort of Men whose Gold runs in streams imperceptibly under-ground; others expose it all in Plates and Branches, so that to the one * *Lyard* is worth a *Crown*, and to others the contrary: The World esteeming its Use and Value, according to the shew. All curious Sollicitude about Riches smells of Avarice; Even the very disposing of it, with a too punctual and Artificial Liberality, is not worth a painful Sollicitude. He that will order his Expence to just so much, makes it too pinch'd and narrow. The keeping or spending are of themselves indifferent Things, and receive no colour of good or ill, but according to the application of the Will. The other cause that tempts me out of these Journeys, is the difference in the present manners of our State; I could easily satiate my self with this Corruption in reference to the publick Interest,

* A piece of Copper Masey worth three Farthings.

*pejoræque sæcula ferti
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non inveniunt ipsa
Nomina, & a nullo pascunt natura metallo.*

Juvon. Sat. 13.

This the ninth Age, worse than the Iron Times,
Nature no metal hath to Name our Crimes.

Sir Robert Stapleton

but not to my own. I am in particular too much oppress'd. For in my Neighbourhood we are of late, by the long licence of our Civil Wars, grown old in so riotous a Form of State,

Quippe,

Quippe, ubi fas versum atque nefas.

(World,

Mr. Ogilby. Where wrong is Right, and War through all the
So many shapes of Wickedness hath hurld,

that in earnest, 'tis a wonder how it can subsist.

Virg. Æn.
l. 3.

*Armati terram exercent, semperque recentes
Convectare juvat pradas, Et vivere rapto.*

With Arms upon their backs they blow the Soil,
And make't their Business to subsist by Spoil.

In fine, I see by our Example, that the Society of Men is maintain'd and held together at what price soever, in what condition soever they are plac'd they will still close and stick together, both moving and in heaps; as uneven Bodies, that shuffled together without order, find of themselves a means to unite and settle, often better than they could have been dispos'd by Art. King Philip muster'd up a Rabble of the most Wicked and incorrigible Rascals he could pick out, and put them all together into a City he had caus'd to be built for that purpose, which bore their Name. I believe that they, even from Vices themselves, erected a Government amongst them, and a commodious and just Society. I see not one Action, or Three, or an Hundred, but Manners, in common and receiv'd Use, so cruel, especially in inhumanity and Treachery, which are to me the worst of all Vices, that I have not the heart to think of them without horror; and almost as much admire as I detest them. And exercise of these notorious Villanies carry with them as great signs of vigour and force of Soul, as of error and disorder.

*Pyrrac aus
Quadrin.*

*Aime l'estat tel que tu le vois estre,
S'il est Royal, aime la royauté,
S'il est de pais, ou bien communauté;
Aime l'un & l'autre, car Dieu t'y a fait maistre.*

The Government approve, be't what it will,
If it be Royal, then love Monarchy:
If a Republick, yet approve it still,
For God himselfe thereto subjected thee.

Testimony
of Mon-
sieur de
Pyrrac,
and Mon-
sieur de
Fois.

So writ the good *Monsieur de Pyrrac*, whom we have lately lost, a Man of so excellent a Wit, so sound Opinions, and so gentle Manners. This loss, and that at the same time we have had of *Monsieur de Fois*, are of so great importance to the Crown, that I do not know whether there is another couple in France worthy to supply the Rooms of these two: *Shepherds* in Sincerity and Wisdom in the King's Council. They were both variously great Men, and certainly, according to the Age, rare and great, each of them in the kind. But what Destiny plac'd them in these times, Men so remote from and so disproportion'd to our Corruptions and intestine Tumults? Nothing presses so hard upon a State as Innovation: Change only gives room to Justice and Tyranny. When any piece is out of order, it may be mended; one may prevent and take care that the alteration and corruption natural to all Things do not carry us too far from our beginnings and principles. But to Undertake to found so great a mass anew, and to change the Foundations of so vast a Building, is for them to do, who to make clean efface, who will reform particular defects by an Universal Confusion, and cure Diseases by Death. *Non tam commo- desus est quibus extruenda sunt omnia cupidi. Non so desirous of changing, or of overturning Things.* The World

de. offe.
lib. 2.

World is unwilling to be cur'd; and so impatient of any thing that profits it, that it thinks of nothing but disengaging it self at what price soever. We see by a Thousand Examples, that it ordinarily cures it self to its cost: The discharge of a present Evil is no cure, if there be not a general amendment of Condition. The Chirurpions end is not only to eat away the dead Flesh, that is but the progress of his Cure, he has a cure over and above to fill up the Wound with better and more natural Flesh, and to restore the member to its due estate. Whoever only proposes to himself to remove that which offends him, falls short, for Good does not necessarily succeed Evils; another Evil may succeed and a worse, as it hapned to *Cesar's* Tutors, who brought the *Republick* to such a pass, that they had reason to repent the meddling with it. The same has since hapned to several others, even down to our own Times. The *French*, my Contemporaries, know it well enough. All great mutations shake and disorder a State. Whoever would aim directly at a cure, and would consider of it before he began, would be very willing to withdraw his hands from meddling in it. *Pacuvius Galatus* corrected the vice of this proceeding by a notable Example. His Fellow Citizens were in mutiny against their *Magistrates*, he being a Man of great Authority in the City of *Capua*, found means one day to shut up the Senators in the Palace, and calling the People together in the Market-place, he told them, that the day was now come, wherein at full Liberty they might revenge themselves on the *Tyrants*, by whom they had been so long oppress'd; and whom he had now all alone and unarm'd at his mercy: Advising them withal, that they should call them out one by one by Lot; and should particularly determine of every one, causing whatever should be decreed to be immediately executed,

ented; with this caution also, that they should at the same time depute some honest Man in the place of him that was condemn'd, to the end there might be no vacancy in the *Senate*. They had no sooner heard the name of one *Senator*, but that a great cry of universal dislike was rais'd up against him. I see, says *Pacuvius*, that this must out, he is a wicked Fellow, let us look out a good one in his room; immediately there was a profound silence, every one being at a stand whom to choose. But one, more impudent than the rest, having nam'd his Man, there arose yet a greater consent of Voices against him, an hundred Imperfections being laid to his charge, and as many just Reasons being presently given why he should not stand. These contradictory Humours growing Hot, it far'd worse with the second Senator and the third, there being as much disagreement in the Election of the new, as consent in the putting out of the old. In the end, growing weary of this bustle to no purpose, they began some one way and some another, to steal out of the Assembly; every one carrying back this Resolution in his Mind, that the oldest and best known Evil was ever more supportable, than one that was new and untried. To see how miserably we are torn in pieces: for what have we not done?

Hor. l. 1.
Ode 35.

Eheu cicatricum, & sceleris pudat,
Fratrumque: quod nos ista refugimus
Ætas? Quid inæthæta nefasti
Liquimus? Unde manus; proventus
Mæta Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?

Sir Thomas
Howkins.

Fie on our Broils, vile Acts, and Brothers fall,
Bad Age. What Mischief do we shun at all?
What Youth, his hand for fear of Gods contains
Or who from sacred Altars spoil refrains? I

I do not presently conclude,

*ipsa si velit salus,
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam:*

*Ter. Adel.
Act. 4.
Scen. 7.*

Would safety't self its best care have,
This Family it cannot save.

we are not however peradventure at the last gass. The Conservation of States is a Thing that in all likelihood surpasses our Understanding. A Civil Government, is, as *Plato* says, a mighty and puissant Thing, and so hard to be dissolv'd, that it continues many times against mortal and intestine Diseases, against the Injury of unjust Laws, against Tyranny, the Corruption and Ignorance of Magistrates, and the Licence and Sedition of the People. We compare our selves in all our Fortunes to what is above us, and still look towards the better: But let us measure our selves with what is below us, there is no Condition so miserable, wherein a Man may not find a Thousand Examples that will administer Consolation. 'Tis our Vice that we more unwillingly look upon what is above, than willingly what is below: And *Solon* was us'd to say, that whoever would make a heap of all ills together, there is no one would not rather choose to bear away the ills he has, than to come to an equal Division with all other Men from that heap, and take with him from thence so much as would upon the dividend fall to his particular share. Our Government is indeed very Sick, but there have been others Sicker, without Dying. The Gods play at Tennis with us, and Bandy us every way. *Enimvero Dii nos Homines quasi pilas habent.* The *Plauti* Stars have fatally destin'd the State of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in this kind:

R

In

The Estate
of *Rome*,
and its di-
vers forms

In it is compriz'd all the Forms and Adventures that concern a State : All that order or disorder, good or evil Fortune can do. Who then can despair of his Condition, seeing the shocks and commotions wherewith she was tumbled and tost, and yet withstood them all? If the extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Isocrates* pleases me, when he instructs *Nicoles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions, but those who know how to preserve them when they fall into their hands) that of *Rome* was never so sound, as when it was most Sick : The worst of her Forms was the most Fortunate. A Man could hardly discern any Image of Government under the first *Emperors*, it was the most horrible and tumultuous Confusion that can be imagin'd. It endur'd it notwithstanding, and therein continued, not only conserving a *Monarchy* limited within his own bounds, but so many *Nations*, so differing, so remote, so ill affected, so confusedly commanded, and so unjustly conquer'd.

The horri-
ble Confu-
sion under
the first
Emperors.

— nec gentibus ullis.

Lucan.

*Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna suam.*

But to no foreign Arms would Fortune yet
Lend her own Envy against *Rome* so great,
That over Nations, and mighty Kings,
O'r Lands and Seas she stretch her Eagles wings.

Every thing that totters does not fall. The con-
texture of so great a Body holds by more Nails
than one. It holds even by its Antiquity, like
old Buildings, from which the Foundations are
worn away by time, without rough-cast of Morter,
which yet live and support themselves by their
own weight ;

— nec

— *nec jam validis radicibus hærens,*
Pondere tuta suo est.

Lucean. l. 1.

Like an old lofty Oak, that heretofore
 Great Conquerours spoils, and sacred Trophies bore,
 Stands firm by his own weight.

Mr. May.

moreover, it is not rightly to go to work, to discover only the Flank and the Graff, to judge of the Security of a place, it must be examin'd which way approaches can be made to it, and in what Condition the Assailant is. Few Vessels sink with their own weight, and without some exteriour violence. Let us every way cast our Eyes, every Thing about us totters; in all the great States, both of Christendom and elsewhere, that are known to us, if you will but look, you will there see evident threats of alteration and Ruine.

Et sua sunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes
Tempestas.

Æneid. 11.

They all of them do in the mischief share,
 And the rude Tempest rages every where.

Astrologers may very well as they do, warn us of great Revolutions, and eminent Mutations: Their *Prophecies* are present and palpable, they need not go to Heaven to foretel this. There is not only Consolation to be extracted from this Universal combination of ills and menaces, but moreover, some hopes of the continuation of our State; Forasmuch as naturally nothing falls, where all does. An Universal Sicknes is particular Health: Conformity is an Enemy to Dissolution. For my part, I despair not, and Fancy that I discover ways to save us.

Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reddet in sedem vice.

Hor. Epod.
 13.

Sir Thomas
Hawkins.

God will perchance,
Them to their Seat with happy change advance.

Who knows but that *God* will have it happen, as it does in humane Bodies, that purge and restore themselves to a better estate by long and grievous Maladies; which restores them a more intire and perfect Health than that they took from them? That which weighs the most with me, is, that in reckoning the symptoms of our ill, I see as many natural ones, and that Heaven sends us, and properly its own, as of those that our disorder and humane imprudence contribute to it. The very Stars seem to declare, that we have continued long enough, and beyond the ordinary Term already: And this also afflicts me, that the mischief which most threatnes us, is, not an alteration in the intire and solid Mass, but its dissipation and divulsion, which is the most worthy of our Fears. I moreover fear, in these Ravings of mine, the Treachery of my Memory, lest by Inadvertence it should make me write the same Thing Twice. I hate to examine my self, and never review, but very unwillingly, what has once escap'd my Pen. I here set down nothing new. These are common Thoughts, and having peradventure conceiv'd them an hundred times, I am afraid I have set them down some where else already. Repetition is every where troublesome, though it were in *Homer*; but 'tis ruinous in Things, that have only a superficial and transitory shew. I do not love Inculcation, even in the most profitable Things, as in *Seneca*. And the usage of the Stoical School displeases me, to repeat upon every Subject at length, the principles and presuppositions that serve in general, and always to reallodge a new common and universal

Repetition
trouble-
some.

universal Reasons. My Memory grows infinitely worse every day than other :

*Pocula Lethæos ut si diucentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim.*

Hor. Epod.

14

As if in thirst *Lethe's* oblivious flood
I had carous'd into my blood.

I must be fain for the time to come, (for hitherto, thanks be to God, nothing has hapned much amiss) whereas others seek time and opportunity to think of what they have to say, to avoid all preparations, for fear of tying my self to some Obligation upon which I must be fore'd to insist. To be ty'd and bound to a Thing puts me quite out, and to depend upon so weak an Instrument as my Memory. I never read this following Story, that I am not offended at it with a natural Resentment. *Lyncestes*, accus'd of Conspiracy against *Alexander*, the day that he was brought out before the Army, according to the Custom, to be heard what he could say for himself, had prepared a Studied Speech, of which, haggling and stammering, he pronounc'd some Words; but still being more perplext, whilst struggling with his Memory, and that he was recollecting himself of what he had to say, the *Soldiers* nearest to him charg'd their Pikes against him and kill'd him, looking upon him as a Convict, His astonishment and silence serv'd them for a Confession. For having had so much leisure to prepare himself in Prison, they concluded that it was not his Memory that fail'd him, but that his Conscience ty'd up his Tongue, and stop'd his Mouth. This was very well said. The Place, the Assistants, and the expectation astonish him, even at the time when it stood him upon to speak the best he could. What can a Man do, when 'tis a

Harangue upon which his Life depends? For my part, the very being tyed to what I am to say is enough to loose me from it. When I wholly commit and refer my self to my Memory, I lay so much stress upon it, that it sinks under me, and I suppress it with the Burthen. So much as I trust to it, so much do I put my self out of my own Power, so much as to find it in my own Countenance; and have been sometimes very much put to't to conceal the slavery wherein I was engag'd; whereas my design is, to manifest in speaking a perfect negligence both of Face and Accent, and casual and unpremeditated motions, as rising from present Occasions, chusing rather to say nothing to purpose, than to shew that I came prepared to speak well, a Thing especially unbecoming a Man of my Profession, and of great Obligation to him that cannot retain much; the preparation begets a great deal more expectation than it will satisfie. A Man oft strips himself to his Doublet to leap no further than he would have done in his Gown.

Curio. Nihil est his qui placere volunt, tam adversarium, acad. l. 4. quam expectatio. Nothing is so great an adversary to those who make it their Business to please, as Expectation. It is recorded of the Orator Curio, that when he propos'd the Division of his Oration into Three or Four Parts, it often hapned, either that he forgot some one, or added one or two more. I have always avoided falling into this inconvenience, having always hated these Promises and Prescriptions, not only out of distrust of my Memory, but also because this Method relihes too much of the Artist. *Simpliciora militares decent.* 'Tis enough that I have promis'd to my self never to take upon me to speak in place of respect; for as to speaking, when a Man reads his Speech, besides that it is very absurd, it is a mighty disadvantage to those who naturally could give it a Grace by Action; and to rely upon the

the Mercy of my present Invention, I will much less do it; 'tis heavy and perplext, and such as would never furnish me in sudden and important Necessities. Permit, Reader, this Essay its course also, and this fitting to finish the rest of my Picture. I add, but I correct not; First, because I conceive, that a Man having once parted with his Labours to the World, he has no farther right to them; let him do better if he can in some new Undertaking, but not adulterate what he has already sold; of such Dealers nothing should be bought till after they are Dead: Let them well consider what they do, before they produce them to the light. Who hastens them? My Book is always the same, saving that upon every new Edition, (that the Buyer may not go away quite empty) I take the liberty to add (as it were by an ill jointed in laying or fancying) some few insignificant Things over and above. They are no other but over-weight, that do not disfigure the Primitive Form of those Essays, where they, by a little ambitious subtilty, give a kind of particular Repute to every one of those that follow. From thence however there will easily happen some transposition of Chronology; my Stories taking place according to their patness, and not always according to the Age. Secondly, because that for what concerns my self; I fear to lose by the change: My Understanding does not always go Forward, it goes backward too. I do not much less suspect my Fancies for being the second or the third, than for being the first, or present, or past; we oft correct our selves as Foolishly as we do others. I am grown older by a great many Years since my First Publications, which were in the Year 1580: But I very much doubt whether I am grown an inch the wiser. I now, and I anon, are two several Persons; but whether the better, now, or anon, I am not

The Writings of *Antiochus* corrected by himself in his more mature Age.

able to determine. It were a fine Thing to be Old, if we only travell'd towards Improvement; but 'tis a Drunken, Stumbling, Reeling, ill favour'd Motion, like that of Reeds, which the Air casually waves to and fro at pleasure. *Antiochus* had in his Youth effectually written in Favour of the *Academy*, but in his old Age he wrote as much against it: would not which of these two soever I should Follow, be still *Antiochus*? After having establish'd the incertainty, to go about to establish the certainty of humane Opinions, was it not to establish Doubt, and not Certainty? And to promise, that had he had yet another Age to live, he would be always upon terms of altering his Judgment, not so much for the better, as for something else? The publick Favour has given me a little more confidence than I expected; but what I most fear, is, lest I should glut the World with my Writings: I had rather of the two nettle my Reader than tire him; as a Learned Man of my time has done. Praise is always pleasing, let it come from whom, or upon what account it will; yet ought a Man to Understand why he is commended, that he may know how to keep up the same Reputation still. The vulgar and common esteem is seldom happy in hitting Right; and I am much mistaken, if amongst the Writings of my Time, the worst are not those which have most gain'd the popular applause. For my part, I confess my self oblig'd, and return my Thanks to those good-natur'd Men, who are pleas'd to take my weak Endeavours in good Part. The Faults of the Workmanship are no where so apparent, as in a matter which of it self has no Recommendation; Blame not me, Reader, for those that slip in here, by the Fancy or inadvertency of others; every hand, every Artizan contribute their own Materials. I neither concern my self with *Orthography* (and

(and only care to have it after the old way) nor <sup>Orthogra-
phy and
Pointing
despis'd.</sup> Pointing, being very unexpert both in the one and the other. Where they wholly break the Sence, I am very little concern'd, for they at least discharge me; but where they substitute a false one, as they so often do, and wrest me to their Conception, they ruine me. When the Sentence nevertheless is not strong enough for my Proportion, a civil Person ought to reject it as spurious, and none of mine. Whoever shall know how lazie I am, and how indulgent to my own Humour, will easily believe that I had rather write as many more Essays, than be ty'd to revise these over again for so childish a Correction. I was saying elsewhere, that being planted in the very center of this new Religion, I am not only depriv'd of any great Familiarity with Men of other kind of Manners than my own, and of other Opinions, by which they hold together, as by a tie that supercedes all other Obligations; but moreover, I do not live without danger, amongst Men to whom all Things are equally Lawful, and of whom the most part cannot offend the Laws more than they have already done; from whence the extreme degree of Licence does proceed. All the particular Circumstances respecting me being sum'd up together, I do not find one Man of my Country; who pays so dear for the defence of our Laws both in cost and damages (as the Lawyers say) as my self. And some there are who vapour and brag of their Zeal and Constancy, that if Things were justly weigh'd, do not much less than I. My House, as one that has ever been open and free to all Corners, and civil to all; (for I could never perswade my self to make a Garrison of it, that being to make it the aim of the remotest Enemy) has sufficiently merited a popular kindness, and so that it would be a hard matter justly to insult over me upon my

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own Dung-hill; and I look upon it as a wonderful and exemplary thing, that it yet continues a Virgin from Blood and Plunder during so long a storm, and so many neighbouring Revolutions and Tumults. For to confess the truth, it had been possible enough, for a Man of my Complexion, to have shaken hands with any one constant and continued Form whatever. But the contrary Invasions and Incurfions, Revolutions, and Vicissitudes of Fortune round about me, have hitherto more exasperated, than calmed and mollified the humour of the Country, and involve me over and over again, with invincible Difficulties and Dangers. I 'scape, 'tis true, but am troubled that it is more by Chance, and something of my own Prudence, than by Justice, and am not satisfied to be out of the Protection of the *Laws*, and under any other safe-guard than theirs. As matters stand, I live above one half by the Favour of others; which is an untoward Obligation. I do not like to owe my safety either to the Generosity or Affection of great Persons, who are content to allow me my Liberty, or to the obliging Manners of my Predecessors, or my own. For what if I was another kind of Man? If my Deportments, and the frankness of my Conversation or Relation oblige my Neighbours, 'tis cruel that they should acquit themselves of that Obligation, in only permitting me to live, and that they may say, We allow him the free Liberty of having Divine Service read in his own private *Chappel*, when it is interdicted in all Churches round about, and allow him the use of his Goods, and the fruition of his Life, as one that protects our Wives and Cattle in time of need. For my House has for many *Descents*, had in the Reputation of *Lycurgus* the *Asbenian*, who was the general *Feoffee* and *Guardian* of the Purcs of his Fellow-Citizens, Now I am clearly

Lycurgus is
the general
Trustee
for all his
Fellow-
Citizens.

of

of Opinion, that a Man should live by Authority, and not either by Recompence or Favour. How many gallant Men have rather chosen to lose their Lives, than to abandon their Duty? I hate to subject my self to any sort of Obligation, but above all, to that which binds me by the Duty of Honour. I think nothing so dear as what is given me, and that because my Will lies at pawn under the title of Ingratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be sold; being of Opinion, that for the last I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give my self. The Knot that binds me by the Laws of Courtesie, pinches me more than that of legal Constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a *Scrivener*, than by my self. It is not reason that my Conscience should be much more engag'd when Men simply rely upon it? In a Bond, my Faith owes nothing because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the Wall of a Prison, and the Laws themselves, than my own Word. I am nice, even to ^{Promises} Superstition, in keeping my Promises, and therefore upon all Occasions have a care to make them ^{to be} ^{strictly} ^{observ'd.} certain and conditional. To those of no great moment, I add the jealousy of my own Rule to make it weight; it racks and oppresses me with its own Interest. Even in Actions that are wholly my own, and free, if I once say it, I conceive that I have bound my self, and that delivering it to the knowledge of another, I have positively enjoyn'd it my own performance. Methinks I promise it, if I but say it, and therefore am not apt to say much of that kind. The Sentence that I pass upon my self is more severe than that of a Judge, who only considers the common Obligation; but my Conscience looks upon it with

Cicero de
Offic.

with a more severe and penetrating Eye, I lag in those Duties to which I should be compell'd if I did not go. *Hoc ipsum ita justum est quod recte fit, si est voluntarium.* Even that which is well done, is only just, when 'tis voluntary. If the Action has not some splendor of Liberty, it has neither Grace nor Honour.

Ter. Adel.
Act. 3.
Senec. 5.

Quod me jus cogit, vix Voluntate impetrent.

That which the Laws have power to constrain, They from my Will would hardly e'er obtain.

Where Necessity draws me, I love to let my Will take its own Course. *Quia quicquid imperio cogitur, exigenti magis quam prestanti acceptum refertur.* For whatever is compell'd by Power, is more imputed to him that exacts, than to him that performs. I know some who follow this Rule, even to Injustice, who will sooner give than restore, sooner lend than pay, and will do them the least good to whom they are most oblig'd. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I so much love to disengage and disoblige my self, that I have sometimes look'd upon Ingratitudes, Affronts, and Indignities which I have receiv'd from those, to whom either by Nature or Accident I was bound in some Duty of Friendship, as an Advantage to me, taking this occasion of their ill usage, for an acquittance and discharge of so much of my Debt. And though I still continue to pay them all the Offices of publick Reason, I notwithstanding find my self very sparing of doing that upon the account of Justice, which I did upon the score of Affection, and am little eas'd of my former Solicitude by my inward Will. *Est prudentis sustinere ut cursum, sic impetum benevolentia.* 'Tis the part of a wise Man to keep a curbing hand, as upon the ordinary pace, so especially upon the preci-

Cicero de
Amicitia.

precipitation of his good Will; which is in me too urging and pressing where I take; at least, for a Man who loves not to be strain'd at all. And this husbanding my Friendship serves me for a sort of Consolation in the imperfections of those in whom I am concern'd. I am sorry they are not so much as I could wish they were, but so it is, that I also go less in my Application and Engagement, towards them. I approve of a Man that is the less fond of his Child for having a scald-head or being crooked, and not only when he is ill-natur'd, but also when he is unhappy and imperfect in his Limbs, (for God himself has abated that from his value and natural estimation) provided he carry himself in this coldness of Affection with Moderation and exact Justice. Proximity lessens not defects with me, but rather makes them greater. After all, according to what I understand in the Science of Benefits and Acknowledgement (which is a subtle Science and of great use) I know no Person whatever more free and less indebted than I am at this Hour. What I do owe, is simply to common and natural Obligations; as to any thing else, no Man is more absolutely clear.

— *nec sunt mihi nota potentum*
Mimera. —

Æneid.
l. 12.

The Gifts of great Men are to me unknown.

Princes give me a great deal, if they take nothing from me; and do me *good* enough, if they do me no *harm*? that's all I ask. Oh, how am I oblig'd to Almighty God, who has been pleas'd that I should immediately receive all I have from his Bounty, and particularly reserv'd all my Obligation

to

to himself! How instantly do I beg of his holy Compassion, that I may never owe a real Thanks to any one! O happy Liberty wherein I have thus far liv'd! May it continue with me to the last. I endeavour to have no need of any one. *In me omnis spes est mihi. All my hope is in my self.* 'Tis what every one may do in himself, but more easily they whom God has plac'd in a Condition exempted from natural and urgent Necessities. It is a wretched and dangerous Thing to depend upon others. Our selves, which is the most just and safest Refuge, are not sufficiently assur'd. I have nothing mine but my self, and yet the possession is in part defective and borrow'd. I fortifie my self both in *Courage*, which is the strongest assistant, and also in *Fortune*, therein wherewith to satisfie my self, though every thing else should forsake me. *Eleus Hippias* did not only furnish himself with Knowledge, that he might at need cheerfully retire from all other Company to enjoy the *Muses*, nor with the Knowledge of *Philosophy* only to teach his Soul to be contented with it, and bravely to subsist without outward Conveniences, when Fate would have it so; he was moreover so curious, as to learn Cookery, to shave himself, to make his own Cloaths, his own Shooes and Drawers, to provide for all his Necessities in himself, and to wean himself from the Assistance of others. A Man more freely and cheerfully enjoys borrowed Conveniencies, when it is not an Enjoyment forc'd and constrain'd by need, and when a Man has in his own Will and Fortune wherewithal to live without them. I know my self very well. But 'tis hard to imagine any so pure Liberality of any one towards me, any so Free and frank Hospitality, that would not appear to me Unhandsom, Tyrannical, and tainted with reproach, if Necessity had reduc'd me to it. As
giving.

given is an Ambitious and Authorative Quality, so is accepting a Quality of Submission. Witness *That 'tis* the injurious and quarrellsome refusal that *Bajazet* injurious made of the Presents that *Themir* sent him; and *to refuse a* those that were offer'd in the behalf of the Emperour *Solyman* to the Emperour of *Calicut*, were so much disdain'd by him, that he not only rudely rejected them; saying, that neither he nor any of his Predecessors had ever been wont to take, and that it was their Office to give; but moreover caus'd the Ambassadors sent for that purpose to be put into a Dungeon. When *Thetis*, says *Aristotle*, flatters *Jupiter*, when the *Lacedemonians* flatter the *Athenians*, they never put them in mind of the good they have receiv'd from them, which is *That 'tis* always odious, but of the benefits they have receiv'd from them; such as I see so frequently employ *odious to* every one in their Affairs, and thrust themselves *reproach* into so much Obligation, would never do it, did *any with* they but relish the sweetness of a pure Liberty as I *a Benefit* do, and did they but weigh, as wise Men should, the burthen of Obligation. 'Tis sometimes peradventure fully return'd, but 'tis never dissolved. 'Tis a miserable slavery to a Man that loves to be at full Liberty upon all Accounts. Such as know me, both better and meaner Men than my self, are able to say whether they have ever known a Man less importuning, soliciting, entreating, and pressing upon others than I; But if I am, and be a degree beyond all modern Example, 'tis no great wonder so many parts of my Manners contributing to it. A little natural Pride, an impatience of being refus'd, the contradiction of my Desires and Designs, and my most beloved Qualities, Idleness and Freedom; by all these together I have conceiv'd a mortal hatred to being oblig'd to any other than my self. I prodigally lay out all I can rap and wring of my own, rather than employ the bounty of

of another in any light or Important Occasion or necessity whatever. My Friends do strangely importune me, when they advise me to call in a Third Person, and I think it costs me little less to disengage him who is indebted to me by making use of him, than to engage my self to him that owes me nothing: These Conditions being remov'd, provided they require of me nothing of any great trouble or care; (for I have renounc'd all business that requires great diligence) I am easily intreated, and ready to do every one the best Service I can: But yet I have, I confess, more avoided receiving than sought Occasions of giving, and also, according to *Aristotle*, it is more easie. My Fortune has allow'd me but little to do others good withal, and the little it can afford is put into a pretty close hand. Had I been Born a great Person, I should have been Ambitious to have made my self Belov'd, not to make my self Fear'd or Admir'd; Shall I more plainly express it, I should more have endeavour'd to please than to do good. *Cyrus* very wisely, and, by the Mouth of a great *Captain*, and better *Philosopher*, prefers his Bounty and Benefits much before his Valour and Warlike Conquests. And the elder *Scipio*, where ever he would raise his Esteem, sets a higher value upon his Affability and Humanity, than his Prowess and Victories, and has always this glorious Saying in his Mouth, *that he has given his Enemies as much Occasion to love him as his Friends.* I will then say, that if a Man must of necessity owe something, it ought to be by a more legitimate title than that whereof I am speaking, to which the necessity of this miserable War compels me; and not in so great a Debt as that of my total Preservation both of Life and Fortune, that overwhelms me. I have a thousand times gone to Bed at my own House with an apprehension that I should

should be betray'd and murder'd that very night
compounding with Fortune, that it might be
without terror, and with quick dispatch; and after
my *Pater noster* have cry'd out,

Impius hac tam culta novalia miles habebit?

Virg. *Æn.*
clog. 1.

(Grounds?)
Shall impious Soldiers have these new-plow'd

What remedy? 'tis the Place of my Birth, and
most of my Ancestors have here fix'd their Affec-
tion and Name; we inure our selves to whatever
we are accusom'd. And in so miserable a Condi-
tion as ours is, Custom is a great Bounty of Nature,
which beclouds our Senses to the sufferance of ma-
ny Evils. A *Civil War* has this with it, worse than
other Wars have, to make us stand Centinels in our
own Houses.

*Quam miserum, porta vitam miroque tuleri,
Vixque sua tutum viribus esse domus!*

Dr. Trist.
l. 4. *Æt.* 1.

To ones own Walls and Gates, 'tis wretched sure
To trust one's Life, yet scarce to be secure.

'Tis a grievous extremity for a Man to be justled
in his own House. The Country where I live is
always the first in Arms, and the last that lays
them down, and where there is never an absolute
Peace.

Tunc quoque cum pax est, trepidant formidine belli.

Lucan.

*quociens pacem fortuna lacessit;
Hac iter est bellis, melius fortuna dedisset
Orbe sub Eoo sedem, gelidaque sub Arcto,
Errantesque domos.*

Oh ill built City, too too near the Gaul!

Oh sadly situated Place! when all

Mr. May.

The World have Peace, we are the spoil of War,
And first that are invaded; happier far
Might we have liv'd in farthest North or East
Or wandering Tents of Scythia, than possess
The edge of Italy.

I sometimes extract the means to fortifie my self against these Considerations, from carelessness and sloth, which also in some sort bring us on to resolution. It oft befalls me to imagine and expect mortal dangers with a kind of delight. I stupidly plunge my self head-long into Death; without considering or taking a view of it, as into a Deep and obscure *Abyss*, which swallows me up at one leap, and involves me in an instant in a profound sleep without any sense of pain. And in these short and Violent Deaths, the Consequence that I fore-see administers more Consolation to me than the Effects does Fear. They say, that as Life is not better for being long, so Death is better for being not long. I do not so much evade being Dead, as I enter into confidence with dying. I wrap and shroud my self in the storm that is to blind and carry me away with the Fury of a sudden and unsensible Attack. Moreover, what if it should fall out, that as some *Gardeners* say, that *Roses* and *Violets* spring more odoriferent near unto *Garlick* and *Onions*, by reason that the last suck and imbibe all the ill odour of the Earth; that these deprav'd Natures should also attract all the malignity of my *Air* and *Climate*, and so render it

it so much better and purer by their vicinity, that I should not lose all? That cannot be, but there may be something in this, that Bounty and Goodness is more Beautiful and attractive when it is rare; and that Contrariety and Diversity Fortifies and Thuts up Well-doing within itself, and inflames it by the jealousy of Opposition and Glory. Thieves and Robbers (of their special Favour) have no particular aim at me, no more have I to them. I should have my hands too full. Like Consciences are lodg'd under several sorts of Robes; like Cruelty, Disloyalty, and Rapine; and much the worse as they are more mischievous to others, and more secure and conceal'd in themselves; under the colour of the Laws. I less hate an open profess'd injury, than one that is clandestine and Treacherous; an Enemy in Arms than an Enemy in a Gown. Our Fever has seiz'd upon a Body that is not much the worse for't. There was *Fire* before, and now 'tis broke out into a *Flame*. The *noise* is greater, the evil much the *same*. I casually answer such as ask me the reason of my Travels, *that I know very well what I fly from, but not what I seek*. If they tell me that may be as unhealthy among Strangers, and that their Manners are no purer than ours; I first reply; That that is hard to be believed.

Tam multa scelerum facies.

Virg. Georg.

Secondly, that it is always gain to change an ill Condition for one that is uncertain, and that the Ills of others ought not to concern us so much as those of our own. I will not here omit, that I never mutiny so much against *France*, that I am not perfectly Friends with *Paris*; that City has ever had my Heart from my Infancy; and it has falln out, as of excellent things, that the more Beautiful Cities I have seen since; the more

the Beauty of this does still win upon my Affection. I love it by its self, and more in its own native Being, than in all the Pomp of Foreign and acquir'd Embellishments; I love it tenderly, even to its warts and blemishes. I am not a *French* Man but by this great City, great in People, great in the Felicity of her Situation; but above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of Commodities; the Glory of *France*, and one of the most noble Ornaments of the World. God of his Goodness compose our *Differences*, and deliver us from this *Civil War*; I find her sufficiently defended from all other Violences. I give her caution, that of all sorts of People, those will be the worst that shall set it in division; I have no fears of her; but of her self; and certainly I have as much fear for her as for any other City in the Kingdom. Whilst she shall continue, I shall never want a *retreat*; where I may Live or Die, sufficient to make me amends for parting with any other *home* or *retreat* whatever. Not because *Socrates* has said so, but because it is in Truth my own Humour, and peradventure not without some excess. I look upon all Men as my Compatriots, and embrace a *Polander* with as sincere an Affection as a *French-Man*, preferring the Universal and common Tye, to all National Tyes whatever. I am not much taken with the sweetness of a natural Air: Acquaintance wholly new, and wholly my own, appear to me full as good as the other common and accidental ones with our Neighbours. Friendships that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily carry it above those to which the Communication of the *Clime* or of *Blood* oblige us. *Nature* has plac'd us in the World free and unbound, we imprison our selves in certain streights, like the Kings of *Persia*, who oblige themselves to drink no other Water but that of the

the River *Choaſpes*, and fooliſhly quit claim to their right of Uſage in all other Streams; and as to what concern'd themſelves, dried up all the other Rivers of the World. What *Socrates* did towards his end, to look upon a Sentence of Banishment, as worſe than a Sentence of Death againſt him; I ſhall, I think, never be either ſo decrepit, or ſo ſtrictly habituated to my own *Country*, to be of that Opinion. Theſe Celeſtial Lives have images enough, which I embrace more by Eſteem, than Affection; and they have ſome alſo ſo elevated and extraordinary, that I cannot embrace themſo much as by Eſteem, forasmuch as I cannot conceive them. This Humour was very tender in a Man that thought the whole World his *City*. It is true, that he diſdain'd *Travel*, and had hardly ever ſet his Foot out of the *Attick* Territories. What though he complain'd of the Money his Friends offer'd to ſave his Life, and that he refus'd to come out of Priſon by the Mediation of others; not to diſobey the *Laws* in a time when they were otherwiſe ſo corrupted? Theſe Examples are of the firſt kind for me; of the ſecond there are others that I could find out in the ſame Perſon. Many of theſe rare Examples ſurpaſs the Force of my Action; but ſome of them do moreover ſurpaſs the Force of my Judgment. Theſe Reaſons ſet aſide, *Travel* is in my Opinion a very improving thing; the Soul is there continually imploy'd in Obſerving New and unknown Things: And I do not know, as I have often ſaid, a better School wherein to model Life, than by inceſſantly expoſing to it the diverſity of ſo many other Lives, Fancies, and Uſances; and to make it reliſh ſo perpetual a variety of the Form of Humane Nature. The Body is therein neither Idle nor overwrought, and that moderate Agitation puts it in breath. I can keep

The Water of the River *Choaſpes*, the beverage of the *Perſian* Kings.

Death prefer'd to Banishment.

on Horseback, as much tormented with the Stone as I am, without alighting or being weary, eight or ten hours together.

Quid. 6. Vires ultra sortemque senectæ.

Beyond the Strength and common use of Age.

Umbrella's of Italy.

No Season is Enemy to me, but the parching heat of a scorching Sun; for the *Umbrella's* made use of in *Italy*, ever since the time of the ancient *Romans*, more burthen a Man's Arm than they relieve his Head. I would fain know what pain it was to the *Persians* so long ago, and in the infancy of their Luxury, to make such *Ventiducts*, and plant such *Shades* about their abodes, as *Xenophon* reports they did. I love Rain, and to dabble in the Dirt; as well as tame Ducks do; the change of Air and Climate never concern me: Every Sky is alike. I am only troubled with inward Alterations, which I breed within my self, and those are not so frequent in *Travel*. I am hard to be got out, but being once upon the Road, I hold out as well as the best. I take as much pains in little, as in great Attempts; and am as solicitous to equip my self, for a short *Journey*, if but to visit a Neighbour, as for the longest *Voyage*. I have learn'd to travel after the *Spanish* Fashion, and to make but one Stage of a great many Miles; and in excessive heats, I always travel by Night, from Sun-set, to Sun-rising. The other method of baiting by the way, in hast and hurry to gobble up a Dinner, is, especially in short days, very inconvenient. My Horses perform the better, for never any Horse tired under me, that was able to hold out the first day's Journey: I water them at every Brook I meet, and have only a care they have so much way to go before I come to my Inn, as will

The Spanish way of Travelling.

will warm the Water in their Bellies. My unwillingness to rise in a Morning, gives my Servants leisure to Dine at their Ease before they go out. For my own part, I never eat too late; my Appetite comes to me in Eating, and not else, and am never hungry but at Table. Some of my Friends blame me for continuing this travelling Humour, being married and old. But they are out in't; for it is the best time to leave a Man's House, when a Man has put it into a way of continuing without us; and settled such an *Oeconomy*, as corresponds to it. For mere Government, 'tis much greater imprudence to abandon it to a less faithful House-keeper, and who will be less solicitous to provide for the Family, and look after your Affairs. The most useful and honourable Knowledge and Employment for the Mother of a Family, is, the *Science* of good Housewifry. I see some that are *covetous* indeed, but very few that are *saving*. 'Tis the supreme Quality of a Woman, and that a Man ought to seek after before any other, as the only *Dowry* that must ruine or preserve our Houses. Let Men say what they will, according to the Experience I have learn'd, I require in married Women the *Oeconomical* Vertue above all other Vertues; I put my Wife to't, as a Concern of her own, leaving her by my absence the whole Government of my Affairs. I see, and am aham'd to see, in several *Families* I know, *Monsieur*, about Dinner-time, come home all dirt, and in great disorder, from trotting about amongst his Husbandmen and Labourers, when Madam is perhaps scarce out of her Bed, and afterwards is pouncing and tricking up her self forsooth in her Closet. This is for *Queens* to do, and that's a Question too. 'Tis ridiculous, and unjust, that the Laziness of our Wives should be maintain'd with our Sweat and Labour. No Man, forasmuch

That Con-
jugal
Friendship
grows
warm by
absence.

much as in me lies, shall have a more free and liberal, a more quiet and free fruition of his Estate than I. If the *Husband* bring Matter, *Nature* her self will that the *Wife* find the Form. As to the Duties of Conjugal Friendship, that some think to be violated by the absence, I am quite of another Opinion; it is on the contrary an *Intelligence* that easily cools by a too frequent and assiduous Practice. Every strange Woman appears graceful, and every one finds by Experience, that being continually together is not so pleasing, as to part for a time, and meet again. These interruptions inflame me anew towards my Wife, and render my own House more pleasant to me. Absence, and change of Place, renew my Appetite both to the one and the other. I know that the Arms of Friendship are long enough to reach from the one end of the World to the other, and especially this, where there is a continual communication of Offices that rouse the Obligation and Remembrance. The *Sticks* say, that there is so great Connexion and Relation amongst wise Men, that he who dines in *France*, nourishes his Companion in *Agypt*; and that whoever does but hold out his Finger, in what part of the World soever, all the wise Men upon the habitable Earth feel themselves assisted by it. Fruition and Possession principally appertain to the Imagination. It more fervently and constantly embraces what it is in quest of, than what we hold in our Arms. Let a Man but consider and cast up his daily Thoughts, and he will find, that he is most absent from his Friend when in his Company. His Assistance relieves your Attention, and gives your Thoughts liberty to absent themselves at every turn, and upon every Occasion. When I am at *Rome*, I keep and govern my House, and the Conveniences I there left, see my
Walls

Walls rise, my Trees shoot, and my Revenue increase, or decrease, very near as well as when I am there.

Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum.

Or. Triß.
l. 3. Eleg. 4.

My House, and forms of places constantly
Present themselves unto my Fancy's Eye.

If we enjoy nothing but what we touch, we may say farewell to the Money in our Closets, and to our Sons when they are gone a hunting. We will have them nearer to us. Is the Garden, or half a day's Journey from home so far? What is ten Leagues, far or near? If near, what is Eleven, Twelve, or Thirteen? and so by degrees. In earnest, if there be a Woman who can tell her Husband what step ends the *near*, and what step begins the *remote*, I would advise her to stop between.

—— *excludat jurgia finis :*

Uxor permissa, caudaque polos ut equina.

Paulatim vello : & demo unum, deno etiam unum

Dum cadat clusus ratione ruentis acervi.

Hor. lib. 2.
Epist. 1.

—— the whole Horse-tail we may.

Sir W. R.

Thus hair by hair, at length pluck quite away.

And let them in God's Name call *Philosophy* to their Assistance; in whose Teeth it may be cast, that seeing it neither discerns the one nor the other end of the joynt, betwixt the too much and the little, the long and the short, the light and the heavy, the near and remote, that seeing it discovers neither the beginning nor the end, it must needs judge very uncertainly of the middle.

Rerum

etc. Acad. Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium.
lib. 4.

The bewitch'd of
Karenty.

Are they not still Wives and Friends to the dead, who are not only at the end of this, but in the other World? We embrace not only the absent, but those who have been, and those who are not yet. We do not promise in Marriage to be continually twisted and linkt together, like some little Animals that we see or like those of *Karenty* that are bewitch'd, tied together like Dogs. And a Wife ought not to be so greedily enamour'd of her Husband's *Fore-parts*, that she cannot endure to see him turn his *Back*, if occasion be. But may not this saying of that excellent Painter of Womens Humours be here introduc'd, to shew the Reason of their Complaints?

Ter. Adel.
Act. 1.
Scen. 1.

Uxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat,
Aut te amari, aut potare, aut animo obsequi,
Et tibi bene esse solum, cum sibi sit male.

Thy Wife, if thou stay't long abroad, is mov'd,
 Thinking thou either lov'ft, or art belov'd;
 Drinking, or something else, thy self to please,
 And that thou'rt well, whilst she is ill at ease.

Of the Utility the absence of a Friend is.

Or may it not be, that of it self Opposition and Contradiction entertains and nourishes them, and that they sufficiently accommodate themselves, provided they incommode you? In your Friendship, wherein I pretend to be as perfect as another, I more give my self to my Friend, than I endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleas'd in doing him service, than if he conferr'd a Benefit upon me; but moreover, had rather he should do himself good than me, and he most obliges me when he does so. And if Absence be either more pleasant or convenient for him, 'tis also more acceptable to me than his Presence; neither is it properly Absence, when we can

write

write to one another. I have sometimes made good Use of our Separation from one another. We better fill'd, and further extended the possession of Life in being parted. He liv'd, rejoyc'd, and sav for me, and I for him, as plainly as if he had himself been there; one part remain'd Idle, and we confounded one another when we were together. The distance of *Place* rendred the Conjunction of our *Wills* more Rich. This insatiable desire of Personal Presence, a little implies Weakness in the fruition of Souls. As to what concerns Age, which is alledg'd against me, 'tis quite contrary; 'tis for Youth to subject it self to common Opinions, and to curb it self to please others. It has wherewithal to please both the People and its self; we have but too much ado to please our selves alone. As natural Conveniences fail, let us supply them with those that are Artificial. 'Tis Injustice to excuse Youth for pursuing its Pleasures, and to forbid old Men to seek them. When Young, I conceal'd my Wanton Passions with Prudence; now I am Old, I chase away Melancholy by Debauch. And thus do the *Platonick Laws* forbid Travel till Forty or Fifty Years Old, that Mens Travels might be more Useful and Instructive in so mature an Age. I should sooner subscribe to this Second Article of the *Laws*, which forbids it after Threescore; but at such an Age you will never return from so long a Journey. What care I for that? I neither undertake it to return nor to finish it. My business is only to keep my self in motion whilst motion pleases me, and only walk for the walk's sake. They who hunt after a Benefice, or a Hare, run not; they only run that run at *Base*, and to exercise their running. My design is divisible throughout, it is not grounded upon any great hopes, every day concludes my expectation. And the Journey of
my

my Life is carried on after the same manner ; and yet I have seen Places enough a great way off, when I could have wish'd to have been stay'd. And why not, if *Chrysepus*, *Cleantes*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Anisipater*, so many *Sages* of the fourest *Sett*, chearfully abandoned their Country, without occasion of complaint, and only for the enjoyment of another Air ? In earnest, that which most displeases me in all my Voyages, is, that I cannot resolve to settle my Abode where I should best like, but that I must always propose to my self to return, to accommodate my self to the common Humour. If I fear'd to die in any other Place than that of my Birth ; if I thought I should die more uneasily remote from my own Family, I should hardly go out of *France* ; I should not without fear step out of my Parish. I feel Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back : But I am of another temper, 'tis in all Places alike to me ; yet, might I have my choice, I think I should rather choose to Die on *Horseback* than in a *Bed*, out of my own House, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Consolation in taking leave of ones *Friends* ; I am willing to omit that civility, for that of all the Offices of Friendship is the only one that is unpleasant, and could with all my Heart dispence with that great and Eternal Farewel. If there be any convenience in so many standers by, it brings an hundred inconveniences along with it. I have seen many miserably Dying, surrounded with all their Train : 'Tis a crowd that choaks them. 'Tis against Duty, and a Testimony of little kindness, and little care, to permit you to Die in Repose, one torments your Eyes, another afflicts your Ears, another tires your faultring Tongue ; you have neither Sense nor Member that is not violated by them : Your Heart is wounded with compassion to
hear

hear the mourning of those that are your real Friends, and perhaps with spite, to hear the counterfeit condolences of those who only pretend and make a shew of being so. Whoever has been delicate that way, when well, is much more so in his weakness. In such a necessity a tender Hand is required, and accommodated to his *Sentiments*, to scratch him just in the place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. If we stand in need of a * *Knowing Woman* to bring us into the World, we have much more need of a wiser Man to help up us out of it. Such a one, and a Friend to Boot, a Man ought to purchase at any Rate for such an Occasion: I am not yet arriv'd to such a pitch of Bravery as to disdain all Assistance in that fatal Hour, nor pretend to be able so to fortifie my self in my own Strength, that nothing can Assist or Offend me; I have not brought my self to that: I endeavour to hide my self, and to escape from this Passage, not by *Fear* but by *Art*. I do not intend in this Act of dying to Muster up and make a shew of my constancy. For whom should I do it? All the Right and Title I have to Reputation will then cease. I content my self with a Death involv'd within it self, quite, solitary, and all my own, suitable to my retir'd and private Life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superstition, where a Man was look'd upon as unhappy, who died without speaking, and that had not his nearest Relations to close his Eyes. I have enough to do to comfort my self, without giving my self the trouble of consoling others; thoughts enough in my Head, not to need that Circumstances should possess me with new; and matter enough to entertain my self withal without borrowing. This critical minute is out of the part of Society, 'tis the Act of one single Person. Let us live, and be merry amongst our *Friends*, let us go
Lye,

* viz. A
Midwife
so call'd
in French.

The Eyes
of dying
Persons
clos'd by
their near-
est Relati-
ons.

Dye, and be fullen amongst *Strangers*. A Man may find those for his Money, that will shift his Pillow, and rub his Feet, and will trouble him no more than he would have them; who will present him with an indifferent Countenance, and suffer him to govern himself, and to complain according to his own Method. I wear my self daily by my Reason from this childish and inhumane Humour, of desiring by our sufferings to move the Compassion and Mourning of our Friends. We stretch our Inconveniencies beyond their just extent when we extract tears from them, and the Constancy which we commend in every one in supporting his own adverse Fortune; we accuse and reproach in our Friends when the case is our own; we are not satisfied that they should be sensible of our Condition only; unless they be moreover afflicted. A Man should publish and communicate his *Joy*, but as much as he can, conceal and smother his *Grief*: He that makes himself lamented without Reason, is a Man not to be lamented when there shall be real Cause. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; by making himself always in so pitiful a Taking, he is never commiserated by any. He that makes himself Dead when he is alive, is subject to be thought likely to Live when he is Dying. I have seen some, who have taken it ill when they have been told that they look'd well, and that their Pulse was temperate, contain their smiles, because they betray'd a Recovery, and be angry at their Health because it was not to be lamented: And, which is a great deal more, they were not Women neither. I describe my Infirmities, but such as they really are at most, and avoid all Expreffions of ill Prognostick and compos'd Exclamations: If not Mirth, at least, a temperate Countenance in the standers by, is proper in the Presence of a Wife

Mourning
very im-
proper a-
bout sick
Persons.

Wife sick Man. He does not quarrel with Health, for seeing himself in a contrary Condition. He is pleas'd to contemplate it found and intire in others, and at least to enjoy it for Company. He does not, for feeling himself melt away, abandon all thoughts of Life, nor avoid to discourse of ordinary and indifferent things. I will study sickness whilst I am well; when it has seiz'd me it will make its Impression real enough, without the help of my Imagination. We prepare our selves before hand for the Journey we undertake and resolve upon, we leave the appointment of the Hour when to take Horse to the Company, and in their favour defer it. I find this unexpected advantage in the publication of my Manners, that it in some sort serves me for a Rule. I have sometimes some consideration of not betraying or falsifying the History of my Life. This publick *Declaration* obliges me to keep my way, and not to give the lie to the Image I have drawn of my Qualities, commonly less deform'd and interdicted than the malignity and infirmity of the Judgments of this Age would have them. The uniformity and simplicity of my Manners produce a Face of easie interpretation, but because the fashion is a little new, and out of Use, it gives great opportunity to slander. Yet so it is, that whoever will go about justly to condemn me, I do think I so sufficiently assist his Malice in my known and avow'd Imperfections, that he may that way satisfy his ill nature, without fighting with the Wind. If I my self to prevent this accusation and discovery, confess enough to frustrate his malice, as he conceives, 'tis but reason that he make Use of his right of amplification, and to wire-draw my Vices as far as he can; Offence has a right beyond Justice; and let him make the roots of those errors I have laid open to him shoot up into Trees and Branches: Let him make his Use, not

only

only of those I am really infected with, but also of those that only threaten me; Injurious Vices both in quality and number. Let him cudgel me that way. I should willingly follow the example of the Philosopher *Dion*: *Antigonus* being about to reproach him with the meanness of his Birth, he presently cut him short, with this Declaration; *I am, said he, the Son of a Slave, a Butcher, and stigmatiz'd, and of a Whore, my Father married in the lowest of his Fortune, who both of them were whipt for Offences they had committed. An Orator bought me, when a Child, and finding me a pretty and hopeful Boy, bred me up, and when he died left me all his Estate, which I have transported into this City of Athens, and here settled my self to the study of Philosophy.* Let the Historians never trouble themselves with inquiring after me. I shall tell them what I am; and a free and generous Confession enervates Reproach, and disarms Slander. So it is, that, one thing with another, I fanſie Men as oft commend, as undervalue me beyond reason. As methinks also, from my infancy, in rank and degree of Honour, they have given me a place rather above than below my right. I should find my self more at ease in a Country where these Degrees were either regulated or not regarded. Amongst Men, when the difference about the precedency either of walking or sitting exceeds three replies, 'tis reputed uncivil. I never stick at giving, or taking place out of Rule, to avoid the trouble of Ceremony. And never any Man had a Mind to go before me, but I permitted him to do it. Besides the profit I make of writing of my self, I have also hop'd for this other advantage, that if it should fall out that my humour should please, or jump, with those of some honest Man, before I die, he would then desire, and seek to be acquainted with me, and to come up to me. I have given him a great deal of space;

for

for all that he could have in many Years acquir'd by a long familiarity; he has seen in three Days in this memorial, and more simply and exactly set down. A pleasant Fancy: Many Things that I would not confess to any one in particular; I deliver to the Publick; and send my best Friends to a Bookseller's Shop, there to inform themselves concerning my most secret Thoughts.

Estimabile damis praevidis.

For. 248.

My Intrails lay open to Mens view. Had I by good Direction known where to have sought any more paper for my Conversation, I should certainly have gone a great way to have found him out. For the Sweetness of suitable and agreeable Company, cannot, in my Opinion, be bought too dear. Oh! What a Thing is a true Friend! How true is that old saying, *The Use of a Friend is not pleasure and necessity alone the Elements of Wit and Fate!* To return to my Subject, these are then no great harm in dying privately; and far from home. And we also conceive our selves oblig'd to retire for natural Actions less unseemly, and less terrible than this. But moreover, such as are reduc'd to spin out a long Languishing Life, ought not perhaps to wish to trouble a great Family with their continual Miseries. Therefore the *Indians*, in a certain Province, thought it just to knock a Man 'oth' Head, when reduc'd to such a Necessity: And in another of their Provinces they all forsook him, to shift for himself as well as he could. To whom do they not at least become tedious and insupportable? You teach your best Friends to be cruel of Force; hardning Women

How useful and necessary a Friend is.

T

and

and Children by long use, neither to lament, nor to regard your sufferings. The Grains forc'd from us by the pain of the Stone, were grown so familiar to my People, that no body took any more notice of them. And though we should extract some Pleasure from their Conversation, (which does not always happen, by reason of the Disparity of Conditions, which easily begets Contempt or Envy toward any one whatever) is it not too much to be troublesome all the days of a Man's Life? The more I should see them force themselves out of real Affection to be serviceable to me, the more I should be sorry for their pains. We have liberty to lean, but not to lay our whole weight upon others; so as to prop our selves by their Ruin. Like him who caus'd little Childrens Throats to be cut, to make use of their Blood for the cure of a certain Disease he had: Or that other, who was continually supply'd with tender young Girls, to keep his old Limbs warm in the Night, and to mix the Sweetness of theirs with his sour and stinking Breath. Decrepitude is a solitary Quality. I am forcible even to excess; and I think it reasonable that I should now withdraw my Miseries from the sight of the World, and keep them to my self. Let me shrink and draw up my self like a Tortoise. I learn to see Men without hanging upon them, I should endanger them in to steep a passage. 'Tis now time to turn my back to company. But in these Travels you may be surpris'd with Sickness in some wretched place where nothing can be had to relieve you: I always carry most Things necessary about me; and besides, we cannot evade Fortune, if she once resolve to attack us. I need nothing extraordinary when I am Sick. I will not be beholden

beholden to my *Boots* to do that for me which Nature cannot. At the very beginning of my Fevers, and Sicknesſes that caſt me down, whilſt in the, and but a little diſorder in my Health, I reconcile my ſelf to *Almighty God* by the laſt Chriſtian Offices, and find my ſelf by ſo doing leſs oppreſs'd, and more eaſie, and have got methinks ſo much the better of my Diſeaſe. And I have yet leſs need of a Scrivener or Councellor, than of a Phyſician. What I have not ſetled of my Affairs when I was in *Health*, let no one expect I ſhould do it when I am *Sick*. What I will do for the ſervice of *Death*, is always done. I durſt not ſo much as one day defer it. And if nothing be done, 'tis as much as to ſay, either that doubt hinder'd my choice, (and ſometimes 'tis well choſen not to chooſe) or that I was poſitively reſolv'd not to do any Thing at all. I write my Book to few Men, and to few Years. Had it been matter of duration, I ſhould have put it into a better Language; for according to the continual variation that ours has been continually ſubject to, who can expect that the preſent force ſhould be in uſe Fifty Years hence? It ſlips every day through our Fingers, and ſince I was Born is alter'd above one Half. We ſay that it is now perfect, and every Age ſays the ſame of the Language then ſpoken: But I ſhall hardly truſt to that, ſo long as it varies and changes as it does. 'Tis for good and uſeful Writings to nail and rive it to them, and its Reputation will go according to the Fortune of our State. For which Reaſon, I am not afraid to inſert in it ſeveral private Articles, which will ſpend their uſe amongſt the Men that are now living, and that concern the particular Knowledge of ſome who will ſee further into them than every common Reader. I

will not after all, as I oft hear dead Men spoken of, that Men should say of me, *He judg'd and liv'd so and so; he would have done this or that, could he have spoke when he was Dying, he would have said so or so, and have given this Thing or That; I knew him better than any.* Now, as much as Decency permits, I here discover my Inclinations and Affections; but I do it more willingly and freely by word of Mouth, to any one who desires to be inform'd. So it is, that in these *Memoirs*, if any observe, he will find, that I have either told, or design'd to tell all, what I cannot express, I point out with my Finger.

Eucrot.
4. 1.

*Peram animo satis hac vestigia parva sagaci
Sunt, per qua possis cognoscere cetera vita*

But by these Foot-steps a sagacious mind
May easily all other Matters find.

I leave nothing to be desir'd, or to be guess'd at concerning me. If People must be talking of me, I would have it to be justly and Truly. I would come again with all my Heart from the other World, to give any one the Lie that should report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. I perceive that People represent, even living Men, quite another Thing than what they really are. And had I not stoutly defended a Friend, whom I have lost, they would have torn him into a Thousand several Pieces. To conclude the account of my frail Humours, I do confess, that in my Travel, I seldom come to my Inn, but that it comes into my Mind to consider whether I could there be Sick, and Dying at my ease; I would be lodg'd in some convenient part of the House, remote from all Noise,

Noise, ill Scents, and Smoke. I endeavour to flatter Death by these frivolous Circumstances; or to say better, to discharge my self from all other Incumbrances, that I may have nothing to do, nor to be troubled with any Thing but it, which will lie heavy enough upon me without the Assistance of any other Thing to mend the Load. I would have my Death share in the ease and conveniences of my Life; 'tis a great part of it, and of the greatest importance, and hope it will not for the future contradict what is past. Death has some Forms that are more easie than others, and receives divers Qualities, according to every one's Fancy. Amongst the natural ones, those that proceed from Weakness and Stupidity I think the most Favourable: Amongst those that are violent, I can worse endure to think of a Precipice than the fall of a House, that will crush me flat in a moment? and a wound with a Sword, than a Harguebuss shot: And should rather have chosen to poyson my self with *Socrates*, than stab my self with *Cato*. And though it be the same Thing, yet my Imagination makes as great a difference as betwixt Death and Life, betwixt throwing my self into a burning Furnace, and plunging into the Channel of a River: So idly does our Fear more concern it self in the Means than the Effect. It is but an instant, 'tis true, but withal, an instant of such weight, that I would willingly give a great many Days of my Life to pass it over after my own Fashion. Since every one's Imaginations renders it more or less terrible, and since every one has some choice amongst the several Forms of Dying, let us try a little further, to find some one that is wholly clear from all Offence. Might not one render it moreover Voluptuous, as they did who died with *Anthony* and

Cleopatra? I set aside the Brave and Exemplary Efforts produc'd by *Philosophy* and *Religion*. But amongst Men of little mark, such as *Petranius*, and a *Tigillinus* at *Rome*, there have been found Men condemn'd to dispatch themselves, who have as it were rock'd Death asleep with the delicacy of their Preparations; They have made it slip and steal away, even in the height of their accustomed Diversions. Amongst Whores and good Fellows, not a word of Consolation, no mention of making a Will, no ambitious Affectation of Confrancy, no talk of their future Condition: Amongst Sports, Feasts, Wit and Mirth, common and indifferent Discourses, Musick and Amorous Verses. Were it not possible for us to imitate this Resolution after a more decent manner? Since there are Deaths that are fit for Fools, and fit for the Wise, let us find out such as are Fit for those who are betwixt both. My Imagination suggests to me one that is easie, and since we must Die, to be desir'd. The *Roman Tyrants* thought they did in a manner give a Criminal Life, when they gave him the choice of his Death. But was not *Theophrastus*, that so delicate, so modest, and so Wise a *Philosopher*, compell'd by Reason, when he durst repeat this Verse translated by *Cicero*?

The manner of dying left to the choice of Criminals by the Tyrants.

Cic. Inoff.
lib. I.

Vitam regit Fortuna, non Sapientia.

Fortune, not Wisdom, humane Life doth sway.

Fortune is assisting to the Facility of the bargain of my Life; having plac'd it in such a condition that for the future it can be no advantage nor hinderance to those that are concern'd in me. 'Tis a Condition that I would have accepted at any time of my Age: But in this Occasion

Occasion of trussing up my Baggage, I am particularly pleas'd, that in Dying I shall neither do them good nor harm; she has so order'd it by a sensible Compensation, that they who may pretend to my considerable Advantage by my Death, will at the same time sustain a material inconvenience. Death sometimes is more grievous to us, in that it is grievous to others, and interests us in their interest as much as in our own, and sometimes more. In this Conveniency of lodging that I desire, I seek nothing of Pomp and Splendor, I hate it rather, but a certain plain neatness, which is often found in places where there is less of Art, and that Nature has adorn'd with some grace that is all her own. *Non amplius, sed minus* Cor. Regis
decor curvatur. *Plus satis quam sumptus.* in vice etc.
 And besides, 'tis for those whose Affairs compel them to Travel in the depth of Winter through the Grison Country, to be surpris'd upon the way with great Inconveniencies. I, who for the most part Travel for my Pleasure, do not order my Affairs so ill. If the way be foul on my Right-Hand, I turn on my Left; if I find my self unfit to Ride, I stay where I am; And in so doing, in earnest, I see nothing that is not as pleasant and commodious as my own House. 'Tis true, that I always find Superflinty Superfluous, and observe a kind of trouble even in abundance it self. Have I left any Thing behind me unseen, I go back to see it, 'tis still my way; I trace no certain line, either straight or crooked. Do I not find in the place to which I go what was reported to me? as it oft falls out, that the Judgments of others do not jump with mine, and that I have found those Reports for the most part false; I never complain of losing my Labour; I have at least inform'd my self that what was told me was not true. I have a Constituti-

on of Body as free, and a Palat as indifferent as any Man living: The diversity of Fashions of several Nations no further concern me than the inner pleasure of Variety. Every Useance has its Reason. Let the Plate and Dishes be Pewter, Wood, or Earth, my Meat be Boyl'd or Roasted, let them give me Butter or Oyl, of Nuts, or Olives, hot or cold, tis all one to me: And so indifferent, that growing Old, I accuse this generous Faculty, and have need that delicacy and choice should correct the Indiscretion of my Appetite, and sometimes relieve my Stomach. When I have been abroad out of *France*, and the People out of Courtesies have ask'd me, if I would be serv'd after the *French* manner, I laugh'd at the question, and always frequented Tables the most fill'd with Strangers. I am ashamed to see my Country-Men besotted with this foolish Humour of quarrelling with Forms contrary to their own. They seem to be out of their Element, when out of their own Village. Where ever they go, they keep strictly to their own Fashions, and abominate those of Strangers. Do we meet with a Comptriot in *Hungary*? Oh the happy Adventure! They are thenceforward inseparable, they cling together, and their whole Discourse is to condemn the barbarous manners they see there. And why barbarous, but because they are not *French*? And those have made the best use of their Travels, who have observ'd most to speak against; for most of them go for no other end, but to come again. They proceed in their Travel with great Gravity, and Circumspection, with a silent and incommunicable Prudence, preserving themselves from the Contagion of an unknown Air. What I am saying of them, puts me in Mind of something like it: I have sometimes observ'd in some

Some of our young Courtiers, they will not mix with any but Men of their own sort; and look upon us as Men of another World, with disdain and Pity. Put them upon any Discourse but the Intrigues of the Court, and they are utterly at a loss; as very Ouls and Novices to us, as we are to them. And 'tis truly said; that a well-bred Man is of a compound Education. I, on the contrary, Travel very much sated with our own Fashions; not to look for *Gascons* in *Sicily*, I have left them at Home; I rather seek for *Greeks* than *Persians*; they are the Men I endeavour to be acquainted with, and the Men I study; 'tis these that I bestow and employ my self: And, which is more, I Fancy that I have met but with few Customs that are not at least as good as our own. I have not, I confess, travell'd very far, scarce out of the sight of the Fanes of my burnhouse. As to the rest, most of the accidental Company a Man falls into upon the Road, beget him more Trouble than Pleasure; I wave them as much as I civilly can; especially now that Age seems in some sort to privilege and sequester me from the common Forms. You suffer for others; or others suffer for you; both of them inconveniences of importance enough, but the latter appears to me the greater. 'Tis a rare Fortune, but of inestimable value, to have a worthy Man, one of a sound Judgment, and of Manners conformable to your own, who takes a delight to bear your company. I have been at an infinite loss for that upon my Travels. But such a Companion should be chose and acquir'd from your first setting out. There can be no Pleasure to me without Communication: There is not so much as a spritely Thought comes into my Mind, that it does not grieve me to have produc'd alone,

and

Seneca.
Epiſt. 6.

and that I have no one to communicate it unto.
*ſi cum hac exceptioſe doctor Sapientie, ut illam
incluſam teneam, nec amicum, neque ſocium. If Wiſ-
dom were confin'd with this caution, that I muſt
keep it to my ſelf, and not communicate it to others,
I would none of it. This other has ſtrain'd it
one Note higher: Si contigerit ut vita ſapientis, ut*

Cicero de
Off. l. 1.

*omnium rerum affluentibus copis, quævis omnia,
quæ cognitionis digna ſunt, ſummis quo ſecum ipſe con-
ſiderat. Et contempletur, tamen ſi ſolitudo tanta ſit,
ut hominem videre non poſſit, excedat à vita. If ſuch
a condition of Life ſhould happen to a Wiſe Man, that
in the greateſt plenty of all Conſpicuences, he might
at the moſt unſuſtain'd & leiſure, conſider, and con-
template all Things worth the knowing, yet if his ſoli-
tude muſt be ſuch that he muſt not ſee a Man, he
had much better Die. Archias was of my Opinion,
when he ſaid, That it would be unpleaſant even
in Heaven it ſelf, to wander in thoſe great and
Divine Coeleſtial Bodies without a Companion.
But yet it is much better to be alone, than in
Fooliſh and Troubleſome Company. Ariſtippus
lov'd to live as a Stranger in all places:*

David.
l. 46.

*Mœa ſi fata meis poterantur decere vitam
Aſpicere,*

But if the Fates would ſo propitious be,
To let me live at my own Liberty.

I ſhould chule to paſs away the greateſt part of my
Life on Horſe back.

Hor. lib. 3.
943.

*————— viſare geſtibus,
Qua parte debacchantur ignes,
Quæ nebula plerumque vorat.*

W. H.

Visit the stores of Snow and Hail,
And where excessive Heats prevail.

Sir Rich.
Franthaw.

Have you not more easie Diversions at Home?
What do you there want? Is not your House
Situat'd in a Sweet, and Healthful Air, sufficient-
ly Furnish'd, and more than sufficiently Large?
The Royal Majesty has more than once been
entertain'd there with all his Train. Has not
your Family left more below it in good Go-
vernment, than it has above it in Eminence? Is
there any novel, extraordinary, and indigestible
Thought that Afflicts you?

Quæ se moerens cogitat, Et vixit sub pectore fixa.

Cic. de
Senect.
or Em.

That now lies broiling in thy troubled Breast,
And ne'er will suffer thee to be at rest.

Where do you think to live without disturbance?
Namque simpliciter. Fortasse indulget. You see
then, it is only you that Trouble your self, and
you shall every where follow your self, and
every where complain; for there is no satisfacti-
on here below, but either for British or Divine
Souls. He, who in so just an Occasion has no
contentment, where will he think to find it? How
many Millions of Men terminate their Wishes in
such a Condition as yours? Do but reform your
self; for that is wholly in your own Power, where-

Curtius

you have no other Right, but Patience towards
Fortune. *Nulla placida quies est, nisi quam ratio*

Seneca,

composuit. I see the Reason of this Advertise-
ment, and I see it perfectly well, but he might
sooner have done, and have spoken more perti-
nently, in bidding me in one Word, *Be wise.*
This Resolution is beyond Wisdom, 'tis her Work
and

and Product. Thus the *Physician* lies Preaching to a Poor languishing *Patient* to be *cheerful*, but he would Advise him a little more discreetly in bidding him *be well*. For my part, I am but a Man of the common sort, 'Tis a wholesome Precept, certain, and easie to be understood, *Be content with what you have*; that is to say, with *Reason*: And yet to follow this Advice, is no more in the Power of the Wise Men of the World, than in me: 'Tis a common Saying, but of a terrible extent: What does it not comprehend? All Things fall under Discretion and Qualification. I know very well, that to take it by the Letter, this pleasure of Travelling is a Testimony of Uneasiness and Irresolution, and also those two are our governing and predominating Qualities. Yes, I do confess they are: I see nothing, not so much as in a Dream, and in a wish, whereon I could set up my rest: Variety only, and the possession of diversity, can satisfie me, if any Thing can. In Travelling, it pleases me that I may stay where I like without inconvenience, and that I have wherewithal commodiously to divert my self. I love a private Life, because 'tis my own choice that I love it, not by any dissenting from, or dislike of the publick way of living, which peradventure is as much according to my Complexion. I serve my *Prince* more cheerfully, because it is by the free election of my own Judgment and Reason, without any particular Obligation; and that I am not compell'd so to do, for being rejected or dislik'd by the other Party; and so of all the rest. I hate the Morfels that necessity carves me. I should think that the greatest convenience upon which I were only to depend, had me by the Throat;

Alter remus aquas, alter, mihi radas arenas.

Prop. 1. 3.
Alog. 2.

Let me in Water plunge one Oar,
And with the other, rake the shoar.

One Cord will never hold me fast enough. You will say, there is Vanity in this way of living. But where not? Both, these fine Precepts, are Vanity, and all Wisdom is Vanity. *Dominus novit cogitationes sapientum, quoniam vana sunt.* These exquisite subtilties are only Fit for Sermons. They are Discourses, that will send us all, saddled into the other World. Life, as a material, and corporal motion, an Action imperfect, and irregular of its own proper essence, I make it my Business to serve it according to it self.

Quisquis suas quititur manus.

David. 6.

We are all punish'd for our proper Crimes.

Sic est sciendum, ut contra naturam vivere, sed nihil contendamus: Ea tamen conservata, proprium sequantur. We must, so order it, as by no means to contend against Universal Nature, but yet, that Rules being Observ'd, to follow our own. To what end are these elevated Points of Philosophy, upon which no humane Being can rely? And those Rules that exceed both our Use and Force? I see that we have oft Images of Life set before us, which neither the Proposer nor those that hear him have any manner of hope, nor which is more, of inclination, to follow. Of the same Sheet of Paper whereon the Judge has but just writ a Sentence against an Adulterer, he steals a piece whereon to write a Love Letter to his Companion's

Cicero de
Of. l. 1.

panion's Wife. She whom you have but just now embraced in your Embraces, will presently, even in your own hearing, aloud, more inveigh against the same Fault in her Companion than a Fortin. And such there are, who will condemn Men to Death for Crimes that they do not themselves repute so much as Faults. I have in my Youth seen a Man in good Habit, with one Hand present the People with Verses that excell'd both in Wit and Debauchery; and with the other, at the same Time, the most seditious Theological Reformation that the World has been treated with all these many Years. Men proceed at this rate; We let the Laws and Precepts follow their way; our selves keep another course; Not only by Debauchery of Manners, but oft-times by Judgment and contrary Opinion. Do but hear a Philosophical Lecture; the Invention, Eloquence, and Persuasion immediately work upon your Mind, and move you; There is nothing that either flatters or reprehends your Conscience; 'tis not to it that they address. Is not this true? This made *Aristo* say, that neither a Barb nor a Dagger did signify any Thing, unless they scour'd and made Men clean. One may stop at the outward Skin; but 'tis after the marrow is pick'd out: As after having quaff'd off the Wine out of a fine Bowl, we consider the gilding and Workmanship. In all the Courts of ancient Philosophy this is to be found; that the same Philosophy Reader does there Publish the Rules of Temperance; and at the same time Pictures of Love and Whoredoms. And *Xenophon*, even in the bosom of *Clinias*, writ against the *Aristippick* Vertue. 'Tis not that there is any miraculous Conversion in it that makes them thus waving, but because *Solon* represents sometimes in his own Person,

Person,

Person, and sometimes in that of a *Legislator*. One while he speaks for the crowd, and another for himself, taking the Free and natural Rules for his own share, assuring himself of a Firm and Establish'd Health and Vigour.

Carentur dabii medicis majoribus agri.

Jurati
Sec. 13.

Great Doctors must do desp'rate Patients good.

Sir Robert
Stapleton.

Antisthenes allow'd a *Sage* to love, and do whatever he saw opportune, without regard to the Laws; forasmuch as he was better advis'd than they, and had a greater Knowledge of Vertue. His Disciple *Diogenes* said, that Men to *Perturbations* were to oppose *Reason*, to *Fortune* Confidence, and to the *Laws* Nature. For tender Stomachs, Forc'd and Artificial *Recipes* must be prescrib'd: Good and Strong Stomachs serve themselves simply with the prescriptions of their own natural Appetite. After this manner do our *Physicians* proceed, who Eat *Melons*, and Drink *Ice* and *Wines*, whilst they confine their Patients to *Syrups* and *Panades*. I know not, said the *Curtezian* *Lais*, what they talk of Books, Wisdom and Philosophy, but those Men knock as oft at my Door as any other. At the same rate that our Licence carries us beyond what is lawful and allow'd, Men have often, beyond the universal Reason, stretch'd and tenter'd the Precepts and Rules of Life.

A Sage
permitted
to love.

Nemo satis crasse tantum delinquere quantum permittas.

Jurati
Sec. 14.

None Sins just so far as he hath in charge,
But at his pleasure will his Vice enlarge.

Sir Robert
Stapleton.

It

It were to be wish'd, that there were more proportion betwixt the Command and the Obedience, and the mark seems to be unjust to which one cannot attain. There is no so good Man, that so squares all his Thoughts and Actions to the Laws, that he is not Faulty enough to deserve Hanging ten Times in his Life. Nay, and such a one too, as it were great Pity to make away, and very unjust to Punish.

Ep. 2. 2. 7.
 Ep. 2. 2. 7.
 Ep. 2. 2. 7.

*Olle, quid ad te.
 De cetero quid faciat ille vel illa sua?*

*Ollus, what is't for thee.
 What with themselves does he or she*

And such a one there may be, as has no way offended the Laws, who nevertheless would not deserve the Character of a vertuous Man, and that Philofophy would justly condemn to be whipt; so unequal and perplex'd is this relation. We are so far from being good Men, according to the Laws of God, that we cannot be so according to our own. Humane Willdom could never yet arrive at the Duty as it had it self prescrib'd, and could it arrive there, it would still prescribe it self others beyond it, to which it would ever aspire and pretend: So great an Enemy to consistency is our humane Condition. Man enjoyns himself to be necessarily in Fault. He is not very discreet to cut out his own Duty by the measure of any other Being than his own. To whom does he prescribe that which he does not expect any one should perform? Is he unjust in not doing what it is impossible for him to do? The Laws which condemn us not to be able, condemn us for not being able. At the worst hand this dif-

form

form Liberty of presenting themselves two several ways, the Actions after one manner, and the Discourses after another way, be allow'd to those who only speak of Things; but it cannot be allow'd to those who speak themselves, as I do. I must march my Pen as I do my Feet. The common Life ought to have communication with the other Lives. The Vertue of *Cato* was vigorous beyond the Reason of the Age he liv'd in, and for a Man whose Province it was to make one in the governing others, doubtless dedicated to the Publick Service; and yet it might be call'd a Justice, if not unjust, at least vain, and out of Season. Even my own manners, which have not above an inch of singularity in them above those that are current amongst us, render me nevertheless a little odd and unsociable to the Age I live in. I know not whether it be without Reason that I am disgusted with the World I frequent, but I know very well that it would be without reason, should I complain of its being disgusted with me, seeing I am so with it. The Vertue that is assign'd to the Affairs of the World, is a vertue of many Wavings, Corners, and Elbows, to join and adapt it self to humane Frailty, mixt, and Artificial; not Strait, Clean, Constant, not purely Innocent. Our *Annals* to this very Day reproach one of our Kings for suffering himself simply to be carried away by the conscientious Perswasions of his *Confessor*. Affairs of State hold bolder Precepts.

*exeat Aula
Qui vult esse pius.*

*Lucret.
l. 8.*

Let him who will be good from Court retire.

I have formerly tried to employ in the management of Publick Affairs, Opinions, and Rules of Living, as Rude, New, Unpolish'd, or Unpolluted, as either Born with me, or brought away from my Education, and wherewith I serve my own Turn, if not so Commodiously, at least as Securely, in my own particular Concerns: But I have found a Scholastick and novice Vertue, Foolish and Dangerous. He that goes into a Crowd, must now go one way, and then another, keep his Elbows close, Retire, or Advance, and quit the direct way, according to what he encounters; and must live not so much according to his own Method, as that of others; not according to what he purposes to himself, but according to what is propos'd to him, according to the Time, according to Men, according to Occasions. *Plato* says, that whoever escapes from the World's handling with clean Breeches, escapes by Miracle: And says withal, that when he Appoints his *Philosopher* the Head of a Government, he does not mean a corrupt one like that of *Athens*, and much less such a one as this of ours, wherein Wisdom it self would be to seek. And a good Herb transplanted into a soil very contrary to its own nature, much sooner conforms it self to the Soil, than it reforms the Soil to it. I find, that if I were wholly to apply my self to such Employments, it would require a great deal of change and new modelling in me, before I could be any way Fit for it. And though I could so far prevail upon my self, (and why might I not with Time and Diligence work such a Feat) I would not do it. By the little Tryal I have had of publick Employment, it has been so much disgust to me; I feel by Times some Temptations toward Ambition rising in my Soul, but I obstinately oppose them.

At

At tu, Catulle, obstinatus obdura.

*Catull.
Epig. 8.*

But oh *Catullus*, be thou obstinate.

I am seldom call'd to it, and as seldom offer my self uncall'd. Liberty and Laziness, the Qualities most predominant in me, are Qualities diametrically contrary to that Trade. We cannot distinguish the Faculties of Men. They have divisions and limits hard and delicate to choose. To conclude from the discreet conduct of a private Life, a Capacity for the management of publick Affairs, is to conclude it ill. A Man may govern himself well, that cannot govern others so, and compose *Essays* that could not work *Effects*. Such a one may be, who can order a Siege well, that would ill marshal a Battle, and that can speak well in private, who would ill harangue a People, or a Prince. Nay, 'tis peradventure rather a Testimony in him who can do the one, that he cannot do the other, than otherwise. I find that elevated Souls are not much more proper for low Things, than mean Souls are to high ones. Could it be imagin'd that *Socrates* should have Administer'd Occasion of Laughter, at the expence of his own Reputation to the *Athenians*, for having never been able to sum up the Votes of his Tribe, to deliver it to the Council? Doubtless, the Veneration I have for the Perfections of this great Man, deserves that *Fortune* should Furnish, for the excuse of my principal Imperfections, so magnifick an Example. Our sufficiency is cut out into small Parcels, mine has no latitude, and is also very contemptible in number. *Saturnius*, to those who had conferr'd upon him the command in chief, *Companion*, said he, *you have lost a good Captain, to make him an ill General.*

General. Whoever Boasts, in so Sick a Time as this, to employ a True and Sincere Vertue in the World's Service, either knows it not, Opinions growing corrupt with manners, (and in Truth to hear them describe it, to glorifie themselves in their Departments; and to lay down their Rules; instead of Painting Vertue, they Paint pure Vice and Injustice, and so represent them False in the Education of *Princes*) or if he does know it, Boasts Unjustly, and let him say what he will, does a Thousand Things of which his own Conscience must necessarily accuse him. I should willingly take *Seneca's* Word, of the Experiences he made upon the like Occasion, provided he would deal clearly and sincerely with me. The most honourable mark of Goodness in such a Necessity, is freely to confess both his own Fault, and those of others; with the Power of his Vertue to stop his Inclination toward Evil, unwillingly to follow this propension, to Hope better, and to Desire better. I perceive that in these unhappy Divisions wherein we are miserably involv'd in *France*, every one does his best to defend, and by Argument to make good his Cause; but even the very best with Disimulation and Disguise. He that would write roundly of the true State of the Quarrel, would write Rascally and Viciously. What is the most just Party, other than a Member of a decay'd and Worm-Eaten Body? But of such a Body, the Member that is least Affected, is said to be found, and with good Reason, forasmuch as our Qualities have no Title but in Comparison. The Civil Innocency is measur'd according to *Times* and *Places*. I lov'd to read in *Xenophon* this Commendation of *Agésilas*; being intreated by a neighbouring Prince with whom he had formerly had War, to permit him to pass thorough his Country; he granted

granted his Request; giving him Free Passage through *Paloponnesus*, and not only did not imprison or Poyson him, being at his Mercy; but courteously receiv'd him according to the Obligation of his Promise, without doing him any the least Injury or Offence. To such Humours as these, this was an Act of no great Lustre; elsewhere, and in another Age, the Frankiess and Magnanimity of such an Action will be in high esteem. Our Crack-ropes *Capets* would have laugh'd at it; so little does the *Spartan* Innocence resemble that of *France*. We are not without Vertuous Men, but 'tis according to what we repute so. Whoever has his Manners establish'd in Regularity above the standard of the Age he lives, let him either wrest or blunt his Rules; or, which I would rather advise him to, let him retire, and not meddle with us at all. What will he get by't.

The Students of
Montaigne
College in
Paris.

Egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri Juven.
Hoc monstrum, Puero, & miranti jam sub aratra Sat. 13.
Piscibus inventis & facta comparo Mula.

To me an honest Man more Monster seems
Than Nature shakes all when a Woman teems
A Child with two Heads; than Mules foaling
found,
Or wondrous Fishes Plow'd out from the
Ground.

Sir Robert
Stapleton.

A Man may regret better times, but cannot fly from the present; we may wish for other Magistrates; but, we must notwithstanding, obey those we have; and peradventure 'tis more laudable to obey the bad than the good. So long as the Image of the antient and receiv'd Laws of this

Monarchy shall shine in any corner of the Kingdom, there will I be. If they unfortunately happen to thwart and contradict one another, so as to produce two *Factions* of doubtful and difficult choice, I will willingly chuse to withdraw and escape the Tempest. In the mean time Nature, or the hazards of War may lend me a helping hand. Betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, I should soon and frankly have declar'd my self; but amongst the three *Robbers* that came after, a Man must have been necessitated either to hide himself or have gone along with the current of the time; which I think a Man may lawfully do, when Reason no longer Rules.

Quo diversus abis?

Whither dost thou wandering run?

This medly is a little from my Subject. I go out of my way; but 'tis rather upon the account of Licence than Oversight. My Fancies follow one another, but sometimes at a great distance; and look towards one another, but 'tis with an oblique glance. I have read a *Dialogue* of *Plato*, of such a motely and fantastick Composition, as had the beginning of *Love*, and all the rest to the end of *Rhetorick*. They stick not at these Variations, and have a marvellous Grace in letting themselves be carried away at the pleasure of the Wind; or at least to seem as if they were. The Titles of my Chapters do not always comprehend the whole matter, they oft but denote it by some mark only, as these others, *Andria*, *Eunuchus*, or these, *Syllia*, *Cicero*, *Torquatus*. I love a Poetick March; by Leaps and Skips; 'tis an Art, as *Plato* says, Light, Nimble, and a little Madish. There are pieces

in

in *Plutarch*, where he forgets his *Theme*, where the Proposition of his Argument is only found by incidence; and stuf't throughout with foreign matter. Do but observe his Footing in the *Demon of Socrates*. Good God, how Beautiful then are his variations and digressions, and then most of all, when they seem to be fortuitous, and introduc'd for want of heed. 'Tis the indiligent Reader that loses my subject, and not I; there will always be found some words or other in a corner that are to the purpose, though it lie very close. I ramble indiscreetly and tumultuously, my *Stile* and my *Wit* wander at the same rate; a little *Folly* is tolerable in him that will not be guilty of too much; says both the *Precepts*; and more the *Examples* of our *Maisters*. A Thousand *Poets* flag and languish after a *Prosaick* manner, but the best old *Prose* (and I strow them here up and down indifferently for *Verses*) shines throughout, and has the luster, vigour and boldness of *Poetry*, not without some *Air* of its *Fury*; and certainly *Prose* ought to have the preheminnence in speaking. The *Poet*, says *Plato* when set upon the *Muses Tripod*, pours out with *Fury* whatever comes into his *Mouth*, like the *Pipe* of a *Fountain*, without considering and pausing upon what he says; and *Things* come from him of various colours, of a contrary substance, and with an uninterrupted *Torrent*: And all the old *Theologie*, as the *Wise* inform us, and the first *Philosophy*, are *Poesie*. 'Tis the original *Language* of the *Gods*; I mean, that my matter distinguishes it self; it sufficiently shews where it changes; where it concludes, when it begins, and where it rejoyns, without interlacing it with *Words* of connexion, introduc'd for the relief of weak or negligent *Ears*, and without explaining my self. Who is he

Seneca.
Epist. 2.

he that had not rather not be read at all, than after a drowsie or cursory manner? *Nihil est tam utile, quod in transitu profici.* Nothing can be so profitable, as to be so when negligently read. If to take a Book in hand, were to read it, to look upon it, were to consider it, and to run it slightly over, were to make it a Man's own; I were then to blame to make my self so ignorant, as I say I am. Seeing I cannot fix the Attention of my Reader by the weight of what I write; *Mance male, I am much mistaken;* if I should chance to do it my by Intricacies; nay, he will afterward repent that he ever perplext himself about it: 'Tis very true, but he will yet be there perplext. And besides, there are some Humors in which Intelligence produces disdain; who will think better of me for not Understanding what I say, and will conclude the depth by the obscurity of my Sense; which, to speak sincerely, I mortally hate, and would avoid it if I could. *Aristotle* boasts somewhere in his Writings, that he affected it; vicious Affectation. The frequent *Breaks*, and short *Paragraphs* in Chapters that I made my Method in the Beginning of my Book, I have since Thought, broke and dissolv'd the Attention before it was rais'd, as making it disdain to settle it self to so little; and upon that account have made the rest longer, such as require Propositions, and assign'd leisure. In such an Employment, to whom you will not give an Hour, you give nothing; and do nothing for him, for whom you only do whilst you are doing something else. To which may be added, that I have peradventure some particular Obligation to speak only by halves, to speak confusedly and discordantly. I am therefore angry at this kind of perplexing Reason; these extravagant Projects that

that trouble a Man's Life, and those Opinions so fine and subtle, that though they be true, I think them too dear bought. On the contrary, I make it my Business to bring Vanity it self in repute, and Folly too, if it bring me any Pleasure, and permit me to follow my own natural Inclinations, without carrying too strict a hand upon them. I have seen elsewhere Palaces in rubbish, and Statues both of Gods and Men defac'd, and yet there are Men still, all this is true, and yet for all that, I cannot so often review the ruins of that so great, and so puffed City, that I do not admire and reverence it. The care of the dead is recommended to us, besides, I have been bred up from my Infancy with these People: I had knowledge of the Affairs of Rome long before I had any of those of my own House. I knew the Capital, and its platform, before I knew the *Loovers*, and the River *Tiber*, before I knew the River *Seine*. The Qualities and Fortunes of *Lucullus*, *Miscelus*, and *Scipio*, have ever run more in my Head than those of any of my own Country. They are all dead, and so is my Father as absolutely dead as they, and is remov'd as far from me and Life in eighteen Years, as they were in Sixteen Hundred; whose Memory nevertheless, Friendship and Society, I do not cease to hug and embrace with a very perfect and lively Union. Nay, of my own Inclination, I render my self more officious to the dead; they no longer help themselves, and therefore methinks the more require my Assistance: 'Tis there that Gratitude appears in its full luster. Benefits are not so generously plac'd where there is Retrogradation and Reflection. *Archefilans* going to visit *Cresbins* who was Sick, and finding him in a very poor condition, privately convey'd some Money under his Pillow; and, by concealing it

Meaning
Rome.

Gratitude
towards
the dead.

it from him, acquitted him moreover from the acknowledgment due to such a Benefit. Such as have merited from me my Friendship and Gratitude, have never lost them by being no more; I have better and more carefully paid them, when gone, and ignorant of what I did. I speak most kindly and Affectionately, of my Friends when they can no more know it. I have had a hundred Quarrels in defending Pompey, and upon the account of Brutus. This Acquaintance does yet continue betwixt us. We have no other hold even of present Things but my Fancy. Finding my self of no use to this Age, I throw my self back upon that other; and am so enamour'd of the free, just, and flourishing Estate of that antient Rome (for I neither love it in its Birth, nor old Age) that I interest my self in it to a degree of Passion; and therefore cannot so oft review the situation of their Streets and Houses, and Ruins as profound as the *Antipodes*; that it does not always put me into a Dump. Is it by nature, or through error of Fancy, that the sight of Places which we know have been frequented and inhabited by Persons whose Memories are recommended in Story, does in some sort, work more upon us than to hear a recital of their Acts, or to read their Writings? *Tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis. Et id quidem in hac urbe, insitum; quacumque enim ingredimur: in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus.* So great a Power of Admonition is in Places; and truly in this City so infinite, that which way soever we go we tread upon some History. It pleases me to consider their Face, Port, and Vestments. I ruminat those great Names betwixt my Teeth, and make them ring in my own Ears. *Ego illos veneror, & tantis nominibus semper assurgo.* I reverence them, and rise up in honour of
 la

*Civ. de fin.
lib. 5:*

*Seneca,
Epist. 64.*

So great Names. Of things that are in some part great and admirable, I admire even the common Parts. I could wish to see them Talk, Walk, and Sup together. It were Ingratitude to contemn the Relicks and Images of so many Worthy and Valiant Men as I have seen Live and Die, and who, by their Example give us so many good Instructions, knew we how to follow them. And moreover, this very *Rome* that we now see deserves to be belov'd; so long, and by so many Titles a *confederate* to our Crown; the only common and universal City. The Sovereign Magistrate that commands there, is equally acknowledg'd and obey'd elsewhere: 'Tis the *Metropolitan-City* of all the Christian Nations. The *Spanish* and *French* are there at home. To be a Prince of this *Estate*, there needs no more but to be a Prince of Christendom. There is no Place upon Earth, that Heaven has embrac'd with such an influence and constancy of Favour; her very Ruins are glorious.

Rome the common and universal City.

Laudandis preciosior ruinis.

Sidonius Apol.

More glorious by her Ruins made!

She yet in her very Ruins retains the marks and image of Empire. *Ut palam fit uno in loco gauderis opus esse Natura.* That it may be manifest that Nature is in one place enamour'd of her own Work. Some one would blame, and be angry at himself, to perceive himself tickled with so vain a Pleasure. Our Humours are never too vain that are pleasant. Let them be what they would that did constantly content an honest Man of common Understanding, I could not have the heart to accuse him. I am very much oblig'd to *Fortune* in that to this very hour

hour she has offer'd me no out-rage beyond what I was well able to bear. It is not happily her Custom to let those live in quiet by whom she is not importun'd.

Hor. lib. 3.
Ode 16.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit.
A Diis plura feret: nihil cupientium.
Nudus castra peto: multa pauperibus
Defunt multa.

Sir Rich.
Faulstich

The more a Man himself denies,
The more indulgent Heav'n bestows;
Let them that will side with the P's,
I'm with the Party of the N's.

If she continue her Favour, she will dismiss me very well satisfied.

Hor. lib. 2.
Ode 16.

nihil supra
Deos lacessis.

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

But beware the shock. There are a Thousand that perish in the Port. I easily comfort my self for what shall here happen when I shall be gone. Present Things trouble me enough.

Fortuna cetera mando.

To Fortune I do leave the rest.

Besides;

Besides, I have not that strong Obligation, that they lay ties Men to the future, by the Issue that succeeds to their Name and Honour; and peradventure ought less to covet them, if they are to be so much desir'd. I am but too much ty'd to the World, and to this Life of my self: I am content to be in Fortune's Power by Circumstances properly necessary to my Being, without otherwise enlarging her Jurisdiction over me, and have never thought, that to be without Children was a defect that ought to render Life less compleat, or less contented. A sterill Vacation has its con-
 Children
 not much
 to be co-
 vetted, and
 why.

veniences too. Children are of the number of things that are not so much to be desired, especially now, that it would be so hard to make them good.

Bona jam nec nasci licet; ita corrupta sunt semina. Tertull. de pudicit.

And yet are justly to be lamented by such as lose them when they have them. He who left me my House in charge, fore-told that I was like to ruin it, considering my Honour so little inclin'd to look after household Affairs: But he was mistaken, for I am in the same condition now as when I first enter'd into it, or rather better; and yet without Office, or any Place of Profit. As to the rest, if Fortune has never done me any violent or extraordinary injury, neither has she done me any particular Favour. Whatever we derive from her Bounty, was there above an hundred Years before my time. I have, as to my own particular, no essential and solid good, that I stand indebted for to her Liberality; she has indeed done me some airy Honours, and titular Favours without substance, and those in truth she has not granted, but offer'd me; who, God knows, am all material, and who take nothing but what is real and massy too for current pay: And who, if I durst confess

less so much, should not think Avarice much less excusable than Ambition, nor Pain less to be avoided than Shame, nor Health less to be coveted than Learning, or Riches than Nobility. Amongst those empty Favours of hers, there is none that so much pleases the vain Humour natural to my Country, as an Authentick Bull of a Roman Burgeess that was granted me when I was last there, glorious in Seals and gilded Letters; and granted with all imaginable Ceremony and Bounty. And because 'tis couch'd in a mixt Style, more or less favourable, and that I could have been glad to have seen a Copy of it before it had pass'd the Seal: I will, to satisfie such as are Sick of the same Curiosity I am, transcribe it here in its true Form.

Quod Horatius Maximus, Martius Cecius, Alexander Mutus, almae urbis conservatores, de Illustrissimo viro Michaelē Montano equite Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Christianissimi, Romana Civitate donando, ad Senatum retulerunt, S. P. Q. R. de ea re ita fieri censuit.

CUM veteri more, & instituto cupide illi semper studiosèque suscepi sint; qui virtute ac nobilitate prestantes, magno Reip. nostrae usui atque ornamento fuissent, vel esse aliquando possent: Nos majorum nostrorum exemplo, atque auctoritate permoti, praclaram hanc Consuetudinem nobis imitandam, ac servandam fore censuimus. Quamobrem cum Illustrissimus Michael Montanus Eques Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Christianissimi, Romani nominis studiosissimus, & familia laude, atque splendore,

Splendore, & propriis virtutum meritis dignissimus sit, qui summi Senatus Populiq; Romani iudicio, ac studio in Romanam Civitatem iudicatur, placere Senatui P. Q. R. Illustrissimum Michaelene Montanum rebus omnibus ornatissimum, atque huic inchoo populo charissimum, ipsum posterisque in Romanam Civitatem adscribi, et variis omnibus, & premiis & honoribus, quibus illi fruuntur, qui Cives Patrii que Romani nati, aut jure optimo facti sunt. In quo censere Senatum P. Q. R. se non tam illi jus Civitatis largiri, quam debitum trahere, neque magis beneficium dare, quam ab ipso accipere, qui hoc Civitatis munere accipiendo, singulari Civitatem ipsam ornamento, atque honore affecerit. Quam S. C. auctoritatem iidem Conservatores per Senatum P. Q. R. scribas in acta referri atque in Capitali curia servari, privilegiumque huiusmodi fieri, solitoque urbis sigillo communi curantur. Anno ab urbe condita CXCCCXXI. Post Christum natum M. D. LXXXI. III. Idus Martii.

Horatius Fuscus Sacri S. P. Q. R. scriba.

Vincent. Martihelus Sacri S. P. Q. R. scriba.

Being before Burgefs of no City at all, I am glad to be created one of the most Noble that ever was, or ever shall be. If other Men would consider themselves at the rate I do, they would, as I do, discover themselves to be full of inanity and foppery; to rid my self of it I cannot without making my self away. We are all leaven'd with it, as well one as another; but they who are aware on't, have the better bargain, and yet I know not whether they have or no: This Opinion, and common Usance to observe others more than our selves, has very much reliev'd us that way. 'Tis a very displeasing

sing Object : We can there see nothing but Misery and Vanity. Nature, that we may not be dejected with the sight of our own Deformities, has Wisely thrust the Action of Seeing outward. We go forward with the Current, but to turn back towards our selves is a painful motion ; so is the Sea mov'd and Troubled when the Waves rush against one another. Observe, says every one, the motion of the Heavens, the Revolution of publick Affairs ; observe the quarrel of such a Person, take notice of such a one's Pulse ; of such anothers last Will and Testament ; in sum, be always looking high or low, on one side, before or behind you. It was a Paradoxical command anciently given us by the God of Delphos, *Look into your self ; discover your self, keep close to your self, call back your Mind and Will, that elsewhere consume themselves ; into your self ; you run out, you spill your self, carry a more steady hand : Men betray you, Men spill you, Men steal you from your self.* Dost not thou see that this World we live in keeps all its sights confin'd within, and its Eyes open to contemplate it self ? 'Tis always Vanity for thee, both within and without, but 'tis less Vanity when less extended. Excepting thee, (O Man) said that God, every thing studies it self first, and has bounds to its Labours and Desires, according to its need. There is nothing so empty and necessitous as thou who embracest the Universe, thou art the *Explorer* without Knowledge ; the *Magistrate* without Jurisdiction ; and after all, the *Fool* in the Play.

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

Of Managing the Will.

FEW things in comparison of what commonly affect other Men, move, or to say better, possess me: For 'tis but Reason they should concern a Man, provided they do not possess him. I am very solicitous, both by Study and Argument, to enlarge this privilege of Insensibility, which is in me naturally, rais'd to a pretty degree; so that consequently I espouse, and am very much mov'd with very few things. I am clear sighted enough; but I fix upon very few Objects; have a sense delicate and tender enough, but an Apprehension and Application hard and negligent; I am very unwilling to engage my self. As much as in me lies, I employ my self wholly for my self; and in this very Subject, should rather chuse to curb and restrain my Affection from plunging it self over Head and Ears into it, it being a Subject that I possess at the Mercy of others, and over which Fortune has more right than I. So that even so much as to Health, which I so much value, it were necessary for me, not so passionately to covet and Desire it, as to find Diseases insupportable. A Man ought to moderate himself betwixt the hatred of Pain, and love of Pleasure. And *Plato* sets down a middle Path of Life betwixt both. But against such Affections as wholly carry me away from my self, and fix me elsewhere, against those, I say, I oppose my self with my utmost Force and Power. 'Tis my Opinion, that a Man should lend himself to others;

and only give himself to himself. Were my Will easie to lend it self out, and to be sway'd, I should not stick there: I am too tender both by Nature and Ufance,

Ovid. de
Trist. l. 3.
Eleg. 2.

— *Fugax rerum, securaque in otia natus.*

Born and Bred up in negligence and Ease,

for hot and obstinate Disputes wherein my Adversary would at last have the better. The issue that would render my heat and obstinacy disgraceful, would peradventure vex me to the last degree. Should I set my self to it at the rate that others, who do pursue and grasp at so much, my Soul would never have the force to bear the Emotion and Alarms; it would immediately be disorder'd by this inward Agitation. If sometimes I have been put upon the management of other Mens Affairs, I have promis'd to take it in *band*, but not into my *Lungs* and *Liver*; to take it upon me, not to incorporate it: To take pains, not to be passionate in it; I have a care of it, but I will not brood upon it: I have enough to do to order and govern the domestick Tumults that I have in my own Veins and Bowels, without introducing a crowd of other Mens Affairs; and am sufficiently concern'd about my own proper and natural Business, without meddling with the concerns of others. Such as know how much they owe to themselves, and how many Offices they are bound to of their own, find, that Nature has cut them out work enough of their own to keep them from being Idle. Thou hast Business enough at home, look to that. Men let themselves out to hire, their Faculties are not for themselves, but to be employ'd for those to whom they have enslav'd themselves; this common Humour pleases not me.

We

We must be Thrifty of the Liberty of our Souls, and never let them out but upon Just Occasions, which are very Few, if we Judge aright. Do but observe such as have accustom'd themselves to be at every one's call, they do it indifferently upon all, as well little as great Occasions, in that which nothing concerns them, as much as in what imports them most: They intrude themselves indifferently where ever there is business, and are without Life, when not in the bustle of Affairs.

In negotiis sunt negotii causâ. They only seek business Seneç. 4.
for business sake. It is not so much that they will Epist. 22.
go, as it is that they cannot stand still: Like a rowling Stone that cannot stop, till it can go no farther. Business, in a certain sort of Men, is a mark of Understanding, and they are honour'd for it. Their Souls seek repose in Agitation, as Children do by being rock'd in a Cradle. They may pronounce themselves as serviceable to their Friends, as troublesome to themselves. No one distributes his Money to others, but every one therein distributes his Time and his Life. There is nothing of which we are so prodigal, as of these two things of which to be thrifty, would be both commendable and useful. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I look to my self, and commonly covet with no great Ardour what I do desire, and desire little, employ and busie my self but rarely and temperately, at the same rate. Whatever they take in hand they do it with their utmost Power and Vehemency. There are therein so many dangerous steps, that for the more safety, we must a little lightly and superficially slide through the World, and not rush through it. Pleasure it self is painful at the bottom:

*— incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.*

X 2

*Hor lib. 2.
Od. 2.*

Thou

Thou upon glowing Coals dost tread,
Under deceitful Ashes hid.

The *Parliament of Bourdeaux* chose me *Mayor* of their City, at a time when I was at a great Distance from *France*, and much more remote from any such thought; I intreated to be excus'd, and refus'd it. But I was told by my Friends, that I had committed an Error in so doing, and the greater, because the *King* had moreover interpos'd his Command in that Affair. 'Tis an Office that ought to be look'd upon so much more Honourable, as it has no other Salary nor Advantage than the bare Honour of its Execution: It continues two Years, but may be extended by a second Election, which very rarely happens: it was to me, and had never been so but twice before: some years ago to *Monsieur de Lansac*, and lately to *Monsieur de Biron*, *Mareschal of France*, in whose place I succeeded, and left mine to *Monsieur de Matignon*, *Mareschal of France* also. Proud of so noble a Fraternity.

Aneid.
lib. 10.

Uterque bonus pacis bellicus minister.

Both of them Men of worthy Character,
For able Ministers in Peace and War.

Fortune would have a hand in my Promotion, by this particular Circumstance which she put in of her own; not altogether vain; for *Alexander* disdain'd the Ambassadors of *Corinth*, who came to make him a tender of a Burgess-ship of their City; but when they proceeded to lay before him, that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were also in the Register, he thankfully accepted the Offer. At my Arrival, I faithfully and conscientiously represented

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ted my self to them for such as I find my self to be ; a Man without Memory, without Vigilancy, without Experience, and without Vigour ; but withal, without Hatred, without Ambition, without Avarice, and without Violence, that they might be informed of my Qualities, and know what they were to expect from my Service. And being that the knowledge they had had of my Father, and the Honour they had for his Memory, had been the only Motives to confer this Favour upon me, I plainly told them, that I should be very sorry any thing should make so great an Impression upon me as their Affairs, and the Concerns of their City had done upon him, whilst he had the same Government to which they had prefer'd me. I very well remember, from a Boy, to have seen him in his Old Age, tormented with, and solicitous about the publick Affairs, neglecting the soft Repose of his own House, to which the declension of his Age had reduc'd him for several years before ; the management of his own Affairs, and his Health, and certainly despising his own Life, which was in great Danger of being lost, by being engag'd in long and painful Voyages on their behalf. Such was he, and this Humour of his proceeded from a marvellous good Nature. Never was there a more Charitable and Popular Soul. Yet this proceeding which I commend in others, I do not love to follow my self, and am not without excuse. He had learnt, that a Man must forget himself for his Neighbour, and that particulars were in no manner of Consideration in comparison with the general Concern. Most of the Rules and Precepts of this World run this way, to drive us out of our selves into the wide World for the benefit of a publick Society. They thought to do a great Feat, to divert us from

our selves, presuming we were but too much fixt at Home, and by a too natural Inclination, and have said all they could to that Purpose: for 'tis no new thing for wise Men to preach things as they *serve*, not as they *are*. Truth has its Obstructions, Inconveniencies, and Incompatibilities with us. We must be often deceived, that we may not deceive our selves; Shut our Eyes, and stupifie our Understandings to redress and amend them. *Imperiti enim judicant, & qui frequenter in hoc ipsum fallendi sunt, ne errent. For the ignorant judge, and therefore are oft to be deceiv'd lest they should err.* When they prescribe us to love three, four, and fifty degrees of things above our selves, they do like *Archers*, who to hit the *White*, take their Aim a great deal higher than the *Butt*. To set a crooked Stick strait, we bend it the contrary way. I believe that in the Temple of *Pallas*, as we see in all other *Religions*, there were apparent *Mysterics* to be expos'd to the *People*, and others more secret and high, that were only to be shewn to such as were *profess'd*. 'Tis likely that in these, the true point of Friendship that every one owes to himself is to be found; not a false Friendship, that makes us embrace *Glory*, *Knowledge*, *Riches*, and the like, with a principal and immoderate Affection, as Members of our Being, nor an indiscreet and Effeminate Friendship, wherein it happens as with *Ivy*, that decays and ruins the Walls it does embrace: but a sound and regular Friendship, equally utile and pleasant. Who knows the Duties of this Friendship, and does practise them, is truly of the *Cabinet-Council* of the *Muses*, and has attained to the height of Human Wisdom, and our Happiness. Such a one exactly knowing what he owes to himself, will in his part find that he ought to apply the Usance of

of the World, and of other Men to himself, and to do this, to contribute the Duties and Offices appertaining to him to the publick Society. Who does not in some sort live to others, does not live much to himself. *Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc Sen. Epist. amicum omnibus esse.* He who is his own Friend, 48. is a Friend to every body else. The principal Charge we have, is, to every one his own Conduct: And 'tis for this only that we here live. As he who should forget to live a virtuous and holy Life, and should think he acquitted himself of his Duty, in instructing and training others up to it, would be a Fool; even so, who abandons his own particular healthful and pleasant Living to serve others, takes in my opinion, a wrong, and an unnatural Course. I would not that Men should refuse, in the Employments they take upon them, their Attention, Pains, their best Eloquence, and their Sweat and Blood, in time of Need;

*non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.*

*Hor lib. 4.
Ode 9.*

He well knows how hard Want to bear,
And fears a Crime more than his End;
And for his Country or his Friend,
To stake his Life he does not fear.

*Sir Rich.
Fanshawe.*

But 'tis only borrow'd and accidentally; his Mind being always in Repose and in Health; not without Action, but without Vexation, without Passion. To be simply Doing, costs him so little, that he acts even sleeping. But it must be set on going with Discretion; for the Body receives the Offices impos'd upon it, just according to what they are; the Mind oft extends, and makes them heavier at his own Expence, giving them

what Measure it pleases. Men perform like things with several sorts of Endeavour, and different Contention of Wit; the one does well enough without the other. For how many People hazard themselves every day in War, without any Concern which way it goes, and thrust themselves into the Dangers of Battles, the Loss of which will not break their next Nights Sleep? And such a Man may be at Home, out of Danger, which he durst not have look'd upon, who is more passionately concern'd for the Issue of this War, and whose Soul is more anxious about Events, than the Souldier who stakes his Life and Blood in the Quarrel. I could have engag'd my self in publick Employments, without quitting my own Interest a Nail's breadth, and have given my self to others, without abandoning my self; this Sharpness and Violence of Desires, more hinders than it advances the Execution of what we undertake; fills us with Impatience against slow or contrary Events, and with Heat and Suspicion against those with whom we have to do. We never carry on that thing well, by which we are prepossess'd and led.

*Male cuncta ministrat
Imperus.*

For Heat does still
Carry on things very ill.

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Address, proceeds more chearfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all things at his Ease, according to the Necessities of Occasions; he fails in his Attempts without Trouble and Afflictions, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle

in his Hand. In him who is drunk with this violent and tyrannick Intention, we discover by Necessity much Imprudence and Injustice. The Impetuosity of his Desire carries him away. These are rash Motions, and, if Fortune do not very much assist, of very little Fruit. *Philosophy* will, that in the Revenge of Injuries receiv'd, we should strip our selves of Choler; not that the Chastisement should be less, but, on the contrary, that the Revenge may be the better, and more heavily laid on, which it conceives will be by this Impetuosity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of it self does also weary the Arms of those who chastise. This Fire benumbs and wastes their Force. As in Precipitation, *festinatio tarda est*, Haste trips up its own Heels, fetters and stops it self, *ipsa se velocitas implicat*. For Example: According to what commonly see, *Avarice* has no greater Impediment than it self. The more bent and vigorous it is, the less it rakes together, and commonly sooner grows rich, when disguised in a Vizard of Liberality. A very honest Gentleman, and a particular Friend of mine, had like to have crack'd his Brains by a too passionate Attention and Affection to the Affairs of a certain Prince, his Master; which Master has thus set himself out to me; That he foresees the Weight of Accidents as well as another; but that in those, for which there is no Remedy, he presently resolves upon Suffering: In others, having taken all the necessary Precautions, which by the Vivacity of his Understanding he can presently do, he quietly expects what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly seen him maintain a great Indifferency and Liberty of Actions, and Serenity of Countenance, in very great and nice Affairs. I find him much greater,

That the Chastisement of Offences ought to be performed without Anger.

Proverb, *Seneca, Epist. 44.*

and of greater Capacity in Adverse than Prosperous Fortune. His *Losses* are to him more glorious than his *Victories*, and his *Mourning* than his *Triumph*. Do but consider, That even in vain and frivolous Actions, as at *Chess*, *Tennis*, and the like, this eager and ardent engaging with an impetuous Desire, immediately throws the Mind and Members into Indiscretion and Disorder. A Man astonishes and hinders himself. He that carries himself the most moderately both towards Gain and Loss, has always his Wits about him. The less Peevish and Passionate he is at Play, he Plays much more Advantageously and Surely. As to the rest, we hinder the Mind's Seizure and Hold, in giving it so many Things to Seize upon. Some Things we are only to offer to it, to Tie it to others, and with others to incorporate it. It can feel and discern all Things, but ought to feed on nothing but Self; and should be Instructed in what properly concerns it self, that is properly of its own *Nature* and *Substance*: The *Laws* of *Nature* teach us what we are justly to have. After the *Sages* have told us, that no one is indigent according to *Nature*; and that every one is so according to *Opinion*, they very subtilly distinguish betwixt the Desires that proceed from her, and those that proceed from the Disorder of our own *Fancy*. Those of which we can see the End, are hers; those that fly before us, and of which we can see no End, are our own. The Want of Goods is easily repair'd; but the Poverty of the Soul is irreparable.

Lucil'us,
li 5 apud
Nonium.

Nam si, quod satis est homini, id satis esse potesses,
Hoc sat erat: nunc, quum hoc non est, qui credimus
Divitias ullas animum mi explere potesse? (porro

If what's for Man enough, enough could be,
 It were enough; but being that we see
 Will not serve turn, how can I e'er believe
 That any Wealth my Mind content can give?

Socrates seeing great quantity of Riches, Jewels and Furniture of great Value, carried in Pomp through the City, *How many things*, said he, *do I not desire!* *Metrodorus* liv'd on the weight of Twelve Ounces a Day, *Epicurus* upon less: *Metrocles* slept in Winter abroad amongst Sheep, in Summer in the Cloysters of Churches. *Sufficit ad Sen. Epist. id natura quod poscit.* *Cleanthes* liv'd by labour⁹⁰ of his own Hands, and boasted, *That Cleanthes, if he would, could yet maintain another Cleanthes.* If that which Nature exactly and Originally requires of us for the Conservation of our Being, be too little, (as in truth what it is, and how good cheap Life may be maintain'd, cannot be better made out, than by this Consideration, That it is so little, that by its Littleness escapes the gripe and shock of Fortune) let us dispence our selves a little more, let us yet call every one of our Habits and Conditions *Nature*; let us tax and treat our selves by this measure, let us stretch our Appurtenances and Accompts so far; for so far I fancies we have some Excuse. *Custom* is a second *Nature*, and no less powerful. What is wanting to my *Custom*, I reckon is wanting to me; and I should be almost as well content that they took away my Life, as cut me short in the way wherein I have so long liv'd. I am no more in a Condition of any great Change, nor to put my self into a new and unwonted Course, not tho' never so much to my Advantage; 'tis past time for me to become other than what I am, And as I should complain of any great good Adventure

ture that should now befall me, that it came not in time to be enjoy'd ;

Hor. lib. 1. Quo mihi fortuna, si non conceditur uti?
Epist. 5.

Might I have the World's Wealth, I should refuse it ;
What Good will't do me, if I may not use it.

so should I complain of any inward Acquest. It were almost better never, than so late to become an honest Man, and well read in living, when a Man has no longer to live. I, who am ready to make my *exit* out of the World, would easily resign to any new Comer, who should desire it, all the Prudence I have acquir'd in the World's Commerce. *After Meat comes Mustard.* I have no need of Goods, of which I can make no use. Of what use is Knowledge to him that has lost his Head ; 'tis an Injury and Unkindness in Fortune, to tender us Presents that will only inspire us with a just Despise that we had them not in their Due Season. Guide me no more, I can no longer go. Of so many Parts as make up a Perfect Man, Patience is the best. Assign the Part of an excellent Treble to a *Chotister* that has rotten Lungs, and Eloquence to a Hermit exil'd into the Desarts of *Arabia*. There needs no Art to further a Fall ; the End finds it self of it self ; at the conclusion of every Affair my *World* is at an end, my *Form* expired ; I am totally past, and am bound to Authorize it, and to conform my Posterity to it. I will here declare, by way of example, that the late ten Days diminution of the *Pope*, have taken me so low, that I cannot well recover my self. I follow the Years wherein we kept another kind of Account, so antient, and so long a *Custom*, challenges and calls me back to it ;

The A-bridgment of ten days offer'd by the *Pope*.

it; so that I am constrain'd to be a kind of Heretick in that point, impatient of any, tho' corrective Innovation. My Imagination, in spite of my Teeth, always pushes me Ten Days forward or backward, and is ever murmuring in my Ears. This *Rule* concerns those who are to begin to be. If Health it self, as sweet as it is, returns to me by Fits, 'tis rather to give me cause of Regret than possession of it; I have no place left to keep it in. Time leaves me, without which nothing can be possess'd. Oh, what little account should I make of those great elective *Dignities* that I see in such esteem in the World, that are never confer'd but upon Men who are taking leave of it! Wherein they do not so much regard how well he will discharge his Trust, as how short his Administration will be; from the very *Entry* they look at the *Exit*. To conclude, I am ready to finish this Man, and not to rebuild another. By long Ufance, this *Form* is, in me, turn'd into *Substance*, and *Fortune* into *Nature*. I say therefore, that every one of us feeble Creatures is excusable in thinking that his own, which is compriz'd under this Measure; but withal, beyond these Limits, 'tis nothing but Confusion, 'tis the largest extent we can grant to our own Claim. The more Business we create our selves, and the more we amplify our Possessions, so much more do we expose our selves to the Blows and Adversities of *Fortune*. The Career of our Desires ought to be circumscrib'd, and restrain'd to a short Limit of near and contiguous Conveniences; and ought moreover to perform their Course, not in a Right Line, that ends elsewhere, but in a Circle, of which the two Points by a short Wheel meet and terminate in our selves. Actions that are carried on without this Reflection, a near and essential Reflection I mean; such as those of Ambitious
and

Petronius
Arbiter.

Quin. Cur.
lib. 3.

and Avaricious Men, and many more who run *point blank*, and whose Career always carries them before themselves, such Actions, I say, are erroneous and Sickly: Most of our Business is *Farce*. *Mundus universus exercet histrioniam.* We must play our Part well, but withal as the Part of a borrow'd Person; we must not make real Essence of a *Vizor* and outward Appearance, nor of a strange Person our own; we cannot distinguish the Skin from the Shirt; 'tis enough to meal the Face without mealing the Breast. I see some, who transform and transubstantiate themselves into as many new *Shapes* and new *Beings* as they undertake Employments, and who prelate themselves even to the Heart and Liver, and carry their Estate along with them, even to the Closet-fool: I cannot make them distinguish the Salutations are made to them, from those are made to their *Commission*, their *Train*, or their *Mule*. *Tantum se Fortuna permittunt, etiam ut Naturam dediscant.* They so much give themselves up to Fortune, as even to forget their Nature. They swell and puff up their Souls, and their natural way of speaking according to the height of their Place. The Mayors of *Bordeaux* and *Montaigne* have ever been two, by very manifest separation. To be an *Advocate* or a *Treasurer*, a Man must not be ignorant of the Knavery of such Callings; and yet ought not to refuse to take the Calling upon him: 'Tis the Usance of his Country, and there is Money to be got by it; a Man must live by the World; and make his best of it, such as it is. But the Judgment of an *Emperour* ought to be above his Empire, and the seeing and considering of it, as of a forein Accident; and he ought to know how to enjoy himself apart from it, and to communicate himself as *James* and *Peter*, to himself at least. I cannot engage my self so deep and so entire; when
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my *Will* gives me to deny any one, 'tis not with so violent an Obligation that my Judgment is infected with it. In the present Broils of this Kingdom, my Interest has not made me forget my self, nor the laudable Qualities of some of our Adversaries, nor those that are reproachable in those of our Party. They adore all of their own side; for my part I do not so much as excuse most things in those of mine: A good Speech has never the worse Grace for being made against me. The Knot of the Controversie excepted, I have always kept my self in Equanimity and pure Indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli, precipuum odium gero.* And have no express Hatred beyond the Necessity of War. For which I am pleased with my self, and the more, because I see others commonly fail on the contrary side. Such as extend their Anger and Hatred beyond the Dispute in question, as most Men do, shew that they spring from some other Occasion and particular Cause; like one who being cur'd of an *Ulcer*, has yet a remaining *Fever*, by which it appears that the *Ulcer* had another more conceal'd beginning; which is, that they are not concern'd in the Common Cause, because it is wounding to the State and Common Interest; but are only nettled by Reason of their private and particular Concern. This is the true Reason why they are so particularly animated, and to a degree so beyond Justice and publick Reason. *Non tam omnia universi, quam ea, quæ ad quemque pertinent, singuli carcebant.* Every one was not so much angry against things in general, as against those that particularly concern'd themselves. I would have matters go well on our side; but if they do not, I shall not run mad; I am heartily for the right Party; but I do not affect to be taken notice of for an especial Enemy to others, and beyond the general Quarrel. I am a mortal Enemy to this vicious Form of Censure: *He is of the League, because he admires*

the

the Duke of Guise. He is astonish'd at the King of Navar's Valour and Diligence, and therefore he is a Hugonot. He finds such and such Faults in the King's Manners and Conduct, and therefore he is Seditious in his Heart. And would not grant to a Magistrate himself, that he did well in condemning a Book, because it had plac'd a Heretick amongst the best Poets of the Time. Shall we not dare to say of a Thief, that he has a handsome Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, must it needs follow that she has a stinking Breath? Did they in the wisest Ages revoke the proud Title of *Capitolinus*, they had before confer'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as being the Conservator of Religion and the publick Liberty; Did they therefore damn the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms and Military Recompence granted to his Virtue, because he afterwards aspir'd to the Sovereignty, to the Prejudice of the *Laws* of his Country? If they take a hatred against an *Advocate*, he will not be allow'd the next day to be Eloquent. I have elsewhere spoke of the Zeal that push'd on worthy Men to the like Faults. For my part, I can say, such an one does this thing ill, and another thing vertuously and well. They will likewise, that in the *Prognosticks*, or sinister Events of Affairs, every one should in his Party be Blind, or a Blockhead, and that our Persuasion and Judgment should be subservient, not to *Truth*, but to the Project of our Desires. I should rather incline towards the other Extream, so much I fear being suborn'd by my Desire: To which may be added, that I am a little tenderly distrustful of things that

Facility of
People in
suffering
themselves
to be im-
pos'd upon.

I wish. I have in my time seen Wonders in the indiscreet and prodigious Facility of People, in suffering their hopes and belief to be led and govern'd which way has best pleas'd and serv'd their *Leaders*, above an hundred Mistakes one upon another, and above Dreams and Phantasms. I no more wonder at those who have been Blinded, and seduc'd

seduc'd by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mahomet*. Their Sense and Understanding is absolutely taken away by their Passion; their Discretion has no more any other Choice than that which smiles upon them, and relieves their Cause. I had principally observ'd this in the Beginning of our intestine Distempers; this other, which is sprung since, in imitating, has surpass'd it; by which I am satisfy'd that it is a Quality inseparable from popular Errors. After the first that rouls, Opinions drive on one another like Waves with the Wind. A Man is not a Member of the Body, if it be in his Power to forsake it, and if he do not roule the common way; but doubtless they wrong the Justice, when they go about to assist it with Fraud: I have ever been against that Practice. They are only fit to work upon weak Heads; for the sound, there are surer and more honest ways to keep up their Courages, and to excuse adverse Accidents. Heaven never saw a greater Animosity than that betwixt *Cesar* and *Pompey*, nor ever shall; and yet I observe methinks in those brave Souls, a great Moderation towards one another. It was a Jealousie of Honour and Command, which did not transport them to a furious and indiscreet Hatred, and that was, tho' Hatred, without Malignity and Detraction. In their briskest and hottest Encounters, and Exploits upon one another, I discover some Remains of Respect and Good-will; and therefore am of Opinion, that, had it been possible, each of 'em would rather have done his Business without the Ruine of the other, than with it. Take notice how much otherwise Matters went with *Marin* and *Sylla*. We must not precipitate our selves so headlong after our Affections and Interest. As when I was young, I oppos'd my self to the Progress of *Love*, which I perceiv'd to advance too fast upon me, and had a care lest it should at last

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become

become so pleasing, as to force, captivate, and wholly reduce me to its Mercy; So I do the same upon all other Occasions where my Will is running on with too warm an Appetite. I lean opposite to the side it inclines to, as I find it going to plunge and make it self drunk with its own Wine; I evade nourishing its Pleasure so far, that I cannot recover it without infinite Loss. Souls that, through their own Stupidity, only discern things by halves, have this Happiness, that they smart least with hurtful things. 'Tis a spiritual Leprosie that has some shew of Health; and such a Health as Philosophy does not altogether contemn; but yet we have no reason to call it Wisdom, as we often do. And after this manner some one antiently mock'd *Diogenes*, who, in the depth of Winter, and stark naked; went hugging an Image of Snow for a Trial of his Patience; this other meeting him in this Equipage, *Art thou not very cold,* said he? *Not at all,* replied *Diogenes*. *Why then,* said the other, *What great and exemplary thing canst thou think thou dost, in embracing the Snow?* A Man, to take a true measure of Constancy, must necessarily know what Suffering is; but Souls that are to meet with adverse Events, and the Injuries of Fortune in their Depth and Sharpness, that are to weigh and taste them according to their natural Weight and Sharpness, let such shew their Skill in avoiding the Causes, and diverting the Blow. What did King *Carys* do? He paid liberally for the rich and beautiful Vessel that had been presented him; but being it was exceeding brittle, he immediately broke it, betimes to prevent so easy a matter of Displeasure against his Servants. In like manner, I have willingly avoided all Confusion in my Affairs, and never coveted to have my Estate contiguous to those of my Relations, and such with whom I coveted a strict Friendship; whence Matters of Unkindness

Diogenes patient of Cold.

A rich Vessel purposely broken by *K. Carys*, and why.

and

and Falling-out do oft proceed. I have formerly lov'd Cards and Dice, but have long since left 'em off, only for this Reason; That tho' I carry my Losses as handsomely as another, I was not well satisfied and quiet within. Let a Man of Honour, who ought to be sensible of the *Lye*, and who is not to take a scurvy Excuse for Satisfaction, avoid Occasions of Dispute. I shun melancholick and sour-natur'd Men, as I would do the Plague. And in Matters I cannot talk without Emotion and Concern, I never meddle, if not compell'd by my Duty. *Melius non incipit, quam desinent, A Man Senec.* had better never to have begun, than to desist. The Ep. 92. surest way therefore, is, to prepare a Man's self beforehand for Occasions. I know very well, that some wise Men have taken another way, and have not fear'd to grapple and engage to the utmost upon several Subjects. Such are confident of their own Strength, under which they protect themselves in all th' successes, making their Patience wrestle and contend with Disasters.

*velut rupes vastum qua prodit in equor,
Obvia ventorum furias, expestaque ponto,
Vim cunctarum atque minas perfert cœlique marisque,
Ipsa immota manens.*

Virgil. *Æ-*
neid. l. 10.

He as a Rock amongst vast Billows stood,
Scorning loud Winds and raging of the Flood,
And fix'd remaining all the Force defies
Must'rd from threatening Seas and thundring Skies:

Mr. Ogilby.

Let us never attempt these Examples, we shall never come up to them. They set themselves resolutely, and without Trouble, to behold the Ruine of their *Country*, to which all the Good they can contrive or perform, is due. This is too much, and too rude for our common Souls to undergo.

Cato indeed gave up the noblest Life that ever was upon this account; but it is for us meaner spirited Men, to fly from the Storm as far as we can; we ought to make Provision of Rescément, not of Patience, and evade the Blows we cannot put by. *Zeno* seeing *Chremetides*, a young Man whom he lov'd, draw near to lie down by him, suddenly started up, and *Chremetides* demanding of him the Reason why he did so, *Zeno* said he, that Physicians, especially order'd Repose, and forbid Emotion in all Tumours. *Socrates* does not say, do not surrender to the Charms of Beauty, stand your ground, and do your utmost to oppose it. Fly it, says he; shun the Sight and Encounter of it, as of a powerful Poyson that darts and wounds at a Distance. And his good Disciple, either feigning or reciting, but in my opinion, rather reciting than feigning the rare Perfections of that great *Cyrus*, makes him distrustful of his own Strength, to resist the Charms of the Divine Beauty of that illustrious *Panthea*, his Captive, in committing the visiting and keeping of her to another, who could not have so much Liberty as himself. And the Holy Ghost in like manner, *Ne nos inducas in tentationem*. We do not pray that our Reason may not be combated and overcome by Concupiscence, but that it should not be so much as try'd; that we should not be brought into a State wherein we were so much as to suffer the Approaches, Solicitations, and Temptations of Sin: and we beg of Almighty God to keep our Consciences quiet, fully, and perfectly deliver'd from all Commerce of Evil. Such as say that they have Reason for their Revenging Passion, or any other sort of troublesome Agitation of Mind, do oft say true, as things now are, but not as they were. They speak to us when the Causes of their Error are by themselves nourish'd and advanc'd. But look backward, recal these Causes to their Beginning,

ning, and there you will put them to a *non plus*; will they have their Fault less for being of longer Continuance, and that of an unjust Beginning, the Sequel can be just? Whoever shall desire the Good of his Country, as I do, without fretting or pining himself, will be troubled, but will not swoon to see it threatening either its own Ruine, or a less ruinous Continuance. Poor Vessel, that the Waves, the Winds, and the Pilot, toss and steer to so contrary Designs!

—*in tam diversa magistris,
Kentus, & unda trahunt.*

Bachanar.

He who does not gape after the Favour of Princes, as after a thing he cannot live without, does not much concern himself at the Coldness of their Reception and Countenance, nor at the Inconstancy of their Wills. He who does not brood over his Children or his Honours with a slavish Propension, ceases not to live commodiously enough after their Loss. Who does Good principally for his own Satisfaction, will not be much troubled to see Men judge of his Actions contrary to his Merit. A quarter of an Ounce of Patience will provide sufficiently against such Inconveniencies. I find Ease in this Receipt, redeeming my self in the beginning as good cheap as I can; and find, that by that means I have escap'd much Trouble and many Difficulties. With very little ado I stop the first Sally of my Emotions, and leave the Subject that begins to be troublesome before it transports me. He who stops not the Start, will never be able to stop the Career. Who cannot keep them out, will never get them out when they are once got in; and, who cannot crush them at the beginning, will never do it after, nor ever keep himself from Falling, if he cannot recover himself when first he begins to totter.

Cicero, *Ter.* Etenim ipsi se impellunt ubi sermo à ratione dis-
 Thusc. h. 2. cessum est: ipsaque sibi imbecillitas indulget, in altera-
 que provehitur imprudenter: nec reperit locum confi-
 stendi. For they throw themselves headlong, when once
 they lose their Reason; and Frailty does so far indulge
 itself, that it is unawares carried out into the Deep,
 and can find no Port wherein to come to an Anchor. I
 am betimes sensible of the little Breezes that be-
 gin to sing and whistle in the Showds, the Fore-
 runners of a Storm.

Raid. 12.
 10.

— *cum flamina prima*
Cum deprensa fremunt sylvis, & cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos.

M. Ogilby.

— As when Winds rise,
 And stopt by Woods, a sudden Murmur send,
 Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend.

How oft have I done my self a manifest Injustice, to
 avoid the Hazard of having yet a worse done me
 by the Judges, after an Age of Vexations, dirty and
 vile Practices, more Enemies to my Nature than
 Fire, or the Rack? *Convenit à libris quantum licet*
& nescio an paulò plus etiam quàm licet abhorren-
tem esse. Est enim non modo liberalis, pouldum non-
nunquam de suo jure decedere, sed interdum etiam
fructuosum. A Man should be an Enemy to all Contem-
tion as much as he lawfully may, and I know not whe-
ther not something more: For 'tis not only liberal, but
sometimes also advantageous too a little to recede from
one's Right. Were we Wise, we ought to rejoice
and boast, as I ont day heard a young Gentleman of
a good Family very innocently do, that his Mother
had lost her Tryal, as if it had been a Cough, a Pe-
ver, or something very troublesome to keep: Even
the Favours that Fortune might have given me thro'
Relation, or Acquaintance with those who have so-
vereign Authority in those Affairs, have very con-
 scien-

Scientiously wav'd; and very carefully avoided employing them to the Prejudice of others, and of advancing my Pretensions above their true Right. In fine, I have so much prevail'd by my Endeavours, in a happy Hour I may speak it, that I am to this Day a Virgin from all Suits in Law; tho' I have had very fair Offers made me, and with very just Title, would I have hearken'd to them: And a Virgin from Quarrels too. I have almost pass'd over a long Life without any Offence of Moment, either active or Passive, or without ever hearing a worse Word than my own Name: A rare Favour of Heaven. Our greatest Agitations have ridiculous Motives and Causes. What Ruin did our late Duke of Burgundy run into about a Cart-load of Sheeps-pelts? And was not the Graving of a Seal the first and principal Cause of the greatest Commotion that this Machine of the World did ever undergo? For Pompey and Caesar are but the Off-sets and Continuation of two others. And I have, in my time, seen the wisest Heads in this Kingdom assembled with great Ceremony, and at the publick Expence, about Treaties and Agreements, of which the true Decision did in the mean time absolutely depend upon the Ladies Cabinet-Council, and the Inclination of some foolish Women. The Poets very well understood this, when they put all Greece and Asia to Fire and Sword for an Apple. Enquire why that Man hazards his Life and Honour upon the Fortune of his Rapier and Dagger; let him acquaint you with the Occasion of the Quarrel, he cannot do it without Blushing, 'tis so idle and frivolous: A little thing will ingage you in't, but being once embark'd, all Cords draw; greater Provisions are then requir'd, more hard, and more important. How much easier is it not to enter in, than it is to get out? Now, we should proceed contrary to the Reed, which at its first springing, produces a long and steepe shoot, but afterwards, as if tir'd

and out of Breath, it, runs into thick and frequent Joints and Knots, as so many Pauses ; which demonstrates, that it has no more its first Vigour and Constancy, 'Twere better to begin fair and coldly, and to keep a Man's Breath and vigorous Attaques for the Height and Stress of the Business. We guide and govern Affairs in their Beginnings, and have them then in our own Power ; but afterwards when they are once at work, 'tis they that guide and govern us, and we are to follow them. Yet do I not pretend by this to say, that this Counsel has discharg'd me of all Difficulty, and that I have not often had enough to do to curb and restrain my Passions. They are not always to be govern'd according to the measure of Occasions, and often have their Entries very sharp and violent. So it is, that thence good Fruit and Profit may be reap'd ; except for those, who in well-doing are not satisfied with any Benefit, if Reputation be wanting : For in truth, such an Effect is not valu'd but by every one to himself. You are better contented, but not more esteem'd ; seeing you reform'd your self before you came into play, and that any Vice was discover'd in you : Yet not in this only, but in all other Duties of Life, also the way of those who aim at Honour, is very different from that they proceed by ; who propose to themselves Order and Reason. I find some who rashly and furiously rush into the *Lists*, and cool in the *Course*. As *Plutarch* says, That as those who through Bashfulness, being soft and facile, do grant whatever is desir'd of them, are afterwards as frail to break their Word, and to recant ? so likewise he who enters lightly into a Quarrel, is subject to go as lightly out. The same Difficulty that keeps me from entering into it, would, when once hot and engag'd in Quarrel, incite me to maintain it with great Obstinacy and Resolution. 'Tis the Tyranny of Custom, when a Man is once engag'd, he must go through with

with it, or die. *Undertake coldly, said: Bins, but pursue with Ardour.* For want of Prudence, Men fall into want of Courage, which is more intolerable. Most Accomodations of the Quarrels of these days of ours, are shameful and false, we only seek to save Appearances, and in the mean time betray and disavow our true Intentions. We save the Fact. We know very well how we said the thing, and in what Sense we spoke it, and both all the Company, and of them our Friends with whom we would appear to have the Advantage, understand it well enough too. 'Tis at the expence of our Liberty, and the Honour of our Courage, that we disown our Thoughts, and seek Refuge in Falsties to the Friends. We give our selves the *Lye*, to excuse the *Lye* we have given to another. You are to consider, if your Word or Action may admit of another Interpretation; 'tis your own true and sincere Interpretation of, and your real Meaning in what you said or did, that you are thenceforward to maintain; whatever it cost you. Men speak to your Virtue, Honour and Conscience, which are none of them to be disguis'd. Let us leave these pitiful Ways and Expedients to the Juglers of the Law. The Excuses and Satisfactions that I see every Day made and given to repair Indiscretion, seem to me more scandalous than Indiscretion itself. It were better to affront your Adversary a second time, than to offend your self by giving him so unmanly a Satisfaction. You have brav'd him in your Heat and Anger, and you go to appease him in your cooler and better Sense; and by that means lay your self lower, and at his Feet, whom before you pretended to over-top. I do not find any thing a *Gentleman* can say so rude and vicious in him, as unsaying what he has said is infamous; when to unsay it is authoritatively extracted from him, forasmuch as Obstinacy is more excusable in a Man of Honour than Pusillanimity can

can possibly be. Passions are as easie for me to invade, as they are hard for me to moderate. *Exiōduntur facilius anima, quam temperantur.* Who cannot attain unto that noble *Stoical* Impossibility, let him secure himself in the Bosom of this popular Stupidity of mine. What those great Souls perform'd by their Virtue, I leave my self to do by Complexion. The middle Region harbours Storms and Tempests, the two Extreames of *Philosophers* and ignorant Men, concur in Tranquility and Happiness.

Virgil.
Georg. 1.2. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,*
Atque manas omnes, & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari.
Fortunatus, & ille, Deus qui vivit agrestes,
Panaque, Sylvanumq; senem, Nymphasq; sorores.

Mr. Ogilby. Happy is he that hidden Causes knows,
 And bold, all shapes of Danger dare oppose,
 Trampled beneath his Feet the cruel Fates,
 Whom Death nor swallowing *Acheron* amates;
 And he is blest who knows our Country Gods,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs Abodes.

The Births of all things are weak and tender, and therefore are we to have an Eye to their Beginnings; for as then in their Infancy the Danger is not perceiv'd; so when it is grown up, the Remedy is no more to be found. I had every Day encounter'd a Million of Crosses, harder to digest in the Progress of my Ambition, than it has been hard for me to curb the Natural Propention that inclin'd me to it.

Horace 1,
3. Ode 17. *--- jare porborum,*
Late conspicuum totere verticem.

I did well
To shrink my Head into my Shell,

Sir Rich.
Fanshawe.

All publick Actions are subject to various and in-
certain Interpretations, for too many Heads judge
of them. Some say of this City Employment of mine
(and I am willing to say a word or two of it, not
that it is worth so much; but to give an account of
my Manners in such things) that I have behaved
my self in it like a Man not easie to be mov'd, and
with a languishing Affection; and they have some
colour for what they say. I endeavour to keep my
Mind and my Thoughts in repose. *Cum semper*
natura, cum etiam utare jata quietus; *Cicero.* As being always
quieter by Nature; so also now by Age. And if they
sometimes lash out upon some rude and sensible
Impression, 'tis in truth without my Advice. Yet
from this natural Heaviness of mine, Men ought not
to conclude a total Inability in me; for Want of
Care and Want of Sense, are two very different
things; and much less any Ingratitude towards this
Corporation, who employ'd the utmost Means they
had in their Power to oblige me, both before they
knew me and after. And they did much more for
me in chusing me anew, than in conferring that
Honour upon me at first; I love them intirely, and
with them all the Good that can befall so worthy a
Society. And doubtless, had occasion been, there is
nothing I would have spar'd for their Service;
I did for them as I would have done for my self.
'Tis a Good, Warlike and Generous People, but
capable of Obedience and Discipline, and of whom
the best use may be made, if well guided. They
say also, that my Administration was pass'd over
without any great Remark, or any Record of
moment. 'Tis true, They moreover accuse my
Cessation in a time when every body almost was
con-

convinc'd of doing too much. I am impatient to be doing where my Will spurs me on; but this Point is an enemy to Perseverance. Let whoever will make use of me, according to my own way, imploy me in Affairs where Vigour and Liberty are requir'd; where a direct, short, and moreover a hazardous Conduct are necessary, I peradventure may do something; but if it must be long, subtle, laborious, artificial and intricate, they were better call in somebody else. All important Offices are not harden'd came prepar'd to carry my self a little more roughly; but there been great Occasion; for it is in my power to do something more than I do, or than I love to do; I did not to my Knowledge omit any thing that my Duty really requir'd; 'tis true; that I easily forget those Offices that Ambition mixes with Duty; and palliates with Title. Those are they, that for the most part, fill the Eyes and Ears, and give Men the most Satisfaction: Not the thing, but the appearance contents them. They think Men sleep if they hear no Noise. My humour is no friend to Tumult. I could appease a Riot without Emotion; and chastise a Disorder without alteration. If I stand in need of Anger, and Inflammation, I borrow it, and put it on; my Manners are heavy, rather faint than sharp. I do not condemn a Magistrate that sleeps, provided the People under his charge sleep as well as he: the Laws in that case sleep too. For my part, I commend a gliding, solitary and silent Life. *Neque submissam & subjactam, neque se efferentem.* My Fortune will have it so: I am descended from a Family that has liv'd without Lustre or Tumult, and time out of mind particularly ambitious of Valour and Loyalty. Our People now adays are so bred up to Buitle and Ostentation, that Good-nature, Moderation, Epity, Constancy, and such quiet and obscure Qualities, are no more thought on or regard-

ed.

ed. Rough Bodies make themselves felt, the smooth are imperceptibly handled. Sickness is felt, Health, little, or not at all, no more than the Oyls that foment us, in comparison of the Pains for which we are fomented. 'Tis acting for a Man's Reputation and particular Profit, not for the publick Good, to refer that to be done in the publick place, which a Man may as well do in the Council-Chamber, and to Noon-day, what might have been done the Night before; and to be jealous to do that himself which his Colleague can do as well as he. So were some *Chirurgions* of *Greece* wont to make their Operations upon *Scaffolds* in the sight of the People to draw more Practice and Profit. They think that good Orders cannot be understood but by the Sound of Trumpet. Ambition is not a Vice of little People, and of so mean Abilities as ours. One said to *Alexander*, your *Father* will leave you a great Dominion; easie and pacifick; this Youth was emulous of his *Father's* Victories, and the Justice of his Government; and would not have enjoy'd the Empire of the World in Ease and Peace. *Alcibiades* in *Plato*, had rather die Young, Beautiful, Rich, Noble and Learned, and all this with Excellence, than to continue in the State of such a Condition. This Disease is peradventure excusable in so strong and so full a Soul. When these wretched and dwarfish Souls gull and deceive themselves, and think to spread their Fame, for having given right Judgment in an Affair, or continued the Discipline of keeping the Guard of a Gate of their City, the more they think to exalt their Heads, the more they shew their Tails. This little Well doing has neither Body nor Life; it vanishes in the first Mouth, and goes no farther than from one Street to another. Talk of it in *Gods* name to your Son, or your Servant; quote that old Fellow, who having no other Auditor of his Prayers, nor Approver of his Va-

lour,

your, boasted to his Chamber-maid, crying out,
 O *Perres*, what a brave Man hast thou to thy
 Master! At the worst hand, talk of it to your self;
 like a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, who having
 disgorg'd a whole Cartful of *Paragraphts*, with great
 Heat, and as great Folly, coming out of the *Council-
 Chamber* to piss, was heard very conscientiously to
 mutter betwixt his Teeth. *Non nobis, Domine, non
 vobis, sed nequini tuo da gloriam.* Who can get it of
 no body else, let him pay himself out of his own
 Purse. Fame is not prostituted at so cheap a rate.
 Rare and exemplary Actions, to which it is due,
 would not endure the Company of this prodigious
 crowd of little Performances. Marble may exalt
 your Titles: as much as you please, for having re-
 pair'd a *Road* of a ruinous Wall, or clean'd a publick
Aqueduct, but not Men of-Sense. Renown does not
 follow all good Deeds, if Novelty and Difficulty be
 not conjoin'd. Nay, so much as meer Estimation,
 according to the *Stoicks*, is not due to every Action
 that proceeds from Vertue; neither will they allow
 him bare Thanks, who out of Temperance, for-
 bears to meddle with any old blear-ey'd *Hagg*. Such
 as have known the admirable Qualities of *Scipio
 Africanus*, deny him the Glory that *Penotius* attri-
 butes to him, of being abstinent from Gifts, as a
 Glory not so much his, as that of the Age he liv'd
 in. We have Pleasures suitable to our Fortunes; let
 us not usurp these of Grandeur. Our own are more
 natural, and by so much more solid and sure, as
 they are more low. If not for that of Conscience,
 yet at least for Ambition sake, let us reject Ambi-
 tion, let us disdain that thirst of Honour and Re-
 nown, so low and mendicant, that it makes us beg
 it of all sorts of People: *Qua est ista laus qua possit &
 macello peti? What Praise is that which is to be got in the
 Market? by abject means, and at what cheap rate
 forever.* 'Tis Dishonour to be so Honour'd. Let

us

us learn to be no more greedy, than we are capable of Honour. To be puff'd up with every Action that is Innocent, or of Use, is only for such with whom such things are extraordinary and rare; they will value it as it costs them. How much more a good Effect makes a Noise, so much I abate of the Goodness of it; and enter into Suspicion that it was more perform'd for Noise, than upon the account of Goodness: Being expos'd upon the Stall, 'tis half fold. Those Actions have much more Grace and Lustre, that slip from the Hand of him that does them negligently, and without Noise: and that some honest Man after chuses out, and raises from the Shade, to produce it to the Light, upon its own account. *Mihi quidem laudabiliora videntur omnia, qua sine venditione & sine populo teste fiunt.* All things truly seem more laudable to me, that are perform'd without Ostentation, and without the Testimony of the People. Says the proudest Man of the World, I had no care but to conserve, and to continue, which are silent and insensible Effects. Innovation is of great Lustre, but 'tis interdicted in this Time, when we are press'd upon, and have nothing to defend our selves from but Novelties. To forbear doing, is oft as generous as to do, but 'tis less in the Light; and the little Good I have in me is of this kind. In fine, Occasions in this Employment of mine, have been confederate with my Humour, and I thank them for it. Is there any one who desires to be sick that he may see his *Physician's* Practice? and would not that *Physician* deserve to be Whipp'd, who should wish the Plague amongst us, that he might put his Art in practice? I have never been of that wicked Humour, tho' common enough, to desire that the Trouble and Disorders of this City should elevate and honour my Government; I have ever willingly contributed all I could to their Tranquility and Ease. He who will not thank me for the Order, sweet and

and silent Calm that has accompanied my Administration, cannot however deprive me of the share that belongs to me by the Title of my good Fortune. And I am of such a Composition, that I would as willingly be *happy as wise*; and had rather owe my Successes purely to the Favour of *Almighty God*, than to any Industry or Operation of my own. I had sufficiently publish'd to the World my Unfitness for such publick Offices; but I have something in me yet worse than Incapacity; which is, that I am not much displeas'd at it, and that I do not much go about to cure it, considering the Course of Life that I have propos'd to my self. Neither have I satisfy'd my self in this Employment; but I have very near arriv'd at what I expected from my own Performance, and have yet much surpass'd what I promis'd them with whom I had to do: For I am apt to promise something less than what I am able to do, and than what I am able to make good. I assure my self that I have left no Impressions of Offence or Hatred behind me, and to leave a Regret or Desire of me amongst them. I at least know very well that I did never much affect it.

Virgil. *Æ-*
neid. l. 5.

— *mène huit considère monstre;*
Mène satis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
Ignorare?

Ms. Gilby.

Wouldst thou I should a quiet Sea believe,
To this inconstant Monster Credit give?

C. H. A. P.

C H A P. XI.

Of Cripples.

TIS now two or three Years ago that they made the Year ten Days shorter in *France*. How many Changes may we expect should follow this Reformation! This was properly removing *Heaven and Earth* at once; and yet nothing for all that stirs from its Place: my Neighbours still find their Seasons of Sowing and Reaping, the Opportunities of doing their Business, with the hurtful and propitious Days, just at the same time, where they had Time out of Mind assign'd them. There was no more Error perceiv'd in our old Usage, than there is Amendment found in this new Alteration. So great an Incertainty there is thro'out; so gross, obscure and dull is our Understanding. 'Tis said, that this Regulation might have been carry'd on with less Inconvenience, by subtracting, according to the Example of *Augustus*, the *Bissexile*, which is in some sort a Day of Trouble, till we had exactly satisfy'd that Debt; which is not perform'd neither by this Correction, and we yet remain some Days in Arrear: And yet by the same means such Order might be taken for the future, ordering, That after the Revolution of such a Year, or such a Number of Years, the supernumerary Day might be always thrown out, so that we could not henceforward err above four and twenty Hours in our Computation. We have no other account of Time but Years; the World has for many Ages made use of that only, and yet it is a Measure that to this day we are not agreed upon; such an one, that we still doubt what Form

The Year
cut ten
Days
shorter.

other Nations have variously given to it, and what was the true Use of it. What does this Saying of some mean, *That the Heavens, in growing Old, bow themselves down nearer towards us, and put us to an Uncertainty even of Hours and Days?* And that which Plutarch says of the Months, *That Astrology had not, in his time, determin'd the Motion of the Moon?* So, what a fine Condition are we in, to keep Records of things past! I was just now ruminating, as I often do, upon this, What a free and roving thing Humane Judgment is. I ordinarily see, that Men, in things propos'd to them, more willingly study to find out the Reason than to find out the Truth: They slip over *Presuppositions*, but are curious in Examination of *Consequences*. They leave the *Things*, and fly to the *Causes*. Pleasant Praters! The Knowledge of *Causes* does only concern Him who has the Conduct of Things, not us, who are only to undergo them, and who perfectly have full and accomplish'd Use of them according to our need, without penetrating into the Original and Essence. Neither is Wine more pleasant to him that knows its first Faculties. On the contrary, both the Body and Soul alter and interrupt the Right they have of the Use of the World; and of themselves, by mixing with it the Opinion of Learning. Effects concern us, but the Means not at all. To determine and to distribute appertain to Superiority and Command, as it does to Subjection to accept it. Let me reprehend our Custom. They commonly begin thus: *How is such a thing done?* Whereas they should say, *Is such a thing done?* Our Prattle is able to create an hundred other Worlds, and to find out the Beginnings, and Contexture; it needs neither Matter nor Foundation. Let it be run on, it builds as well in the Air as on the Earth; and with Inanity as well as Matter.

Dare

Dare pondus idonea fumo.

*Perfus,
Sat. 5.*

I find, that almost throughout we should say, *There is no such thing*; and should my self oft make use of this Answer, but I dare not; for they cry, *It is a Defect produc'd from Ignorance and Weakness of Understanding.* And I am forc'd; for the most part, to juggle for Company, and prate of frivolous and idle Subjects, that I believe ne'er a Word of. Besides that, in truth, 'tis a little rude and quarrelling, flatly to deny a Proposition; and few People but will affirm, especially in things hard to be believ'd, that they have seen them, or at least will name such Witnesses whose Authority will stop our Mouths from Contradictions. By this means we know the Foundations and Means of things that never were; and the World scuffles about a thousand Questions, of which the *pro* and *con* are both false. *Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in precipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere.* False things are so like the true, that a wise Man should not trust himself upon the Precipice. Truth and Lies are fac'd alike, their Port, Taste and Proceedings are the same, and we look upon them with the same Eye. I find that we are not only remiss in defending our selves from Deceit, but we seek and offer our selves to be gull'd; we love to entangle our selves in Vanity, as a thing conformable to our Being. I have seen the Birth of many Miracles of my Time, which altho' they were abortive, yet have we not fail'd to foresee what they would have come to, had they liv'd their full Age. 'Tis but finding the End of the *Clue*, and a Man may wind off as much as he will; and there is a greater distance betwixt *Nothing*, and the least thing in the World, than there is betwixt that and the greatest. Now, the first that are imbued with this Begin-

*Cicero
Acad. 1. 4.*

ning of Novelty, when they set out their History, find, by Oppositions they meet with, where the Difficulty of Persuasion lies, and so caulk that place with some false Piece. Besides that, *Insta hominibus libidine alendi de industria rumores*, Men having a natural Desire to nourish Reports, we naturally make a Conscience of restoring what has been lent us, without some Usury and Access of our Substance. Particular Error first makes the Publick Error; and afterwards, in turn, the publick Error makes the particular one; so all this vast *Fabric* goes forming and confounding it self from hand to hand, so that the remotest Testimony is better instructed than those that are nearest; and the last inform'd better persuaded than the first. 'Tis a natural Progress: For whoever believes any thing, thinks it a work of Charity to persuade another into the same Opinion. Which the better to do, he will make no Difficulty of adding as much of his own Invention, as he conceives necessary to encounter the Resistance or want of Conception he meets with in others. I my self, who make a great Conscience of Lying, and am not very solicitous of giving Credit and Authority to what I say, do yet find, that in the Arguments I have in hand, being heated with the Opposition of another, or by the proper Heat of my own Narration, I swell and puff up my Subject by Voice, Motion, Vigour and Force of Words; and moreover by Extention and Amplification, not without some Prejudice to the naked Truth: But I do it conditionally withal, that to the first who brings me to my self, and who asks me the plain and naked Truth, I presently surrender my Passion, and deliver it to him without Exaggeration, without *Emphasis*, or any Larding of my own: A quick and earnest way of Speaking, as mine is, is apt to run into *Hyperbole*. There is nothing to which Men commonly are more inclin'd,

inclin'd, than to give way to their own Opinions. Where the ordinary Means fail us, we add Command and Force, Fire and Sword. 'Tis ill Luck to be at that pass, that the best Tryal of Truth, must be the Multitude of Believers, in a Crowd, where the Number of Fools so much exceeds the Wise. *Quasi vero quidquam sit tam valde, quam nil sapere vulgare. Sanitatis patrociniū est, insanientium turba.* Cicero de div. 1. 2. Item Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib 6. cap. 10. As if any thing were so common as Ignorance. The Multitude of Fools is a Protection to the Wise. 'Tis hard to resolve a Man's Judgment against the common Opinions: The first Persuasion taken from the very Subject it self, possesses the Simple, and from that it diffuses it self to the Wise, under the Authority of Number and Antiquity of the Witnesses. For my part, what I should not believe from one, I should not believe from an hundred and one; and do not judge Opinions by the Years. 'Tis not long since one of our Princes, in whom the Gout had spoil'd an excellent Nature, and sprightly Disposition, suffer'd himself to be so far persuaded with the Report was made of the wonderful Operations of a certain Priest; who by Words and Gestures cur'd all sorts of Diseases, as to go a long Journey to seek him out; and by the Force of his Apprehension for some time, so persuaded and laid his Legs asleep, as to obtain that Service from them they had a long time forgot. Had Fortune heap'd five or six such like Accidents, it had been enough to have brought this Miracle into Nature. There was after discover'd so much Simplicity, and so little Art in the Architecture of such Operations, that they were thought too contemptible to be punish'd; as would be thought of most such things, were they well examin'd. *Miramur Senec. Ep. ex intervallo fallentia, We admire at distance things that deceive.* So does our Sight oft represent to us strange Images at distance, that vanish in approaching

Cres. lin. 9. ing near. *Nunquam ad liquidum famā perducitur, Fame is never brought to be clear.* 'Tis to be wonder'd at, from how many idle Beginnings and frivolous Causes such famous Impressions commonly proceed. This it is that obstructs the Information; for whilst we seek out the Causes, and the great and weighty Ends, worthy of so great a Name, we lose the true ones. They escape our Sight by their Liteness: And, in truth, a prudent, diligent and subtle Inquisition is requir'd in such Searches; indifferent and not prepossess'd. To this very Hour all these Miracles and strange Events have conceal'd themselves from me; I have never seen a greater Monster or Miracle in the World than my self: A Man grows familiar with all strange things by Time and Custom; but the more I frequent, and the better I know my self, the more does my own Deformity astonish me, and the less I understand my self. The principal Right of Advancing and Producing such Accidents, is reserv'd to *Fortune*, Riding the other Day thro' a Village, about two Leagues from my House, I found the Place yet hot with the Rumour of a Miracle lately happen'd there, wherewith the Neighbourhood had been several Months amus'd, and so, that neighbouring *Provinces* began to take the *Alarm*, and to run thither in great Companies of all sorts of People. A young Fellow of the Town, had one Night counterfeited the Voice of a Spirit in his own House, without any other Design at present, but only for Sport; but this having succeeded with him a little better than he expected, to illustrate his *Farce* with more *Actors*, he took a stupid silly Country-Girl into the Scene, and at last they were three of the same Age and Understanding; and from domestick Lectures, proceeded to publick Preaching, hiding themselves under the *Altar* of the *Church*, never speaking but by Night, and forbidding any Light to be brought, Words which tended to the Conversion

version of the World, and Threats of the Day of Judgment (for these are Subjects under the Authority and Reverence of which Imposture does most securely lurk and lie conceal'd) and thence proceeding to vicious and odd Gestures, so simple and ridiculous, that nothing could hardly be so gross and contemptible amongst little Children: Yet had Fortune never so little favour'd the Design, who knows to what Height this Juggling might have at last arriv'd? These poor *Devils* are at present in Prison, and are like shortly to pay for their Folly, and I know not whether some Judge may not also make them smart for this. We see clearly in this which is discover'd, but in many things of the like Nature, that exceed our Knowledge, I am of Opinion, that we ought to suspend our Judgment, and to keep it in a Condition as fit to reject as to receive them. Great Abuse in the World is begot, or, to speak more boldly, All the Abuses of the World are begot by our being taught to be afraid of possessing our Ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all things we are not able to refute. We speak of all things by Precepts and Resolution. The Style of *Rome* was, that even that which a Witness depos'd for having seen it with his own Eyes, and what a Judge determin'd with his most certain Knowledge, was couch'd in this Form of Speaking, *It seems*. They make me hate things that are likely, when they impose them upon me for infallible. I love these Words which mollifie and moderate the Temerity of our Propositions, *Peradventure, In some Sort, 'Tis said, I think*, and the like: And had I been to train up Children, I had so put this way of Answering into their Mouths, inquiring, and not resolute, *What does this mean? I understand it not; It may be; It is true*; that they should rather have retain'd the Form of *Pupils* at Threescore Years old, than to go out *Doctors*, as they

they now do, at Ten. Whoever will be cur'd of Ignorance, must confess it. *Iris* is the Daughter of *Thaumantis*. *Admiration* is the *Foundation* of all *Philosophy*, *Inquisition* the *Progress*, and *Ignorance* the *End*. Ay, but there is a sort of Ignorance strong and generous, that yields nothing in *Honour* and *Courage* to Knowledge; an Ignorance, which to conceive, requires no less knowledge than Knowledge it self. I saw, in my younger Years, a *Report* of a *Process* that *Corras* a Counsellour of *Thoulouse* put out in Print, of a strange Accident of two Men, who presented themselves the one for the other. I remember (and I hardly remember any thing else) that he seem'd to have render'd the Imposture of him whom he judg'd to be guilty, so wonderful, and so far exceeding both our Knowledge and his own, who was the Judge, that I thought it a very bold Sentence that condemn'd him to be Hang'd. Let us take up some Form of *Arrest*, that says, *The Court understands nothing of the matter*; more freely and ingenuously than the *Areopagites* did, who finding themselves perplex'd with a *Cause* they could not unravel, order'd the Parties to appear again after an Hundred Years. The *Witches* of my Neighbourhood run a hazard of their Lives, upon the Intelligence of every new *Author*, that will give real *Body* to his *Dreams*. To accommodate the Examples that *Holy Writ* gives us of such things, most certain and irrefragable Examples, and to tye them to our modern *Events*, being we neither see the *Causes* nor the *Means*, will require another sort of Wit than ours. It peradventure only appertains to that sole all-pollent Testimony, to tell us, *This is, and that is, and not that other*. GOD ought to be believ'd, and certainly with *very good Reason*; but not one amongst us, for all that, who is astonish'd at his own *Narration*, (and he must of necessity be astonish'd, if he be

be not out of his Wits) whether he employ it about other Mens Affairs, or against himself. I am plain and rude, and stick to the main Point, and that which is more likely, avoiding those ancient Reproaches. *Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis qua non intelligunt. Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obscura creduntur.* Pliny. Men are most apt to believe what they least understand; and thro' the Lust of Human Wis, obscure things are more easily credited. I see very well that Men are angry, and that I am forbidden to doubt upon pain of execrable Injuries. A New way of persuading Mercy for God's sake. I am not to be cufft into Belief. Let them be angry with those that accuse their Opinion of Falsity, I only accuse it of Difficulty and Boldness; and condemn the opposite Affirmation equally, if not so imperiously with them. Who will establish his Discourse by Authority and Huffing, discovers his Reason to be very weak. For a verbal and scholastick Alteration, let them have as much Appearance as their Contradictors. *Videantur sane, non affirmentur modo* Sic. vel Sen. But in the real Consequence they draw from it, these have much the Advantage. To kill Men, a clear and shining Light is requir'd; and our Life is too real and essential to warrant these supernatural and fantastick Accidents. As to *Drugs and Poisons*, I throw them out of my account, as being the worst sorts of Homicides: Yet even in this, 'tis said, that Men are not always to insist upon the proper Confessions of these People; for they have sometimes been known to accuse themselves of the Murther of Persons who have afterwards been found living and well. In these other extravagant Accusations, I shall be apt to say, That it is sufficient, a Man, what Recommendation soever he may have, be believ'd in human things; but of what is beyond his Conception, and of supernatural Effect, he ought then only to be believ'd, when authoriz'd

thoriz'd by a supernatural Approbation. The Privilege it has pleas'd *Almighty God* to give to some of our Witnesses, ought not to be lightly communicated and made cheap. I have my Ears batter'd with a thousand such *Flim-flams* as these. Three saw him such a day in the *East*, three the next day in the *West*; at such an Hour, in such a Place, and in such a Habit; in earnest, I should not believe my self. How much more natural and likely do I find it that two Men should lye, than that one Man, in twelve Hours time, should fly with the Wind from *East to West*? How much more natural, than our Understanding should be carry'd from its place, by the Volubility of our disorder'd Minds, than this, That one of us should be carry'd, by a strong Spirit, upon a Broom-staff, Flesh and Bones as we are, up the shaft of a Chimney? Let us not seek Illusions from without and unknown, who are perpetually agitated with Illusions domestick and our own. Methinks a Man is pardonable in disbelieving a Miracle, as much at least as he can divert and elude the Verification by no wonderful ways. And I am of *St. Augustine's* Opinion, That 'tis better to lean towards Doubt than Assurance, in things hard to prove and dangerous to believe. 'Tis now some Years ago, that I travell'd thro' the Territories of a sovereign *Prince*, who, in my favour and to abate my Incredulity, did me the Honour to let me see, in his own Presence and in a particular Place, ten or twelve Prisoners of this kind; and amongst others, an old *Hag*, a real Witch in Foulness and Deformity, who long had been famous in that *Profession*. I saw both *Proofs* and *free Concessions*; and I know not what *insensible Mark* upon the miserable Creature: I examin'd and talk'd with her; and the rest, as much and as long as I would, and made the best and foundest Observations I could, neither am I a Man to suffer my Judgment to be captivated by

Witch-
marks.

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Prepossession; and, in the end, should in Conscience sooner have prescrib'd them *Hellebore* than *Hemlock*. *Captisque res magis mentibus, quam consceleratis similis visa.* *The thing was rather to be attributed to Madness than Malice.* Justice has Correction proper for such Maladies. As to the Oppositions and Arguments that honest Men have made me, both there and oft in other places, I have met with none that have convinc'd me, and that have not admitted a more likely *Solution* than their *Conclusions*. It is true indeed, that the *Proofs* and *Reasons* that are founded upon Experience and Matter of Fact, I do not go about to untie, neither have they any End, I often cut them, as *Alexander* did the *Gordian Knot*. After all, 'tis the setting a Man's Conjectures at a very high Price upon them, to cause a Man to be roasted alive. We are told by several Examples (and particularly *Prestantius*, of his Father) that being more profoundly asleep than Men usually are, he fancy'd himself to be a *Mare*, and that he serv'd the Soldiers for a *Sumpter*; and what he fancy'd himself to be, he really prov'd. If Sorcerers dream so materially; if Dreams can sometimes so incorporate themselves with Effects, I cannot believe that therefore our Wills should be accountable to Justice; which I say, as a Man, who am neither *Judge* nor *Privy Counsellour*; and that think my self by many Degrees unworthy so to be, but a Man of the Common sort born, and vow'd to the Obedience of the publick Reason, both in Words and Acts. He that should record my idle Talk to the Prejudice of the most paltry *Law*, *Opinion* or *Custom* of his Parish, would do himself a great deal of wrong, and me much more. For in what I say, I warrant no other Certainty, but that 'tis what I had then in my Thought. Tumultuous and wavering Thought, All I say is by way of Discourse, and nothing by way

Cicero
Acad.

way of Advice. *Nec me pudet ut istos, fateri nescire, quod nesciam.* Neither am I ashamed, as they are, to confess my Ignorance of what I do not know. I should not speak so boldly, if it were my Due to be believ'd. And so I told a great Man, who complain'd of the Tartness and Contention of my Advices. Perceiving you to be ready, and prepar'd on one part, I propose to you the other, with all the Diligence and Care I can, to clear your Judgment, not to oblige it. God has your Hearts in his Hands, and will furnish you with Choice. I am not so presumptuous as to desire that my Opinions should so much as incline you to a thing of so great Importance. My Fortune has not train'd them up to so potent and elevated Conclusions. Truly I have not only a great many Humours, but also a great many Opinions, that I would endeavour to make my Son dislike, if I had one. What? If the truest are not always the most commodious to Man, being of too wild a Composition. Whether it be to the purpose, or not, 'tis no great matter. 'Tis a common Proverb in *Italy*, *That he knows not Venus in her perfect Sweetness, who has never lain with a Lame Mistress.* Fortune, or some particular Accident, has long ago put this Saying into the Mouths of the People; and the same is said of the Men as well as of Women; for the Queen of the *Amazons* answer'd the *Scythians*, who courted her to love, *ἀριστον χολδος αἰσεί,* *Lame Men perform best.* In this *Feminine Republick*, to evade the Dominion of the Males, they lam'd them in their Infancy, both Arms, Legs, and other Members that gave them Advantage over them, and only made use of them in that wherein we in the other parts of the World make use of them. I should have been apt to think that the shuffling Pace of the Lame Mistress added some new Pleasure to the Work, and some extraordinary Titillation to those

Lame People best at the Sport of Venus.

those who were at the Sport; but that I have lately learnt, that ancient *Philosophy* has it self determin'd it, which says, That the Legs and Thighs of Lame Women, not receiving; by reason of their Imperfection, their due Aliment, it falls out, that the genital Parts above, are fuller, and better supply'd, and much more vigorous. Or else, that this Defect hindring the Exercise, they who are engag'd in it, less disperse their Forces, and come more intire to the Sports of *Venus*. which also is the Reason why the *Greeks* decry'd the Women Weavers, as being more hot than other Women, by reason of their sedentary Trade; which they do without any great Motion or Exercise of the Body. What is it we may not reason of at this rate? I might also say of these, That this Jogging their Breeches, whilst so sitting at work, rouzes and provokes their Desire, as the swinging and jolting of Coaches does that of our *Ladies*. Do not these Examples serve to make good what I said at first, That our Reasons often anticipate the Effect, and have so infinite an Extent of Jurisdiction, that they judge and exercise themselves, even in Inanity and where there is no Being? Besides, the Flexibility of our Invention to forge Reasons of all sorts of Dreams, our Imagination is equally facile to receive Impressions of Falsity, by very frivolous Appearances. For by the sole Authority of the antient and common use of this *Proverb*, I have formerly made my self believe, that I have had more Pleasure in a Woman by reason she was not strait, and accordingly reckon'd that Deformity amongst her Graces. *Tarquato Tasso*, in his Comparison he makes betwixt *France* and *Italy*, says, he has observ'd, that our Legs are generally smaller than those of the *Italian Gentlemen*: and attributes the Cause of it to our being continually on Horse-back. Which is the very same from which *Sacromini* draws

Women
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more lust-
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The
French
Gentle-
mans Legs
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why.

*Therame-
nes Shoe.*

draws a quite contrary Conclusion; for he says on the contrary, that *Germanicus* had made his Legs bigger by the Continuation of the same Exercise. Nothing is so supple and wandering as our Understanding. 'Tis like the Shoe of *Theramenés*, fit for all Feet. 'Tis double, and various, and the Matters are double and diverse too. Give me a Drachm of Silver, said a Cynick Philosopher to *Antigonus*; that is not a Present befitting a King, reply'd he; Give me then a Talent, said the other; that is not a Present befitting a Cynick.

*Verg. Geor.
lib. I.*

*Sen plures calor ille vias, & caca relaxat
Spitamenta novas veniat qua succus in herbas:
Sen durat magis, & venas astringit hiantes,
Ne tannes pluvia rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut Borea penetrabile frigus adurat.*

M. Ogilby.

Whether from this new Force and Nourishment The Earth receives; or else all Venom spent, By Fire and Froth superfluous Moisture sweat, Or many dark hid Breathing lax'd by Heat, By which fresh Sap the springing Corn sustains, Or more condens'd it binds the gaping Veins, Lest soaking Showr's, or Sol's more potent Beam, Or *Boreas* piercing Cold should wither them.

Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso, Every Medal has its Reverse. This is the Reason why *Clitomachus* said of old, that *Carneades* had out-done the Labours of *Hercules*, in having fix'd the Consent of Men, that is to say, their Opinion, and the Liberty of judging. This so strong Fancy of *Carneades*, springing, in my Opinion, antiently from the Impudence of those who made Profession of Knowledge, and their immeasurable Self-conceit. *Aesop* was set to sale with two other Slaves, the Buyer ask'd the first What he could do; who, to enhance his own Value, promis'd

promis'd Mountains and Miracles, saying, *He could do this, and that, and I know not what*; the second as much of himself and more: When it came to *Asop's* turn, and that he was also ask'd *What he could do?* *Nothing*, said he, *for these two have taken up all before me; they can do every thing.* So has it happen'd in the *School of Philosophy*. The Pride of those who attributed the Capacity of all things to human Wit, created in others, out of Spite and Emulation, this Opinion, that it is capable of nothing. The one maintain the same Extrem in Ignorance that the others do in Knowledge. To make it undeniably manifest, that Man is immoderate throughout, can give no other positive Sentence but that of Necessity, and the Want of Ability to proceed further.

C H A P. XII.

Of Physiognomy.

Almost all the Opinions we have are deriv'd from Authority, and taken upon trust; and 'tis not amiss. We could not chuse worse than by our selves in so weak an Age. This Image of *Socrates*, his Discourses, which his Friends have transmitted to us, we approve upon no other account; but merely the Reverence to publick Approbation: 'Tis not according to our own Knowledge, they are not after our way. If any thing of this kind should spring up new, few Men would value them. We discern not the Graces otherwise, than by certain Features, touch'd up, and illustrated by Art; such as glide on in their own Burity and Simplicity, easily

easily escape so gross a Sight as ours ; they have a delicate and conceal'd Beauty, such as requir'd a clear and purify'd Sight to discover so secret a Light. Is not Simplicity, as we accept it, Cousin-german to Folly, and a Quality of Reproach? *Socrates* makes his Soul move a natural and common Motion. *A Country Peasant* said this, *A Woman* said that, he never has any thing in his Mouth but *Carters, Joyners, Coblers* and *Masons*. These are Inductions and Similitudes drawn from the most common and known Actions of Men, every one understands 'em. We should never have entertain'd the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under so vile a Form ; we, I say, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who discern no Riches but in Pomp and Show. This World of ours is only form'd for Ostentation. Men are only pufft up with Wind, and are bandied to and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man proposes to himself no vain and idle Fancies, his Design was to furnish us with Precepts and things that more fitly serve to the use of Life:

Lucan. 2.

— *servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi.*

To keep a Mean, his End still to observe,
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to swerve.

He was also always one and the same, and rais'd himself not by Starts, but by Complexion, to the highest pitch of Vigour ; or to say better, He exalted nothing, but rather brought down and reduc'd all Asperities and Difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and subjected their Power: For in *Cato* 'tis most manifest, that there is a Proceeding extended far beyond the common ways of ordinary Men. In the brave Exploits of his Life, and
in

in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his manag'd Horses. Whereas this Man always creeps upon the Ground, and with a slow and ordinary Pace, treats of the most useful Discourses, and bears himself through both at his Death, and the nicest Traverses that would present themselves in the Course of Human Life. It has fallen out well, that the Man most worthy to be known, and to be presented to the World for Example, should be he of whom we have the most certain Knowledge; he has been pry'd into by the most clear-sighted Men that ever were. The Testimonies we have of him are admirable both in Fidelity and Knowledge. 'Tis a great thing that he was able so to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without Altering or Wresting them, he has thereby produc'd the most beautiful Effects of a Human Soul. He presents it neither elevated nor rich, he only represents it sound, but certainly with a brisk and sprightly Health. By these common and natural Springs, by these vulgar and ordinary Fancies, without being mov'd or making any Bustle in the Business, he set up, not only the most regular, but the most high and vigorous Beliefs, Actions and Manners that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where she lost her Time, Human Wisdom, to restore her to *Man*, with whom her most just and greatest Business lies. See him plead before his Judges, do but observe by what Reasons he rouzes his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny, Death, and the Perverseness of his Wife: You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from *Arts* and *Sciences*. The simplest may there discover their own Means and Power; 'tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done Human Nature a great kindness in shewing it how much it can do of it

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self.

self. We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing fix and conform himself in his meer Necessity. Of Pleasure, Wealth and Power, he grasps at more than he can hold; his Greediness is incapable of Moderation. And I find, that in Curiosity of Knowing he is the same; he cuts himself out more Work than he can do, and more than he needs to do: Extending the Utility of Knowledge as far as the Matter. *Ut omnium rerum, sic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus, That, as of every thing else, we should also be sick of the Intemperance of Letters.* And *Tacitus* has reason to commend the Mother of *Agricola*, for having restrain'd her Son in his too violent Appetite of Learning. 'Tis a Good, if duly consider'd, which has in it, as the other Goods of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural Weakness, and that costs very dear; the Acquisition of it is more hazardous, than that of all other Meat or Drink. For in other things, what we have bought, we carry home in some Vessel, and there have Liberty to examine our Markets, how much it costs, and what 'tis worth, according to the Season; but *Sciences* we can, at the very first, bestow into no other Vessel than the Soul; we swallow them in buying, and return from the Market, either already infected or amended. There are of such sorts as only burthen and overcharge the Stomach instead of nourishing; and moreover, some that, under colour of curing, poison us. I have been pleas'd, in place where I have been, to see Men in Devotion vow *Ignorance* as well as *Chastity*, *Poverty* and *Penitence*. 'Tis also a gelding of our unruly Appetites to blunt this Cupidity that spurs us on to the Study of Books, and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous Complacency,

Senec. Ep.
106.

cy, that tickles us with the Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenaryly to accomplish the Vow of Poverty to add unto it that of the Mind. We need not be taught to live at our ease. And *Socrates* tells us, that it is in us, with the way how to find it, and the manner how to use it. All these Acquisitions of ours, which exceed our natural ones, are, upon the matter, superfluous and vain. 'Tis much if they do not more burthen and cumber us than they do us good. *Paucis opus est literis ad mentem* *ibid.* *bonam*, A Man of good natural Parts, and a good Disposition, has no great need of Learning. 'Tis a feverish Excess of the Mind; a tempestuous and unquiet Instrument. Do but recollect your self, and you will find in your self such natural Arguments against Death, which are true, and more proper, and fit to serve you in time of Necessity. 'Tis they that make a *Peasant*, and an intire People die with as much Constancy as a *Philosopher*. Should I have died less chearfully before I had read *Cicero's Tusculanes*? I believe not. And when I find my self at the best, I perceive that my Tongue is enrich'd indeed, but my Courage little or nothing elevated by them. It is just as *Nature* forg'd it at first, and against any Conflict only defends it self after a natural and ordinary way. *Books* have not so much serv'd me for Instruction as Exercise. What if Knowledge, trying to arm us with new Defences against natural Inconveniences, has more imprinted in our Fancies their Weight and Grandeur, than her Reasons and Subtilties to secure us from them? They are Subtilties indeed, with which she oft alarms us to little purpose. Do but observe, how many slight and frivolous, and if nearly examin'd, how many incorporeal Arguments the closest and wisest *Authors* scatter about one good one. They are no other but Quirks and Fallacies to amuse and gull us. But forasmuch as it

may be with some Profit, I will shift it no further. Many of that sort are here and there dispers'd up and down this Treatise, either upon Borrowing, or by Imitation; therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that *Force* which is only a *Knack* of Writing, and that *Solid* which is only *Quick*, or that *Good* which is only *Fine*. *Qua magis gustata quam potata delectant.* Which more delight in tasting, than in being drunk off. Every thing that pleases does not nourish. *Ubi non ingenii, sed animi negotium agitur.* Where the *Question* is not about improving the *Wit*, but bettering the *Understanding*. To see the *Buffe* that *Seneca* keeps to fortifie himself against *Death*, to see him so sweat and pant to harden and encourage himself, and bait so long upon the *Perch*, would have lessen'd his *Reputation* with me, had he not very bravely maintain'd it to the last. His so ardent and frequent *Agitations* discover, that he was in himself impetuous and passionate. *Magnus animus remissius loquitur, & securius: Non est alius ingenio, alius animo color.* A great *Courage* speaks more negligently and more securely. The *Wit* and *Courage* wear one and the same *Livery*. He must be convinc'd at his own *Expence*. And he does in some sort discover that he was hard laid to by his *Enemy*. *Plutarch's* way, by how much it is more disdainful, and farther stretch'd, is, in my *Opinion*, so much more manly and persuasive; and I am apt to believe, that his *Soul* had more assur'd and more regular *Motions*. The one more sharp, pricks and makes us start, and more touches the *Soul*; the other more solid, informs, establishes, constantly supports us, and more touches the *Understanding*. That ravishes the *Judgment*, this wins it: I have likewise seen other *Writings* yet more reverenc'd than these, that in the *Representation* of the *Conflict* they maintain against the *Temptations* of the *Flesh*, de-
paint

Thusc. l. 5.

Sen. Epist.

Sen. Epist.
115.

paint them so sharp, so powerful and invincible, that we our selves, who are of the meaner sort of the People, are as much to wonder at the Strangeness and unknown Force of their Temptation, as at their Resistance. To what end do we so arm our selves with this Hardness of *Philosophy*? Let us look down upon the poor People that we see scatter'd upon the Face of the Earth, prone and intent upon their Business, that neither know *Aristotle* nor *Cato*, *Example* nor *Precept*. Even from these does *Nature* every day extract Effects of *Constancy* and *Patience*, more pure and manly than those we so inquisitively study in the *Schools*. How many do I ordinarily see, who slight Poverty? How many that desire to die, or that do it without Alarm or Regret? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very Names by which they call Diseases sweeten and mollifie the Sharpness of them. The *Tissick* is with them no more but a *Cough*, the *Bloody-flux* but a *Looseness*, a *Pleurisie* but a *Stitch*, and as they gently name them; so they patiently endure them. They are very great and grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labour; and they never keep their Beds but to die. *Simplex illa, & aperta virtus in obscuram, & solertem scientiam versa* Sen. Ep. 94. *est. That plain and simple Vertue is converted into an obscure and cunning Knowledge.* I was writing this about a time when a great Load of our intestine Troubles for several Months lay with all its Weight upon me. I had the *Enemy* at my Door on one side, and the *Free-booters*, worse Enemies than they, on the other; *Non armis sed vitis certatur*; Seneca. and underwent all sorts of Military Injuries at once.

Hostis adest dextra, lavaque ex parte timendus; Ovid.
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus.

On either hand an Enemy alarms,
And threatens both sides with injurious Arms.

A monstrous War! Other Wars are bent against Strangers, this against it self; and destroys it self with its own Poison. 'Tis of so malignant and ruinous a Nature, that it ruines it self with the rest; and with its own Rage mangles and tears it self to pieces. We oftner see it dissolve of it self, than thro' Scarcity of any Necessaries, or by Force of the Enemy. All Discipline evades it. It comes to compose *Sedition*, and is it self full of it; will chastise *Disobedience*, and it self is the Example; and, employ'd for the Defence of the *Laws*, rebels against those of our own. What a Condition are we in! Our *Physick* makes us sick.

Plutarch,
Nostre Mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on luy donne.

Such is our Fate, that our Disease
Our Remedies do still increase.

Virgil Æ-
ncid. l. 12. — *Exuperat magis, agrefcitque medendo.*

His *Physick* makes him worse, and sicker still.

Catullus. — *Omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore,*
Justificam nobis mentem avertere Deorum.

Right and Wrong, shuffled in this Civil War,
Have rob'd of the Gods protecting Care.

In the beginning of Popular Maladies, a Man may distinguish the Sound from the Sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the whole Body is then infected from Head to Foot,
and

and no Part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men so greedily draw in, that diffuses it self so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of *Licence*. Our *Armies* only subsist, and are kept together by the Cement of Strangers; for of *French* there is now no constant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a Shame it is? there is no more Discipline but what we learn from borrow'd Soldiers. As to us our selves, our Conduct is at Discretion, and not of the Chief, but every one at his own; the General has a harder Game to play within than he has without: In the Word of Command to *march, draw up, wheel,* and the like, we obey him indeed; but all the rest is dissolute and free. It pleases me to observe how much Pusillanimity and Cowardise there is in Ambition; by how abject and servile ways it must arrive at its End, but withal, it displeases me to see good and generous Natures, and that are capable of Justice, every day corrupted in the Managery and Command of this Confusion. Long Toleration begets Habit, Habit Consent and Imitation. We had ill-contriv'd Souls enow, without spoiling those that were generous and good; so that if we hold on, there will not remain any with whom to intrust the Health of this State of ours, in case Fortune chance to restore it.

*Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seculo,
Ne prohibete.*—

*Virg. Geor.
lib. 1.*

Ah! for young *Cesar* now your selves engage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age.

M. Ogilby.

What is become of the old Precept, *That Soldiers ought more to fear their Chief than their Enemy?* And that wonderful Example, That an Orchard being enclos'd within the Precincts of a Camp of the Ro-

An Orchard of ripe Apples inclo'd within the Roman Camp, left untouch'd to the Possessor, was seen at their Dislogment the next Day in the same condition, not an Apple, tho' ripe and delicate, being pull'd off, but all left to the Possessor? I could wish that our *Youth*, instead of the Time they spend in less fruitful Travels, and less honourable Employments, would bestow one half of that Time in being an Eye-witness of *Naval Exploits* under some good Captain of *Malta*, and the other half in observing the Discipline of the *Turkish Armies*; for they have many Differences and Advantages over ours. One thing is, That our Soldiers here become more licentious in *Expeditions*, there more temperate and circumspect. For the Thefts and Insolencies committed upon the Common People, which are only punish'd with a Cudgel in *Peace*, are Capital in *War*. For an Egg taken in *Turkey* without paying for't, fifty Blows with a Cudgel is the prefix'd Rate; for any thing else, of what sort, or how trivial soever, not necessary to Nourishment, they are presently impail'd, or beheaded without Mercy. I am astonisht, in the History of *Selim*, the most cruel Conqueror that ever was, to see that when he subdu'd *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about *Damas*, being all Open, and in a Conquer'd Land, and his Army encamp'd upon the very place, should be left untouch'd by the Hands of the Soldiers, by reason they had not receiv'd the Signal of *Plunder*. But is there any Disease in a Government so important, as ought to be Physick'd with such a mortal Drug? No, says *Favonius*, not so much as the tyrannical Usurpation of a *Common-wealth*. *Plato* likewise will not consent, that a Man should violate the Peace of his Country to cure it; and by no means approves of a *Reformation* that disturbs and hazards all, and that is to be purchas'd at the Price of the Citizen's Blood and Ruine; determing it to be the Duty of a good Patriot, in such a Case, to let it alone, and only to pray

pray to *God* for his extraordinary Assistance ; and seems to be angry with his Friend *Dion*, for having proceeded something after another manner. I was a *Platonick* in this Point, before I knew there had ever been such a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Person ought absolutely to be rejected from our Society ; (he, who by the Sincerity of his Conscience, merited from the Divine Favour to penetrate so far into the Christian Light, thro' the universal Darkneſs wherein the World was involv'd in his time,) I do not think it would well become us to suffer our selves to be instructed by a *Heathen*. How great an Impiety it is, not to expect from *God* any Relief simply his own, and without our *Co-operation*. I often doubt, whether, among so many Men as tamper in such Affairs, there is not to be found some One of so weak Understanding as to have been really persuaded that he went towards *Reformation* by the worst of *Deformations*, and advanc'd towards his *Salvation* by the most express Causes that we have of most assured *Damnation* ; that by overthrowing *Government*, *Magistracy* and *Laws*, in whose Protection *God* has plac'd him, by inspiring fraternal Minds with parricidal Animosities, and by calling *Devils* and *Furies* to his aid, he can assist the most holy Swaetness and Justice of the *Divine Law*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Cruelty* and *Revenge*, have not sufficient, proper and natural Impetuosity of their own ; let us bait them with the glorious Titles of *Justice* and *Devotion*. There cannot a worse State of things be imagin'd, than where *Wickedness*, comes to be legitimate, and assumes, with the Magistrate's Permission, the Cloak of *Vertue*. *Nihil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi deorum numen pratenditur sceleribus*. Nothing has a more deceiving Face than false Religion, where *Devotion* is pretended by wicked Men. The extreamest sort of Injustice, according to *Plato*, is, that

that that which is unjust should be reputed for just. The common People suffer'd therein very much then, not present Damages only ;

Virgil.
Eleg. 1.

— *undique totis*
Usque adeo turbatur agris, —

but future too. The Living were to suffer, and so were they who were yet unborn. They rob'd and strip'd them, and consequently they did me, even to their Hope ; taking from them all they had laid up in store to live on for many Years.

Ovid. Tri.
l. 1. El. 10.

Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
Et cremat insontes turba scelerata casas.
Muris nulla fides, squallent populatibus agri.

What they can't bear away, they spoil and spurn,
And the lewd Rabble harmless Houses burn ;
Walls can't secure their Masters, and the Field
Thro' Waste and Spoil does an ill Prospect yield.

Besides this shock I suffer'd others. I underwent the Inconveniences that Moderation brings along with it in such a Disease. I was pill'd on all hands, to the *Gibelin* I was a *Guelph*, and to the *Guelph* a *Gibelin* ; some one of the *Poers* in my Study expresses this very well, but I know not where it is. The Situation of my House, and my Friendliness to my Neighbours, presented me with one Face, my Life and my Actions with another. They did not lay form'd Accusations to my Charge, for they had no Foundation of so doing. I never sink or hide my Head from the Laws, and who ever would have question'd me, would have done himself a greater Prejudice than me. They were only mute Suspicions that were whisper'd about, which never want Appearance in so
confus'd

confus'd a Mixture, no more than envious or idle Heads. I commonly my self lend a Hand to presumptuous Injuries that Fortune scatters abroad against me, by a way I have ever had of evading to justify, excuse, or explain my self, conceiving that it were to refer my Conscience to Arbitration, to plead in its behalf; *Perspicuitas enim Argumentatione elevatur. For the Perspicuity of a Cause is clouded and darken'd by Argumentation.* And, as if every one saw as clearly into me as I do my self, instead of retiring from an Accusation, I step up to meet it, and rather give it some kind of Colour by an ironical and scoffing Confession, if I do not sit totally mute, as of a thing not worth my Answer. But such as look upon this kind of Behaviour of mine as too haughty a Confidence, have a little Kindness for me as they who interpret it the Weakness of an indefensible Cause; namely, the Great ones, towards whom Want of Submission is a very great Fault. Rude to all Justice that knows and feels it self, and is not submissive, humble and suppliant. I have oft nock'd my Head against this Pillar. So it is, that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hang'd himself, and a covetous one would have done the same. I have no manner of Care of getting.

Sic mihi quod nunc est etiam minus, ut mihi vivam Hor. lib. 1.
Quod superest aevi, si quid superesse volunt Dii. Epist. 18.

I only pray, that small Estate which I
 Now have may tarry with me till I die,
 And those few Days which I have yet to live
 (If Heaven to me any more Days will give):
 I may enjoy my self.

Mr. Alex.
 Brome.

But the Losses that befel me by the Injury of others,
 whether by Theft or Violence, go almost as near
 my

my Heart, as they would do to that of the most avaricious Man. The Offence troubles me, without comparison, more than the Loss. A thousand several sorts of Mischiefs fell upon me in the neck of one another; I could better have born them all at once. I have already been considering to whom amongst my Friends I might commit a helpless and decrepit Age; and having turn'd my Eyes quite round, I found my self at a Loss. To let a Man's self fall plum down, and from so great an Height, it ought to be in the Arms of a solid, vigorous and fortunate Friendship. They are very rare, if there be any. At last I concluded that it was safest for me to trust to my self in my greatest Necessity; and if it should so fall out, that I should be but upon cold Terms in *Fortune's* Favour, I should so much more pressingly recommend me to my own, and look so much the better to my self. Men on all occasions throw themselves upon foreign Assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient ones with which they can arm themselves. Every one runs elsewhere, and to the future, forasmuch as no one is arriv'd at himself. And I was satisfy'd, that they were profitable Inconveniences; forasmuch as ill Scholars are to be admonish'd with the *Rod*, when Reason will not do, as a Crooked piece of Wood is by Fire and Straining to be reduc'd to Straitness. I have a great while preach'd to my self to stick close to my own Concerns, and separate my self from the Affairs of others; yet I am still turning my Eyes aside. A *Bow*, a kind *Word* or *Look* from a great Person tempts me; of which *God* knows how little Scarcity there is in these days, and how little they signify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Persuasions are offer'd me, to draw me into some Place of Traffick, and so gently refuse it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now to, so indocile a Spirit
Blows

Blows are requir'd, and this Vessel which thus chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall in pieces, is to have the Hoops forc'd down with good sound Stroaks of a Mallet. Secondly, that this Accident serv'd me for Exercise to prepare me for worse, if I, who both by the Benefit of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hop'd to be the last, should happen to be one of the first should be trap'd in this Storm. Instructing my self betimes, to force my Life, and fit it for a new Estate. The true Liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himself. *Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate. Seneca.* He is most potent, who has himself in his own Power. In an ordinary and quiet time, a Man prepares himself for moderate and common Accidents; but in the Confusion wherein we have been for these thirty Years, every *French-man*, whether in particular or in general, sees himself every Hour upon the Point of the total Ruine and Overthrow of his Fortune. By so much the more ought he to have his Courage munited with the strongest and most vigorous Provision. Let us thank *Fortune*, that has not made us live in an effeminate, idle and languishing Age; some, who could never have been so by other means, will be made famous by their Misfortunes. As I seldom read in Histories the Confusions of other States, without regret that I was not present, better to consider them, so does my Curiosity make me in some sort please my self with seeing with my own Eyes this notable Spectacle of our publick Death, its Form and Symptoms; and, seeing I could not hinder it, am content to be destin'd to assist in it, and thereby to instruct my self. Thus do we manifestly covet to see, tho' but in *Shadow*, and the *Fables of Theatres*, the Pomp of Tragick Representations of Human Fortune. 'Tis not however without Compassion of what we hear, but we please our selves in rousing our Displeasure
by

by the Rarity of these to be pitied *Events*. Nothing tickles that does not pinch; and good *Historians* skip over, as a stagnant Water and dead Sea, calm Narrations, to be again upon the Narrative of Wars and Seditions, which they know are most acceptable to the Readers. I question whether or no I can handsomly confess at how mean and vile a rate of Repose and Tranquillity, I have pass'd over above the one half of my Life in the Ruine of my Country. I make my self a little too good a Bargain of Patience, in Accidents that do not so much regard what they take from me, as what remains safe, both within and without, There is Comfort in eyading, one while one, another while another of those Evils that are levell'd at me too at last, but at present hurt others only about us; as also, that in matters of publick Interest, the more my Affection is universally dispers'd, the weaker it is. To which may be added, that it is half true. *Tantum ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad privatitas res pertinent.* We are only so far sensible of publick Evils, as they respect our private Affairs. And that the Health from which we fell was such, that it self consoles the Regret we ought to have. It was Health, but not otherwise than in comparison of the Sickness that has succeeded it. We are not fall'n from any great Height. The Corruption and Thievery which is in Dignity and Office, seems the most insupportable to me. We are less injuriously rifled in a Wood than in a place of Security. It was an universal Juncture of particular Members, rotten to Emulation of one another, and the most of them with inveterate Ulcers, that neither requir'd nor admitted of any Cure. This Conclusion therefore did really more animate than press me, by the Assistance of my Conscience, which was not only at Peace within it self, but elevated, and I did not find any reason to complain of my self.

self. Also, as *God* never sends *Evils* any more than *Goods*, absolutely pure to Men, my Health continu'd at that time more than usually good ; and, as I can do nothing without it, there are few things that I cannot do with it. It afforded me means to rouze up all my Provisions, and to lay my Hand before the Wound, that would else perhaps have gone farther, and experimented, in my Patience, that I had some Opposition against Fortune; and that it must be a great shock could throw me out of the Saddle. I do not say this to provoke her to give me a more vigorous Charge ; I am her humble Servant, and submit to *her* Pleasure. Let her be no other towards me than she has us'd to be in *God's Name*. Do you ask if I am sensible of her Assaults ? Yes, certainly I am. But, as those who are possess'd and oppress'd with Sorrow, may sometimes suffer themselves nevertheless by Intervals to taste a little Pleasure, and are sometimes surpriz'd with a Smile. So have I so much Power over my self, as to make my ordinary Condition quiet, and free from disturbing Thoughts; but I suffer my self withal by fits to be surpriz'd, with the Stings of those unpleasing Imaginations that assault me, whilst I am arming my self to drive them away, or at least to wrestle with them. But behold another Aggravation of the Evil which besel me in the Tail of the rest ; I am both without doors and within assaulted with a most violent Plague, in comparison of all other : For, as sound Bodies are subject to more grievous Maladies, forasmuch as they are not to be forc'd but by such, so my very healthful Air, where no Contagion, tho' very near, in the Memory of Man, could ever take footing, coming to be corrupted, produc'd most strange Effects.

Mista senum, & juvenum densantur funera, nullum Horace, l.
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit. 1. Ode 28.

In

Sir Thomas In Death both young and old by heaps do joyn,
Hawkins. Nor any Head escapes sad *Proserpine*.

I was to suffer this pleasant Condition, that the sight of my House was frightful to me. Whatever I had there was without *Guard*, and left to the Mercy of every one. I my self, who am of so hospitable a Nature, was my self in very great distress for a *Retreat* for my Family; a wild and scatter'd Family, frightful both to its Friends and self, and filling every Place with Horror where it did attempt to settle; being to shift abode so soon as any ones Finger began but to ake. All Diseases are then concluded to be the Plague, and People do not stay to examine and be sure whether they have it or no. And the mischief on't is, that, according to the Rules of *Art*, in every Danger that a Man comes near, he must undergo a *Quarantain* in the Suspense of his Infirmity; your Imagination all that while tormenting you at pleasure, and turning even your *Health* it self into a *Fever*; yet would not all this have gon very near to my Heart, had I not withal been compell'd to be sensible of others Sufferings, and miserable to serve six Months together for a Guide to this *Caravan*: For I carry my *Antidotes* within my self, which are Resolution and Patience. Apprehension, which is particularly fear'd in this Disease, does not so much trouble me. And if, being alone, I should have taken it, it had been a more sprightly and a longer Flight. 'Tis a kind of Death, that I do not think of the worst sort; 'tis usually short, stupid, without Pain, and consoled by the publick Condition; without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth Part of them could not be sav'd.

—*videtur*

——— *videas desertaque regna
Pastorum, & longè saltus lateque vacantes.*

*Virg. Geor.
lib. 3.*

Deserted Realms now may'st thou see of Swains, *M. Gilbert*
And every where forsaken Groves and Plains.

In this place my best Revenue is manual. What an hundred Men plow'd for me lay a long time fallow. But then what Example of Resolution did we not see in the Simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounc'd all Care of Life. The *Grapes*, the principal Revenue of the Country, hung in Clusters upon the Vines, every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting. Death, either to Night or to Morrow, with a Countenance and Voice so far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in this Necessity, and that it had been an universal and inevitable *Sentence*. 'Tis always such. But how slender Hold has the Resolution of Dying? The Distance and Difference of a few Hours, and the sole Consideration of Company, renders the Apprehension various to us. Do but observe these, by reason that they die in the same Month, Children, young People and old, they are no longer astonish'd at it, they lament no more. I saw some who were afraid of Staying behind, as in a dreadful Solitude, and did not commonly observe any other Solicitude amongst them, than that of Sepulture; they were troubled to see the dead Bodies scatter'd about the Fields at the Mercy of Beasts, which presently began to flock about them. How differing are the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation subjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their Dead in the deepest, and least frequented parts of their Woods, on purpose to have them there eaten; the only Sepulture reputed happy amongst them. Some who were yet in Health,

A cruel
Plague in
Gascony.

Sepulture
of the *Neorites*.

B b

digg'd

Roman
Soldiers
suffocated
with their
own hands
after the
Battle of
Cannæ.

digg'd their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilst alive; and a Labourer of mine, in Dying; with his Hands and Feet pull'd the Earth upon him. Was not this to nuzzle and settle himself, to sleep at greater Ease? A Bravery, in some sort, like that of the *Roman Soldiers*, who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, were found with their Heads thrust into Holes in the Earth, which they had made, and in suffocating themselves, with their own Hands pull'd the Earth about their Ears. In short, a whole Nation by Usance was brought to a Discipline nothing inferior in Undauntedness to the most studied and premeditated Resolution. Most Instructions of *Sciences*, to encourage us, have in them more of Shew than of Force, and of Ornament than Effect. We have abandon'd *Nature*, and will teach her what to do; her who did so happily and so securely conduct us. And in the mean time, from the Foot-steps of her Instructions, and that little, which by the Benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this rustick *Rout* of unpolish'd Men, *Science* is constrain'd every Day to borrow thence to make a *Pattern* for her Disciples of *Constancy*; *Tranquillity* and *Innocence*. 'Tis pretty to see, that these complain of so much fine Knowledge, being to imitate this foolish Simplicity, and that in the most principal Acts of *Vertue*. And that our Wisdom must learn, even from *Beast*, the most profitable Instructions in the greatest and most necessary Concerns of human Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love and bring up our Children, and to maintain Justice. A singular Testimony of human Infirmity, and that this *Reason* we so handle at our pleasure, finding evermore some Diversity and Novelty, leaves with us no apparent Trace of *Nature*: And they make Men, as *Perfumers* mix their *Oyls*, they have sophisticated it with so many *Argu-*

gumen-

gumentations and far-fetch'd Discourses, that it is become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has lost its proper, constant and universal Face. And we must seek Testimony from *Beasts*, not subject to Favour, Corruption, nor Diversity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themselves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but wherein do they swerve, 'tis so little, that you may always see the Track. As Horses that are led make several Bounds and Curvetts, but 'tis always at the Length of the Collar, and they still follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his Flight, but still under the Restraint of his Cranes. *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo sis malo Tyro. Meditate upon Banishments, Tortures, Wars, Diseases and Shipwracks, that thou may'st not be so seek in any Disaster. What Good will this Curiosity do us, to pre-occupy all the Inconveniencies of human Nature, and to prepare our selves, with so much Trouble, against things which peradventure will never befall us? (Parem passis tristitiam facit, pati posse. It troubles Men as much that they may possibly suffer, as if they really did. Not only the Blow, but the Wind of the Blow strikes us.) Or like Phrenetick People, for 'tis certainly a Phrensie, to go immediately and whip your self, because it may so fall out, that Fortune may one day make you undergo it; and to put on your Furr'd-Gown at *Midsummer*, because you will stand in need of it at *Christmas*? Throw your selves, say, they, into the Experience of all the Evils, the most extream Evils that can possibly befall you, assure your selves there. On the contrary, the most easie, and most natural way would be to banish even the Thoughts of them. They will not come soon enough, their true Being will not continue with us long enough, we must lengthen and extend them; we must incorporate them in us before-*

B b 2

hand,

hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwise sufficiently press upon our Senses. We shall find them heavy enough when they come, (says one of our Masters, of none of the tender, but the most severe *Setts*) in the mean time favour thy self, believe what pleases thee best. What Good will it do thee to prevent thy ill Fortune, to lose the present for fear of the future; and to make thy self immediately miserable, because thou art to be so in time? These are his Words. *Science* indeed does us one good Office, in instructing us exactly in the Dimension of Evils.

Virgil.

Curis acuens mortalia corda.

Seneca.

'Twere pity that any part of their Grandeur should escape our Sense and Knowledge. 'Tis certain, that, for the most part, the Preparation for Death has administred more Torment than the thing it self. It was of old truly said, and by a very judicious *Author*, *Minus afficit sensus fatigatio, quam cogitatio.* *Suffering it self does less afflict the Senses, than the Apprehension of Suffering.* The Sentiment of present Death does sometimes of it self animate us with a prompt Resolution no more to avoid a thing that is utterly inevitable. Several *Gladiators* have been seen, who, after having fought timorously and ill, have couragiously entertain'd Death, offering their Throats to the Enemies Sword, and bidding them dispatch. The remote Sight of Future Death requires a Constancy that is slow and lazy, and consequently hard to be got. If you know not how to die, never trouble your self; Nature will fully and sufficiently instruct you upon the place, she will exactly do that Business for you, take you no Care:

Incertans

*Incertam frustra mortales funeris horam
 Queritis, & qua sit mors aditura via:
 Pœna minor certam subito perferre ruinam,
 Quod timeas, gravius sustinuisse diu.*

Propertius,

**Mortals, in vain's your Curiosity
 To know the Hour and Death that you must die;
 Better your Fate strike with a sudden Blow,
 Than that you long should what you fear foreknow.**

We trouble *Life* by the Care of *Death*, and *Death* by the Care of *Life*. The one torments, the other frights us. 'Tis not against *Death* that we prepare, that is too momentary a thing; a quarter of an hour's Suffering, without consequence and without nuisance, does not deserve particular Precepts. To say truth, we prepare our selves against the Preparations of *Death*. *Philosophy* ordains, that we should always have *Death* before our Eyes, to foresee and consider it before the Time; and after gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this Fore-sight and Thought do us no harm: Just so do *Physicians*, who throw us into *Diseases*, to the end they may have whereon to lay out their Drugs and their Art. If we have not known how to live, 'tis *Mystery* to teach us to die, and make the End difform from all the rest. If we have known how to live constantly and quietly, we shall know how to die so too. They may boast as much as they please. *Tota Philosophorum vita, commentatio mortis est.* That the whole Life of a *Philosopher* is the Meditation of his *Death*. But I fancy, that tho' it be the End, 'tis not the Aim of his Life. 'Tis his End, his Extremity, but nevertheless not his Object. She ought her self to be to her self her own Aim and Design; her true Study is to order, govern and suffer her self. In the number of several other Offices,

That
 Death
 ought not
 to be pre-
 meditated

Cic. Tusc.

that the general and principal *Chapter* of knowing how to live comprehends, is this Article of knowing how to die; and did not our Fears give it Weight, one of the lightest too. To judge of them by the Utility, and by the naked Truth, the Lessons of Simplicity are not much inferiour to those which the contrary Doctrine preaches to us. Men are differing in Sentiment and Force, we must lead them to their own Good, according to their Capacities, and by various ways:

Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 1. *Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.*

——sworn to no Man's Words,
Sir Rich. Farshaw. To this, and that side I make tacks and boards,
 Now plung'd in Billows of the active Life,
 At Vertue's Anchor ride contemplative.

Senec. Ep. 92.

I never saw any Countryman of my Neighbours concern himself with the thought of, with what Countenance and Assurance he should pass over his last Hour; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death till he is Dying; and then he does it with a better Grace than *Aristotle*, upon whom Death presses with a double Weight, both of it self, and of so long a Premeditation, and therefore it was the Opinion of *Cesar*, That the least premeditated Death was the easiest and the most happy. *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est.* He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary. The Sharpness of this Imagination springs from our own Curiosity. Thus do we ever hinder our selves, desiring to prevent and govern natural Prescriptions. 'Tis only for Doctors to dine worst, when in the best Health, and that they have the best Stomachs, and to frown and be out of humour at the Image of Death. The common Sort stand in need of no Remedy or Consolation, but just in the shock,

shock, and when the Blow comes; and consider no more than just what they endure. Is it not then, as we say, that the Stupidity and Name of Apprehension in the Vulgar gives them that Patience in present Evils, and that profound Carelessness of future sinister Accidents? That their Souls, by being more gross and dull, are less penetrable, and not so easily mov'd? If it be so, let us henceforth, in *God's Name*, teach nothing but *Ignorance*. 'Tis the utmost Fruit which the *Sciences* promise us, to which this Stupidity so gently leads its Disciples. we have no want of good Masters, who are Interpreters of natural Simplicity: *Socrates* shall be one: For, as I remember, he speaks something to this purpose, to the Judges who sat upon his Life and Death. *I am afraid (my Masters) that if I intreat you to put me to death, I shall confirm the Evidence of my Accusers, which is, That I pretend to be wiser than others, as having some more secret Knowledge of things that are above and below us. I know very well, that I have neither frequented nor known Death, nor have ever seen any Person that has try'd his Qualities, from whom to inform my self. Such as fear it presuppose they know it; as for my part, I neither know what it is, nor what they do in the other World. Death is, peradventure, an indifferent thing; peradventure, a thing to be desir'd. 'Tis nevertheless to be believ'd, if it be a Transmigration from one place to another, that it is a Bettering of ones Condition, to go live with so many great Persons deceas'd, and to be exempt from having any more to do with unjust and corrupted Judges: If it be an Annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a Bettering of ones Condition, to enter into a long and peaceable Night. We find nothing more sweet in Life than a quiet Repose, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The Things that I know to be evil, as to offend a Man's Neighbour, and to disobey ones Superior, whether it be God or Man, I carefully avoid: Such*

Socrates's
Pleadings.

as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go to die, and leave you alive, the Gods only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore, as to what concerns me, you may do as you shall think fit; but, according to my Method of Advising just and profitable things, I do affirm, That you will do your Consciences more Right to set me at Liberty, unless you see further into the Cause than I. And judging according to my past Actions, both publick and private, according to my Intentions, and according to the Profit that so many of our Citizens, both old and young, daily extract from my Conversation, and the Fruit that you reap from me your selves, you cannot more duly acquit your selves towards my Merit, than by ordering, that, my Poverty consider'd, I should be maintain'd in the * Prytaneum, at the Publik Expence; a thing that I have often known you with less reason grant to others. Do not impute it to Obstinacy or Disdain, that I do not, according to the Custom, supplicate, and go about to move you to Commiseration. I have both Friends and Kindred not being (as Homer says) bregotten of a Block or of a Stone, no more than others, that are able to present themselves before you in Tears and Mourning, and I have three desolate Children with which to move you to Compassion: But I should do a Shame to your City, at the Age I am, and in the Reputation of Wisdom wherein I now stand, to appear in such an abject Form. What would Men say of the other Athenians? I have always admonish'd those who have frequented my Lectures, not to redeem their Lives by an indecent Action; and in any the Wars of my Country, at Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifested how far I was from securing my Safety by my Shame. I should moreover interest your Duty, and should tempt you to unhandsome things: For 'tis not for my Prayers to persuade you, but for the pure and solid Reason of Justice. You have sworn to the Gods to keep
your

* The
Publick
Exche-
quer.

your selves upright, and it would seem as if I suspected, or would recriminate upon you; should I not believe that you are so: And I should give evidence against myself, not to believe them as I ought, mistrusting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their hands. I do wholly rely upon them, and hold my self assur'd, they will do in this what shall be most fit both for you and me. Good Men, whether living or dead, have no reason to fear the Gods.

Is not this innocent childish Pleading of an unimaginable Loftiness, and in what a Necessity employ'd? In earnest, he had very good reason to prefer it to that which the great Orator *Lysias* had pen'd for him; admirably couch'd indeed in the Judiciary Style, but unworthy of so noble a Criminal: Had a suppliant Voice been heard out of the Mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty Vertue had struck sail in the Height of its Glory. And ought his rich and powerful *Nature* to have committed her Defence to *Art*, and, in her highest Proof, have renounc'd Truth and Simplicity, the Ornaments of his Speaking, to adorn and deck it self with the Embellishments of Figures, and Equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wisely, and like himself, not to corrupt the Tenour of an incorrupt Life, and so sacred an Image of Human Form, to spin out his Decrepitude, the poor Eaching of a Year, and to betray the immortal Memory of that Glorious End. He ow'd his Life, not to himself, but to the Example of the World. Had it not been a Publick Damage, that he should have concluded it after a lazy and obscure Manner? Doubtless, that careless and indifferent Consideration of his Death, very well deserves that Posterity should consider him so much the more, as they also did. And there is nothing so just in Justice, than that which *Fortune* ordain'd for his Recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all those who had been Causes of his Death to such a Degree,

Degree, that they avoided them as excommunicated Persons, and look'd upon every thing as polluted, that had been but touch'd by them; no one would wash with them in the publick Baths; none would salute, or own Acquaintance with them; so that at last, unable longer to support this publick Hatred, they hang'd themselves. If any one should think, that amongst so many other Examples that I had to chuse out of in the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my present purpose, I have made an ill Choice of this, and shall judge that this Discourse is elevated above common Conceit; I must tell 'em that I have purposely done it; for I am of another Opinion, and do hold it a Discourse in Rank and Simplicity much behind and inferior to common Contrivance. He represents, in an inartificial Boldness, and infantive Security, the pure and first Impression and Ignorance of *Nature*. For it is to be believ'd, that we have naturally a Fear of Pain, but not of Death, by reason of it self. 'Tis a part of our Being, and no less essential than Living. To what End should *Nature* have begot in us a Hatred to it, and a Horrour of it, considering that it is of so great Utility to her in maintaining the Succession and Vicissitude of her Works? And that, in this Universal Republick, it concludes more to Truth and Augmentation, than to Loss or Ruine.

—*sic rerum summa novatur,*
Lucret. l. 2. Mille animas una necata dedit—

The Failing of one Life, is the Passage to a thousand other Lives: *Nature* has imprinted in *Beasts* the Care of themselves, and of their Conservation. Nay, they proceed so far, as to be timorous of being worse, of hitting or hurting themselves, and of our haltering and beating them; Accidents which are subject to their Sense and Experience; but that we

we should kill them they cannot fear, nor have not the Faculty to imagine and conclude such a thing as Death. Yet it is said, that we see them not only cheerfully undergo it, *Horses* for the most part neighing, and *Swans* singing when they die; but moreover seek it at need, of which *Elephants* have given many Examples. But besides all this, is not the Way of Arguing which *Socrates* here makes use of, equally admirable, both in Simplicity and Vehemence? Really, it is much more easie to speak like *Aristotle*, and to live like *Cesar*, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. There lies the extream Degree of Perfection and Difficulty. Art cannot reach it. Now, our Faculties are not so train'd up. We do not try, we do not know them, we invest our selves with those of others, and let our own lie idle. As some one may say of me, That I have here only made a Nofegay of cull'd Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the Thread that ties them. In earnest, I have so far yielded to the publick Opinion, that those borrow'd Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover and hide me; that is quite contrary to my Design, who desire to make a shew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by *Nature*: And had I taken my own Advice, I had at all Adventures spoken purely alone. I daily more and more load my self every day beyond my Purpose and first Method, upon the account of Idleness and the Humour of the Age. If it misbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of use to some other. Such there are, who quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never saw either of them: And I also have taken out of places far enough distant from their Source, without Pains and without Learning, having a thousand Volumes about me in the place where I write, I can presently borrow, if I please, from a dozen such Scrap-gatherers

Beasts naturally solicitous of their Preservation.

therers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble my self withal, wherewith to embellish this Treatise of Physiognomy. There needs no more, but a preliminary Epistle of the *German Cut*, to stuff me with Proofs, and we, by that means, go a begging for a fading *Glory*, and a cheating the sottish World. These *Rhapsodies of Common Places*, wherewith so many furnish their *Studies*, are of little use but to common Subjects; and serve but to shew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, that *Socrates* does so pleasantly canvass against *Euthydemus*. I have seen Books made of things that were never either studied or understood; the Author committing to several of his learned Friends, the Examination of this and t'other Matter to compile it; contenting himself for his share to have projected the Design, and by his Industry to have ty'd together this *Faggot* of unknown Provision; the Ink and Paper at least are his. This is to buy or borrow a Book, and not to make one; 'tis to shew Men, not that a Man can make a Book, but that, whereof they may be in doubt, that he cannot make one. A *President* in my hearing boasted, That he had clutter'd two hundred and odd Common Places in one of his *Judgments*; in telling which, he depriv'd himself of the *Glory* that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a pusillanimous and absurd *Vanity* for such a Subject, and such a Person. I do quite contrary; and amongst so many borrow'd things, am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new Service, at the hazard of having it said, That 'tis for want of understanding its natural Use. I give it some particular Address of my own hand, to the end it may not be so absolutely strange. These set their Thefts to shew and value themselves upon them. And also they have more credit with the Laws than with me. We Naturalists think that there is a great
and

and incomparable Preference in the Honour of Invention to that of Quotation. If I would have spoke by Learning, I had spoke sooner, I had writ in a time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit and a better Memory ; and would sooner have trusted to the Vigour of that Age than this, would I have profess'd Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which *Fortune* has lately offer'd me upon the account of this Work, had befall'n me in such a time of my Life, instead of this, wherein 'tis equally desirable to possess, and ready to lose? Two of my Acquaintants, great Men in this Faculty, have in my Opinion, lost half, in refusing to publish at Forty Years old, that they might stay till Threescore. Maturity has its Defects as well as Verdure, and worse ; and Old Age is as unfit for this kind of Business as any other, who commits his Decrepitude to the Press, plays the Fool, if he think to squeeze any thing out thence that does not relish of Dotage and Stupidity. Our Wits grow costive and thick in growing old. I deliver my Ignorance in Pomp and State, and my Learning meagerly and poorly ; this accidentally and accessorily, that principally and expressly ; and write purposely of nothing but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inscience. I have chosen a time, when my Life, which I am to give an account of, lies wholly before me ; what remains holds more of Death. And of my Death only, should I find it prating Death as others do, I would moreover give an account at my Departure. *Socrates* was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities, and I am vex'd that he had so deform'd a Body as he said, and so unsuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himself being so amorous, and such an Admirer of *Beauty*. *Nature* surely did him wrong. There is nothing more likely than a Conformity and Relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipsi animi magni refert quali in corpore locati*

Old Age
unfit for
Writing
of Books.

Socrates a
deform'd
Fellow.

Cic. Tusc. lib. 1. *locus sint: Multi enim è corpore existunt, quæ acunt mentem; multa qua obtundunt.* It is of great consequence in what Bodies Souls are plac'd, for many things spring from the Body that sharpen the Mind, and many that blunt and dull it. This speaks of an unnatural Ugliness and Deformity of Limbs: But we call that ill-favour'dness also, an Unseemliness at first sight, which is principally lodg'd in the Face, and distastes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a rude Countenance, sometimes from some inexplicable Cause, in Members nevertheless of good Symmetry and perfect. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Baotia*, was of this Predicament. That superficial Ugliness, which nevertheless is always the most imperious, is of least Prejudice to the State of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by a more proper Name, is call'd a more substantial Deformity, strikes deeper in. Not every Shoe of smooth shining Leather, but every Shoe neatly made, shews the interior Shape of the Foot. As *Socrates* said of his, that it accus'd just so much in his Soul, had he not corrected it by Institution; but, in saying so, I believe he did but scoff, as his Custom was, and never so excellent a Soul made it self: I cannot oft enough repeat how great an Esteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantagious Quality. He call'd it a short Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Privilege of Nature. We have nothing that excells it in Reputation; it has the first place in the Commerce of Men; it presents it self to meet us, seduces and prepossesses our Judgments with great Authority and wonderful Impression. *Phryne* had lost her Cause, in the hands of an excellent Advocate, if, opening her Robe, she had not corrupted her Judges by the Lustre of her Beauty. And I find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, the three Masters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greatest

What
Beauty is,
and how
much to
be e-
steem'd.

rest Affairs ; no more did the first *Scipio*. The same word in Greek signifies both *fair* and *good*, and the *Floty Ghost* oft calls those *good*, whom he means *fair*. I should willingly maintain the Priority of things call'd *Goods*, according to the Song, which *Plato* calls an idle thing, taken out of some of the antient *Poets*; of *Health*, *Beauty* and *Riches*. *Aristotle* says, that the Right of Command appertains to the Beautiful ; and when there is a Person whose Beauty comes near the Images of the *Gods*, that then Veneration is likewise due. To him who ask'd him why People often and longer frequented the Company of handsome Persons ? *The Question*, said he, *is not to be ask'd by any but one that is blind*. The most and the greatest *Philosophers* paid for their *Schooling*, and acquir'd Wisdom by the Favour and Mediation of Beauty. Not only in the Men that serve me, but also in the Beasts, I consider them within two Fingers Breadth of *Goodness*: And yet I fancy that those Features and Moulds of a Face, and those Lineaments by which Men guess at our internal Complexions, and our *Fortunes* to come, is a thing that does not very directly and simply lie under the Chapter of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Odor and Serenity of Air promises Health, nor all Fog and Stink, Infection and a time of Pestilence. Such as accuse Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, do not always hit right; for, in a Face which is none of the best, there may lie some Air of Probity and Trust: As, on the contrary, I have seen betwixt two beautiful Eyes, Menaces of a dangerous and malignant *Nature*. There are some *Physiognomists* that are favourable, so that in a Crowd of victorious Enemies, you shall presently chuse, amongst Men you never saw before, one rather than another, to whom to surrender, and with whom to intrust your Life, and yet not properly upon the consideration

Beautiful
Persons
fit to com-
mand.

sideration of *Beauty*. A Man's Looks is but a feeble *Warranty*, and yet is something considerable too: And if I were to lash them, I would most severely scourge the wicked ones, who belye and betray the Promises that Nature has planted in their Foreheads. I should with great Severity punish Malice in a mild and gentle Aspect. It seems as if there were some happy and some unhappy Faces; and I believe there is some Art in distinguishing affable from simple Faces, severe from rude, malicious from pensive, scornful from melancholick, and such other bordering Qualities. There are Beauties which are not only fair, but sour; and others that are not only sweet, but more than that, faint. To prognosticate future Adventures, is a thing that I shall leave undecided. I have, as to my own Concern, as I have said elsewhere, simply and nakedly embrac'd this ancient Rule, *That we cannot fail in following Nature, and that the sovereign Precept is to conform our selves to her.* I have not, as *Socrates* did, corrected my natural Complexions by the Force of *Reason*, and have not in the least molested my Inclination by *Art*. I have let my self go as I came; I contend not. My two Principal Parts live of their own accord in Peace and good Intelligence, but my *Nurse's* Milk, thanks be to God, was tolerably wholesome and good. Let me say this by the way, That I see a certain Image of Scholastick Honesty, almost only in Use amongst us, in greater Esteem than 'tis really worth; a Slave to Precepts, and fetter'd with Hope and Fear. I would have it such, as that *Laws* and *Religions* should not make, but perfect and authorize it, that finds it has wherewithal to support it self without help, born and rooted in us from the Seed of universal *Reason*, and imprinted in every Man by *Nature*. That *Reason* which rectify'd *Socrates* from his vicious Bent, renders him obedient to *God*, and *Men of Authority* in his City; couragious in Death, not because his
Soul

Soul is immortal, but because he is mortal. 'Tis a *Doctrine* ruinous to all *Government*, and much more hurtful than ingenious and subtle, which persuades the People, that a religious Belief is alone sufficient, and without Manners; to satisfy the Divine Justice. Usage demonstrates to us a vast Distinction betwixt *Devotion* and *Conscience*. I have a tolerable Aspect, both in Form and Interpretation :

Quid dixi, habere me? Imo habui, Chreme,
Hec! tantum attriti corporis ossa vides.

Terence.
 Heaut.
 Act. 1.
 Scen. 1

Have, did I say? No, *Chremes*, I had once,
 Of a worn Body thou but see'st the Bones.

and that makes a quite contrary Shew to that of *Socrates*. It has oft befall'n me, that upon the meer Credit of my Presence, and the Air of my Face, Persons who had no manner of Knowledge of me, have put a very great Confidence in me, whether in their own Affairs or mine: And I have in foreign Parts obtain'd Favours both singular and rare; but amongst the rest, these two Examples are peradventure worth particular Relation: A certain Person, deliberated to surprize my House and me in it; his Artifice was, to come to my Gates alone, and to be importunate to be let in: I knew him by Name, and had reason to repose a Confidence in him, as being my Neighbour, and something related to me. I caus'd the Gates to be open'd to him, as I do to every one, where I found his Horse panting, and all on a Foam. He presently popp'd me in the Mouth with this *Flim-flam*: *That about half a League off, he had unluckily met with a certain Enemy of his, whom I also knew and had heard of their Quarrel; that this Enemy had given him a very brisk Chase, and that having been surpriz'd in Disorder, and his Party being too weak, he was fled to my Gates*

C C

for

for Refuge; and that he was in great trouble for his Followers, whom, he said, he concluded to be all either dead or taken. I innocently did my best to comfort, assure and refresh him. Presently after, comes four or five of his Soldiers, that presented themselves in the same countenance and affright to get in too, and after them more, and still more, very well mounted and arm'd, to the number of five and twenty or thirty, pretending that they had the Enemy at their heels. This Myſtery began a little to awake my Suspicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I liv'd in, how much my House might be env'y'd, and I had ſeveral Examples of others of my Acquaintants, who had miſcarry'd after that manner. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courteſie, unleſs I went thro' with it, and I could not diſengage my ſelf from them without ſpoiling all; I let my ſelf go the moſt natural and ſimple way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclin'd to Suspicion and Diſtruſt. I willingly incline towards Excuse, and the gentleſt Interpretation. I take Men according to the common Order, and no more believe thoſe perverſe and unnatural Inclinations, unleſs convinced by manifeſt Evidence, than I do Monſters and Miracles; and am moreover a Man who willingly commit my ſelf to Fortune, and throw my ſelf headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reaſon to applaude, than to condemn my ſelf for ſo doing; having ever found her more ſolicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am my ſelf. There are ſome Actions in my Life, wherein the Conduſt may juſtly be call'd difficult, or, if they pleaſe, prudent. Yet of thoſe, ſuppoſing the third Part to have been my own, doubtleſs the other two Thirds were abſolutely and ſolely hers. We are, methinks, to blame, in that we do not enough truſt
Heaven.

Heaven with our Affairs, and pretend to more from our own Conduct than appertains to us. And therefore it is that our Delights so oft miscarry. Heaven is displeas'd at the Extent that we attribute to the Right of Humane Prudence above his, and cuts it shorter, by how much the more we amplify it. The last Comers kept themselves on Horse-back in my Court, whilst their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would not have his Horse set up in the Stable, saying, he would immediately retire, so soon as he should have news of the rest of his Men. He saw himself Master of his Enterprize, and nothing now remain'd but the Execution. He has since several times said (for he was not ashamed to tell the Story himself) that my Countenance and Freedom had snatch'd the Treachery out of his hands. He again mounted his Horse, his Followers having continually their Eyes intent upon him, to see when he would give the Sign; very much astonish'd to see him march away and leave his Prey behind him. Another time, relying upon I know not what *Truce*, newly publish'd in the Army, I took a Journey thro' a very fickle Country. I had not rid far, but I was discover'd, and two or three Parties of Horse, from several places, were sent out to take me; one of them the third Day overtook me, where I was charg'd by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen in *Vizors*, follow'd at a distance by a Band of *Argoulets*. Here was I surrounded and taken, withdrawn into the Thick of a neighb'ring Forest, dismounted, robb'd, my Trunks rifled, my Cabinet taken, and my Horses and Equipage divided amongst new Masters. We had in this Copsé a very long Contest about my *Ransom*, which they set so high, that it very well appear'd I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great Debate about my Life; and in truth, there were several Circumstances that threatned me of the Danger I was in.

Virgil. Æneid. l. 6. Tunc animis opus, Ænea, tunc pectore firmo.

Then, then, *Æneas*, was there need
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I still insisted upon the *Truce*, being willing they should only have the Gain of what they had already taken from me, which also was not to be despis'd, without promise of any other *Ransom*. After two or three Hours that we had been in this place, and that they had mounted me on a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run from them, and committed me to the Guard of fifteen or twenty *Harquebussiers*, and dispers'd my Servants to others, having given order that they should carry us away Prisoners several ways, and being already got some two or three Musquet-shot from the place;

Caullus. Jam prece Pollucis jam Castoris implorata;

Whilst I implor'd *Castor* and *Pollux* Aid.

behold a sudden and unexpected Alteration, I saw the Chief amongst them return to me with gentler Language, making search amongst the Troopers for my squander'd Goods, and causing as many as could be recover'd to be restor'd to me, even to my Casket; but the best Present they made me, was my Liberty, for the rest did not much concern me in those Days. The true Cause of so sudden a Change, and of this more mature Deliberation, without any apparent Impulse, and of so miraculous a Repentance, in such a time, in a complotted and deliberated Enterprize, and become just by Usance; (for at the first dash I plainly confess'd to them of what Party I was, and whither I was going) in earnest, I do not yet rightly apprehend.

hend. The most Eminent amongst them, who pull'd off his Vizor, and told me his Name, then several times told me over and over again, that I was oblig'd for my Deliverance to my Countenance, and the Liberty and Boldness of my Speech, that render'd me unworthy of such a Misadventure, and demanded Assurance from me of the like Courtesie. 'Tis like that the Divine Bounty would make use of this vain Instrument of my Preservation, and moreover defended me the next Day from other and worse Ambushes, which even these had given me warning of. The last of these two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an account of the Story; the first was kill'd not long ago. If my Face did not answer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes and Voice, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not liv'd so long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, with the indiscreet Liberty I take, right or wrong, to say whatever comes at my Tongue's end, and to judge so rashly of things. This way may with Reason appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our way of Conversation; but I have never met with any who have judg'd it outrageous or malicious, or that took offence at my Liberty, if he had it from my own Mouth. Repeated Words have another kind of Sound and Sense: Neither do I hate any Person whatever, and am so slow to offend, that I cannot do it, even upon the account of Reason it self. And when Occasion has invited me to sentence Criminals, I have rather chose to fail in point of Justice, than to do it. *Ut magis peccari nolim, quam satis animi ad vindicanda peccata habeam.* So that I had rather Men should not offend, than that I should have the Heart to condemn them. Aristotle, 'tis said, was reproach'd for having been too merciful to a wicked Man: *I was indeed,* said he, *merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness.* Ordinary Judgments exasperate themselves to Punishment by the Horror of the Fact.

Even this cools mine. The Horror of the first Murder makes me fear the second, and the Deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all Imitation of it. That may be apply'd to me, who am but a *Knave of Clubs*, which was said of *Charillus*, King of *Sparta*, *He cannot be good, because he is not evil to the wicked.* Or thus; for *Plutarch* delivers it both these ways, as he does a thousand other things, variously, and contrary to one another. *He must needs be good, because he is so even to the wicked.* Even as in lawful Actions, I do not care to employ my self, when for such as are displeas'd at it; so to say the truth, in unlawful things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing my self, when for such as are willing.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Experience.

There is no Desire more natural than that of Knowledge: We try all Ways that can lead us to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience:

Manilius. *Per varios usus attenti experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam.*

By several Proofs Experience Art has made,
Example being Guide.

which is a Means much more weak and cheap. But *Trav* is so great a thing, that we ought not to disdain any Mediation that will guide us to it. *Reason* has

has so many Forms, that we know not which to take; Experience has no fewer. The Consequence we will draw from the Conference of Events is unsure, by reason they are always unlike. There is no Quality so universal in this Image of things, as Diversity and Variety. Both the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and we, for the most express Example of Similitude, have pitch'd upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delphos*, who could distinguish Marks of Difference amongst Eggs so well, that he never mistook one for another; and, having many *Hens*, could tell which had laid it. Dissimilitude intrudes it self of it self in our Works; no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other *Card-maker*, can so carefully polish and blank the Backs of his *Cards*, that some Gamblers will not distinguish them by only seeing them shuffled by another: Resemblance does not so much make one, as Difference makes another. Nature has oblig'd her self to make nothing other that was not unlike. And yet I am not much pleas'd with his Opinion, who thought by the multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of *Judges*, in cutting them out the Cantels. He was not aware that there is as much Liberty and Stretch in the Interpretation of *Laws*, as in their Fashion; and they but fool themselves, who think to lessen and stop our Debates by summoning us to the express Words of the *Bible*: Forasmuch as human Wit does not find the Field less spacious wherein to controvert the Sence of another, than to deliver his own; and, as if there were less Animosity and Tartness in *Glossing* than *Invention*. We see how much he was deceiv'd; for we have more *Laws* in *France*, than in all the rest of the World besides; and more than would be necessary for the Government of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim flagitiis, sic nunc Legibus laboramus.* Tacitus.

we are now sick of the Laws: And yet we have left so much to the Debate and Decision of our *Judges*, that there never was so full and uncontroll'd a Liberty. What have our *Legislators* got by culling out an hundred thousand particular Cases, and for those, by having added an hundred thousand Laws? This Number holds no manner of proportion with the infinite Diversity of human Actions; the Multiplications of our *Inventions* will never arrive at the Variety of *Examples*. Add to them an hundred times as many more, it will not nevertheless ever happen, that of Events to come, there shall any one fall out, that, in this great number of millions of Events so chosen and recorded, shall jump with any one, to which it can be so exactly coupled and compar'd, that there will not remain some Circumstances and Diversity which will require a Variety of Judgment. There is little Relation betwixt our *Actions* that are in perpetual Mutation, and fixt and immobile Laws; the most to be desir'd, are those that are the most rare, the most simple and general: And I am further of Opinion, that we were better to have none at all, than to have them in so prodigious Numbers as we have. *Nature* always gives them better, and more pure than those are we make our selves; witness the Picture of the *Golden Age*, and the State wherein we see *Nations* live, who have no other. Some there are, who, for their only *Judge*, take the first Passer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cause: And others, who on their Market-day, chuse out some one amongst them upon the place, to decide all their Controversies. What Danger would there be, that the Wisest should so determine ours, according to Occurrences, and by Sight, without Obligation of Example and Consequence? *Every Shoe to his own Foot*. King *Ferdinand* sent *Colonies* to the *Indies*, and wisely provided that they should not carry a-
long

Passengers
made use
of for
Judges.

long with them any Students of the *Long Robe*, for fear lest Suits would get footing in that *New World*; as being a *Science*, in its own Nature, the Mother of Alteration and Decision; judging with *Plato*, That *Lawyers* and *Physicians* are the *Pests* of a Country. Whence does it come to pass that our common Languages, so easie for all other Uses, become obscure, and are unintelligible in *Wills* and *Contracts*? And that he who so clearly expresses himself, what ever he speaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himself that he does not fall into Doubt and Contradiction? If it be not that these *Princes* of that *Art*, applying themselves with a petuliar Attention to invent and cull out hard Words, and contrive artificial Clauses, have so weigh'd every Syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of Quirk, that they are now confounded and intangled in the Infinity of Figures, and so many minute Divisions, that they can no more fall into any Rule or Prescription, nor any certain Intelligence. *Confusum est quicquid usque in pulverem sectum est. Whatever is beaten into Powder is confus'd.* As you have Children trying to bring a Mass of Quick-silver into a certain Number of Parts, the more they press and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own Will, the more they irritate the Liberty of this generous Metal; it mocks and evades their Endeavour, and sparkles it self into so many separate Bodies, as frustrates all Account: So it is here, for in subdividing these Subtilties, we teach Men to increase their Doubts, they pull us into a way of stretching and diversifying Difficulties, they lengthen and disperse them. In sowing and retailing of Questions, they make the World to fructifie and increase in Uncertainties and Disputes. As the Earth is made fertile by being crumbled and husbanded deep. *Difficultatem facit Doctrina. Doctrina begets Difficulty.* We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplex'd with

with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We should put out the Trace of this innumerable Diversity of Opinions, not adorn our selves with it, and fill Posterity with *Crotchets*. I know not what to say to it, but Experience makes it manifest, that so many Interpretations dissipate Truth, and break it. *Aristotle* writ to be understood, which if he could not be, much less will another that is not so good at it; and a third than he who express'd his own Thoughts. We open the Matter, and spill it in pouring out. Of one Subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing them, fall again into the Infinity of Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two Men make the same Judgment of the same thing; and 'tis impossible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in several Men, but in the same Men, at divers Hours. I oft find matter of Doubt, of things which the *Commentary* disdains to take notice of. I am most apt to stumble in an even Country, like some Horses that I have known, who make most Trips in the smoothest Way. Who will not say that *Glosses* augment Doubts and Ignorance, since there's no one Book to be found, either Human or Divine, which the World busies it self about the Difficulties of, which are clear'd by Interpretation. The hundredth *Commentary* still refers you to the next, more knotty and perplex'd than he. When were we ever agreed amongst our selves, that a Book had enough, and that there was no more to be said? This is most apparent in the Law. We give the Authority of Law to infinite *Doctors*, infinite *Attorneys*, and as many Interpretations; yet do we find any End of the need of Interpreting? Is there for all that any Progress or Advancement towards Peace; or do we stand in need of any fewer *Advocates* and *Judges*, than when this great *Mass* of Law was yet in its first Infancy? We, on the contrary, darken and bury all Intelligence. We

can no more discover it, but at the mercy of so many Fences and Barriers. Men do not know the natural Disease of the Mind, it does nothing but fret and inquire, and is eternally wheeling, juggling and perplexing it self; and like Silk-worms, suffocates it self with its own Web. *Mus in pice. A Mouse in a Pitch-barrel.* It thinks it discovers at a great distance I know not what Glimpse of Light and imaginary Truth; but whilst running to it so many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquisitions cross its way, that it loses its way, and is made drunk with the Motion. Not much unlike *Æsop's* Dogs, that seeing something like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the Water, to lay the Passage dry, and so drown'd themselves. To which, what one *Crates* said of the Writings of *Heracilius*, falls pat enough, *That they requir'd a Reader who could swim well, that the Depth and Weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him.* 'Tis nothing but particular Weakness that makes us content our selves with what others, or our selves have found out in this Choice of Knowledge; one of better Understanding would not rest so content, there is always room for one to succeed, nay even for our selves, and every where else throughout; there is no end of our Inquisitions, our End is in the other World. 'Tis a Sign either that Wit is grown shorter-sighted when it is satisfy'd, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind can stop in it self, it will still pretend further, and beyond its Power; it has *Sallies* beyond its *Effects*. If it do not advance and press forward, and retire, rush, turn and wheel about, 'tis but sprightly by halves; its Pursuits are without Bound or Method, its Aliment is Admiration, Ambiguity the Chace; which *Apollo* sufficiently declar'd, in always speaking to us in a double, obscure and oblique Sense; not feeding, but

but amusing and puzzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual Motion, without Example and without Aim. His Inventions heat, pursue and introduce one another.

*Ainsi voit on en un ruisseau coulant
Sans fin l'une eau, apres l'autre roulant;
Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduit,
L'une suit l'autre, & l'une autre suit.
Par cette cy, celle là est poussée,
Et cette cy par l'autre est devancée :
Toujours l'eau va dans l'eau & toujours est ce
Mesme ruisseau, & toujours eau diverse.*

So in a running Stream one Wave we see
After another roul incessantly,
And, as they glide, each does successively
Pursue the other, each the other fly:
By this that's evermore push'd on, and this
By that continually preceded is:
The Water still does into Water swill,
Still the same Brook, but different Water still.

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon all other Subjects, we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every place says, with *Commentaries* of Authors there is great Scarcity. Is it not the principal and most reputed Knowledge of our Ages to understand the Learned? Is it not the common and almost End of all Studies? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another; the first serves for a Stock to the second, the second to the third, and so on. Thus Step by Step we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to pass, that he which is mounted highest has oft more Honour than Merit, for he is got up but a grain upon the Shoulders of the last but one. How oft, and peradventure how foolishly,

foolishly, have I stretch'd my Book, to make it speak of it self foolishly, if for no other Reason but this; That I ought to call to mind what I say of others who do the same. These frequent amorous Glances that they so oft cast upon their Works, witness that their Hearts pant with Self-love, and that even the disdainful Severity wherewith they lash and scourge them, are no other than the wanton Dissimulations of a natural Kindness; according to *Aristotle*, whose valuing and undervaluing himself, oft spring from the same Air of Arrogancy: I urge for my Excuse, that I ought in this to have more Liberty than others, forasmuch as I write of my self and of my Writings, very near as I do of my other Actions; and let my Theme return upon my self, I know not whether or no every one else will take it. I have observ'd in *Germany*, that *Luther* has left as many Divisions and Disputes about the Doubt of his Opinions, and more than he himself has rais'd upon the Holy Scriptures. Our Contest is verbal. I demand what *Nature* is, what *Plaisure*, *Circle* and *Substitution* are? The Question is about Words, and is answer'd accordingly. A Stone is a Body, but if a man should further urge, *and what is a Body?* Substance; *and what is Substance?* and so on, he would drive the Respondent to the end of his *Calepin*. We exchange one Word for another, and oft times for one less understood. I better know what Man is, than I know what Animal is, or Mortal, or Rational. To satisfy one Doubt, they pop me in the Mouth with three; 'tis the *Hydra's* Head. *Socrates* ask'd *Memnon* what Vertue was; *There is*, says *Memnon*, *the Vertue of a Man and of a Woman, of a Magistrate and of a private Person, of an old Man and of a Child.* *Very well*, says *Socrates*, *We were in quest of one Vertue, and thou hast brought us a whole Swarm; we put one Question, and thou returnest a whole Hive.* As no Event, nor no Face entirely re-
sembles

seems another, so do they not entirely differ. An ingenious Mixture of Nature. If our Faces were not alike, we could not distinguish Man from Beast; if they were not unlike, we could not distinguish one Man from another. All things hold by some Similitude, all Examples halt. And the Relation which is drawn from Experience is always faulty and imperfect; Comparisons are always coupled at one End or other; so do the *Laws* serve, and are fitted to every one of our Affairs, by some wrested, byas'd and forc'd Interpretation. Since the *strict* Laws, that concern the particular Duty of every one in himself, are so hard to be taught and observed, as we see they are; 'tis no wonder if those which govern so many Particulars, are much more so. Do but consider the *Form* of this *Justice* that governs us, 'tis a true Testimony of human Weakness, so full it is of Error and Contradiction. What we find to be Favour and Severity in *Justice*, and we find so much of them both; that I know not whether the Mean is so often met with, are sick Parts, and unequal Members of the very Body and Office of *Justice*. The Country People run to bring me News, in great haste, that they just left, in a Forest of mine, a Man with an hundred Wounds upon him, who was yet breathing, and begg'd of them Water for Pity's sake, and help carry him to some place of Relief; saying, they durst not come near him, but ran away, lest the Officers of Justice should catch them there; and as it falls out with those who are found near a murder'd Person, they should be call'd in question about this Accident to their utter Ruin, having neither Money nor Friends to defend their Innocence. What should I have said to these People? 'Tis certain that this Office of *Humanity* would have brought them into trouble. How many Innocents have we known that have been punish'd without the *Judge's* Fault, and how many that have not arriv'd

arriv'd at our Knowledge? This happen'd in my Time. Certain Men were condemn'd to die for a Murther committed, their Sentence, if not pronounc'd, at least determin'd and concluded on. The Judges just in the nick, are advertis'd by the Officers of an inferior Court hard by, that they have some Men in Custody, who have directly confess'd the said Murther, and make an indubitable Discovery of all the Particulars of the *Fact*. 'Twas then notwithstanding put to the Question, whether or no they ought to suspend Execution of the *Sentence* already pass'd upon the first accus'd. They consider'd the Novelty of the Example, and the Consequence of reversing Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly pass'd, and the Judges acquit of Repentance; To conclude, these poor Devils were sacrific'd to the *Forms* of Justice. Philip, or some other, provided against a like Inconvenience, after this manner, He had condemn'd a Man in a great Fine towards another, by a determinate Judgment. The Truth some time after being discover'd, he found that he had pass'd an Injust Sentence; on one side was the Reason of the *Cause*, on the other side the Reason of the *Judiciary Forms*. He in some sort satisfy'd both, leaving the Sentence in the State it was, and out of his own Purse recompencing the Interest of the condemn'd Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hang'd. How many Sentences have I seen more criminal than the Crimes themselves? All which makes me remember the Antient Opinions, *That there is a Necessity a Man must do Wrong by retail, who will do Right in gross; and Injustice in little things, that will come to do Justice in great: That humane Justice is form'd after the Model of Physick, according to which, All that is utile, is also just and honest; and of what is held by the Stoicks, That Nature her self proceeds contrary to Justice in most of her Works; and of what is receiv'd*

ceiv'd by the *Cyrenaicks*, that there is nothing just of it self, but that *Customs and Laws* make Justice: And what the *Theodorians* hold, that maintain *Theft, Sacrilege*, and all sorts of *Uncleannes* just in a Wise Man, if he knows them to be profitable to him; there is no Remedy, I am in the same Case that *Alcibiades* was, that I will never, if I can help it, put my self into the hands of a Man who shall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour shall more depend upon the Care and Diligence of my *Attorney*, than my own Innocence. I would venture my self with such a Justice as would take notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not sufficient Pay to a Man who does better than not to do amiss; but our Justice presents us but one Hand, and that the Left-hand too; let him be who he will, he shall be sure to go off with Loss. In *China*, of which Kingdom the Government and Arts, without Commerce with, or Knowledge of ours, surpasses our best Examples in several parts of Excellence; and of which the History gives me to understand, how much greater and more various the World is, than either the *Antients* or *We* have been able to penetrate: The Officers deputed by the Prince to visit the State of his Provinces, as they punish those who behave themselves ill in their Places, so do they liberally reward those who have carry'd themselves above the Common Sort, and beyond the Necessity of their Duty; they there present themselves, not only to be approv'd, but to get, nor simply to be paid, but to be presented. No *Judge*, thanks be to *God*, has ever yet spoke to me, in the Quality of a *Judge*, upon any account whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether *Criminal* or *Civil*; nor no *Prison* has ever receiv'd me, so much as upon the account of entering in to see it. Imagination renders the very Outside of

of a Goal formidable to me: I am so enamour'd of Liberty, that should I be interdicted the remotest Corners of the *Indies*, I should live a little more uneasie. And whilst I can find either *Earth* or *Air* open in any part of the World, I shall never lurk any where, where I must hide my self. *Good God!* how ill should I endure the Condition wherein I see so many People, nail'd to a Corner of the Kingdom, depriv'd of the Privilege of entering into the principal *Cities* and *Courts*, and the Liberty of the publick *Roads*, for having quarrell'd with our *Laws*. If those under which I live, should but wag a Finger at me, by way of Menace; I would immediately go seek out others, let them be where they would, y^e all my little Prudence in the *Civil War* wherein we are now engag'd, is employ'd, that they may not hinder my Liberty of riding from place to place. Now the *Laws* keep up their Credit, not for being *just*, but because they are *Laws*: It is the mystical Foundation of their Authority, and they have no other; and 'tis well it is so, for they are oft made by Fools; for the most part by Men that out of Hatred to Equality, go less in Equity; but always by Men who are vain and irresolute *Authors*. There is nothing so much, nor so grossly, nor so ordinarily Faulty as the *Laws*. Whoever obeys them because they are just, does not justly obey them as he ought. Our *French Laws*, by their Irregularity and Deformity, do in some sort lend a helping Hand to Disorder and Corruption, as is manifest in their Dispensation and Execution. The Command is so perplex'd and inconstant, that it in some sort excuses both Disobedience, and the Vice of the Interpretation, the Administration and the Observation of it. What Fruit then soever we may extract from Experience; yet that however will little advantage our Institution, which we draw from foreign Examples; if we make so little Profit of that we have of our own,

D d

which

which is more familiar to us, and doubtless sufficient to instruct us in that whereof we have need. I study my self more than any other Subject; 'tis my *Metaphysick*, 'tis my *Physick*.

Prop. 1. 3.
Eleg. 3.

Qua Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Qua venit uxoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menstrua lina redit:
Unde salo superant venti, quid flamine capset
Eurus, & in nubes nude perennis aqua.

Luce. 1. 1.

Sit ventura dies mundi qua subruat arces:
Quarite, quos agitat mundi labor.

By what means God the Universe does sway,
Or how the pale-fac'd Sister of the Day,
When, in increasing, can her Horns unite,
Till they contract into a full orb'd Light.
Why Winds do of the Sea the better get,
Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
What Day the World's great Fabrick must o'er-
throw,
Let them inquire, would the World's Secrets
know.

In this *Univerſity*, I suffer my self to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I shall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter its Course; it will not change it self for me, 'tis Folly to hope it, and a greater Folly to concern a Man's self about it, seeing it is necessarily alike, publick and common. The Bounty and Capacity of the *Governor* ought absolutely to discharge us of all Care of the *Government*. *Philosophical Inquisitions* and *Contemplations* serve for no other use but to increase our Curiosity. *Philosophers*, with great Reason, send us back to the *Rules of Nature*: but they have nothing to do with so sublime a Knowledge; they falsify them, and present

present us her Face painted with too high and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence spring so many different Pictures of so uniform a Subject; as she has given us Feet to walk withal, so has she given us Prudence to guide us in Life; not such an ingenious, robust and majestick Prudence as that of their Invention, but yet one that is easie, quiet and salutiferous; and that very well performs what the other promises, in him who has the good luck to know how to employ it sincerely and regularly, that is to say, according to *Nature*. The most simply to commit a Man's self to *Nature*, is to do it the most wisely. Oh what a soft, easie and wholesome Pillow is Ignorance and Incuriosity, whereon to repose a well contriv'd Head! I had rather understand my self well in my self, than in *Cicero*; of the Experience I have of my self, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good *Scholar*. Whoever will call to mind the Excess of his past Anger, and to what a Degree that Fever transports him, will see the Deformity of this Passion better than in *Aristotle*, and conceive a more just Hatred against it. Whoever will remember the Hazards he has run of those that threaten'd him, and the light Occasions that have remov'd him from one State to another, will by that prepare himself for future Changes, and the Acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cesar* himself has no greater Example for us than our own, and tho' popular and commanding, is still a Life contingent to all human Accidents. Let us but listen to it, and we apply to our selves all whereof we have principal need. Whoever shall call to memory how many, and how many times he has been mistaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after suspect it? When I find my self convinc'd by the Reason of another of a false Opinion, I do not so much learn what he has said to me that is new, and my own particular Ignorance,

norance, that would be no great purchase, as I do in general my own debility, and the treachery of my Understanding, from whence I extract the reformation of the whole mass. In all my other Errors I do the same, and find from this Rule great utility to Life, I regard not the *Species* and *individual*, as a Stone that I have stumbled at; I learn to suspect my steps throughout, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has said or done a foolish thing, is a thing of nothing; A Man must learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Instruction. The false steps that my Memory has so often made, even then when it was most secure and confident of it self, are not idly thrown away, it may now swear to me, and assure me as much as it will, I shake my Ears, and dare not trust it, the first opposition that is made to my Testimony, puts me into suspence; and I durst not rely upon it in any thing of moment, nor warrant it in another Body's Concerns: And were it not that what I do for want of Memory, others do more often for want of Faith; I should always in matter of Fact, rather choose to take truth from another's Mouth than my own. If every one would pry into the effects and circumstances of the Passions that sway him, as I have done into that which I am most subject to, he would see them coming, and would a little break their impetuosity and career; they do not always seize us on a sudden, there is threatening and degrees.

Lucan.

*Fluctus nas primo cœpit cum albescere ponto,
Paulatim sese tollit, mare & altius undas
Erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera funde.*

As the Sea first begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher swells, higher, and higher yet,

Till

Till at the last the Waves to high do rise,
As seems to bid defiance to the Skies.

Judgment holds in me a presidial Seat, at least, it carefully endeavours to make it so: It lets my Appetites take their own course, as also Hatred and Friendship; nay, even that I bear to my self, without feeling alteration or corruption. If it cannot reform the other parts according to its own model, at least it suffers not it self to be corrupted by them, but plays its Game apart. That Advertisement to every one to know themselves, should be of inportant effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light caus'd it to be writ on the front of his Temple, as comprehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is no other thing but the execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* does minutely verifie the same in *Xenophon*. The difficulties and obscurity are not discern'd in any Science, but by those that are got into it; for a certain degree of Intelligence is requir'd to be able to know that a Man knows not: And we must thrust against a Door to know whether it be bolted against us or no. From whence this *Platonick* subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to enquire, forasmuch as they know; nor they who do not know, forasmuch as to enquire, they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that every Man is seen so resolv'd and satisfy'd with himself, and that every Man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all; as *Socrates* gives *Euthydemus* to understand. I who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a depth and variety, that all the Fruit I have reap'd from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn. To my Weakness, so often confess'd, I owe the propention I have to Modesty, to the obedience of Belief impos'd upon me, to a constant coldness

coldness and Moderation of Opinions, and a hatred of that troublesome and wrangling Arrogancy, wholly believing and trusting in itself, the capital Enemy of Discipline and Truth. Do but hear them prate and domineer, the first fopperies they utter, 'tis in the style wherewith Men establish Religion and *Laws*. *Nihil est turpius quam cognitioni, & perceptioni, assertionem, approbationemque percurrere.* Nothing is more absurd than that Assertion and Allowance should precede Knowledge and Precept. *Aristarchus* said, that anciently there were seven Sages to be found in the World, and in his time scarce so many Fools. Have not we more reason than he to say so in this Age of ours? Affirmation and Obstinacy, are express Signs of want of Wit. A Fellow has stumbled and broke his Nose an hundred times in a day, and yet he will be at his *Ergo's* as resolute and brave as before; so that one would conclude he had had some new Soul and Vigour of Understanding infus'd into him since; and that it happen'd to him as to that ancient Son of the Earth, who took new Resolutions, and was made more daring by his Fall.

Ovid *Metamorph.*
1. 1.

*— qui cum tetigere parentem
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra.*

Whose broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new Force and Vigour had.

Does not this incorrigible Coxcomb think that he reassumes a new Understanding, by undertaking a dew Dispute? 'Tis by my own Experience that I accuse humane Ignorance, which is in my Opinion, the furest part of the World's School. Such as will not conclude it so in themselves, by so vain an Example as mine, or their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the *Master of Masters*. For the Philosopher

Philosopher *Antisthenes* to his *Disciples*. *Let us go said he, and hear Socrates, I will be a Pupil with you.* And maintaining this Doctrine of the Stoical *Sect*, That *Virtue* was sufficient to make a *Life* completely happy, having no need of any other thing whatever, he added, if not of the form of *Socrates*. The long attention that I employ in considering my self, does also fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few things whereof I speak better, and with better excuse. I happen very oft more exactly to see and distinguish the Conditions of my Friends, than they do themselves, I have astonish'd some with the pertinence of my Description, and have given them warning of themselves. By having from my Infancy been accustomed to contemplate my own Life in those of others, I have acquir'd a Complexion studious in that particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few things about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Discourses, that serve to that purpose, escape me. I study all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to do. Also in my Friends, I discover by their Productions their inward Inclinations; not to order this infinite variety of so divers and distracted Actions into certain Genders and Chapters, and distinctly to distribute my parcels and divisions under known Heads and Classes.

*Sed neque quàm multa species, & nomine quæ sint Virg Geor.
Est numerus.*

But not the number of their Kind and Names,
They are too many.

The Wise speak and deliver their Fancies more particularly, and handle them piece by piece. I, who see no further into things than as useance informs me, generally present mine without Method, and

Cic. de fin.
lib. 3.

also an Inquirer. As in this, I pronounce my Sentence by loose and unknit Articles; 'tis a thing that cannot be spoke at once, and in gross. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in such low and common Souls as ours. Wisdom is a solid and intire Building, of which every piece keeps its place, and carries its mark. *Sola Sapientia in se toto conversa est.* Wisdom only is wholly turn'd into its self. I leave it to Artists; and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in so perplex'd a thing, to marshal into distinct Bodies this infinite diversity of Faces, to settle our Inconstancy, and set it in order. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to design them every one by themselves by any principal Quality, so ambiguous and variform they are by several Lights. That which is remark'd for rare in *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, that his Mind fixing itself to no one Condition, wander'd in all sorts of living, and represented Manners so Wild and uncouth, that he was neither known by himself, or any other, what kind of Man he was, seems almost to fill all the World. And especially I have seen another of his Stature, to whom I think this Conclusion might more properly be apply'd: No moderate settledness, still running headlong from one Extream to another, upon Occasions not to be guess'd at; no manner of Course without traverse and wonderful contrariety; nor no one Quality simple and unmix'd: So that the best guess Man can one day make, will be, that he affected and studied to make himself known, by being not to be known. A Man had need have long Ears to hear himself frank ly censur'd. And being there are few that can endure to hear it without being nettled, those who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifest a singular effect of Friendship; for 'tis to love sincerely indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend

send us for our own good. I think it rude to censure a Man whose ill Qualities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three things in him that will examine the Soul of another, to wit, *Knowledge*, *good Will*, and *Baldness*. I was once ask'd where I should have thought myself fit for, had any one design'd to make use of me in my younger Years.

*Dum melior vires sanguis dabit, amula nedum
Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.*

Æneid.
l. 5.

Whilst better Blood my Limbs with Vigour feed,
And e'er old Age had snow'd upon my Head.

For nothing said I. And I am willing enough to profess not knowing how to do any thing, that I may so be excus'd from enslaving myself to another. But I had told these Truths to a Master of mine, and had controul'd his Manners, if he had so pleas'd; not in gross by schplastick Lessons, which I understand not, and from which I see no true Reformation spring in those that do; but by observing them by leisure, at all Opportunities, and simply and naturally judging them, an Eye Witness, distinctly one by one, giving him to understand upon what terms he was in the common Opinion, in opposition to his Flatterers. There is none of us that would not be worse than *Kings*, if so continually corrupted as they are with that sort of *Vermin*. But what if *Alexander*, that great *King* and *Philosopher*, could not defend himself from them? I should have Fidelity, Judgment, and Liberty enough for that purpose. It would be a nameless Office otherwise, both in its Grace and Effect; and 'tis a part that is not indifferently fit for all Men. For *Truth* itself has not the Priviledge to be spoke all times, and in all sorts, the use of it, noble as it is, has its Circumscriptions and Limits. It oft falls out, as the World now goes,

goes, that a Man lets it slip into the Ear of a *Prince*, not only to no purpose, but moreover injuriously and unjustly. And no Man shall make me believe, that a virtuous Remonstrance may not be viciously apply'd, and that the interest of the Substance is not oft to give place to that of the Form. For such a purpose, I would have a Man that is content with his own Fortune ;

Mart. Ep.
lib. 10.
chap. 47.

Quod sit esse velit, nihilque malit.

Who likes that present State of his,
And would not be but what he is.

and meanly born ; forasmuch as on one side, he would not be afraid to touch his Master's Heart to the Quick, for fear by that means of losing his Preferment : And on the other side, being of mean Quality, he would have more easie Communion with all sorts of People : And I would have this Office limited to only one, for to allow the Privilege of this Liberty and Privacy to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence ; and even of that one too, I would above all things require the fidelity of Silence. A *King* is not to be believ'd when he brags of his Constancy in standing the shock of the Enemy for his Glory, if for his Profit and Amendment, he cannot stand the Liberty of a Friend's Advice, which has no other Power but to pinch his Ear, the remainder of its effect being still in his own Hands. Now, there is no condition of Men whatever who stand in so great need of true and free advertisement as they do. They support the publick Life, and are to satisfy the Opinion of so Many Spectators, that when Men have us'd to conceal from them whatever should divert them from their own way, they insensibly have found themselves involv'd in the hatred and detestation of

Free Ad
vice ne-
cessary for
Kings.

of their People, sometimes upon so slight Occasions as they might have avoided without any prejudice even of their Pleasures themselves, had they been advis'd and set right in time. Their *Favourites* commonly have more regard to themselves, than they have to their Masters; and indeed it stands them upon, forasmuch as in truth most Offices of true Friendships, when apply'd to the *Sovereign*, are under a rude and dangerous hazard; so that therein there is great need, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, but of Courage too. To conclude all this *Hodge-podge* which I scribble, here is nothing but a Register of *Essays* of my own Life, which for the internal Soundness is exemplary enough to take Instruction against the Hair; but as to bodily Health, no Man can furnish out more profitable Experience than I, who present it pure, and no way corrupted and chang'd by Art or Opinion. Experience is properly upon its own Dung-hill in the Subject of *Physick*, where *Reason* wholly gives it Place. *Tiberius* said, that whoever had liv'd twenty Years, ought to be responsible to himself for all things that were hurtful or wholesome to him, and know how to order himself without *Physick*. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who advising his Disciples to be solicitous of their Health, as the chiefest Study, added, that it was hard if a Man of Sense, having a care of his Exercises and Diet, did not better know than any Physician, what was good or ill for him. And also *Physick* does profess always to have Experience for the touch of its Operations. And *Plato* had reason to say, that to be a right *Physician*, it would be necessary that he would take it upon him, should first himself have pass'd through all the Diseases he will pretend to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumstances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reason they should get the *Pox*, if they will know how to cure it; for my part, I should put my self

self into such Hands: for the others but guide us, like him who paints the Sea-Rocks and Ports upon the Cloth, and there makes a Figure of a Ship to sail in all Security; and put him to't in earnest, he knows not at which End to begin. They make such a Description of our Maladies, as a *Town-Crier* does of a lost Horse or Dog, such a Colour, such a Height, such an Ear; but bring him to him, and he knows him not for all that. God grant that Physick may one Day give me some good and visible Relief, namely, when I shall cry out in good earnest.

Hor. Car.

Tandem efficaci de manus Scientie.

The Arts that promise to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promise a great deal, but withal, there is none that less keep their Promise. And in our Times, those that make Profession of these Arts amongst us, less manifest the Effects than any other sort of Men. One may say of them at the most, that they sell Medicinal Drugs, but that they are *Physicians*; a Man cannot say. I have liv'd long enough to be able to give an Account of the Custom that has carried me so far. And, for whœver has a mind to read it, as his Taster, I give him this *Essay*, wherein we will find some Articles, as my Memory shall supply me with them. I have no Custom that has not varied according to Accidents; but I only record those that I have been best acquainted with, and that hitherto have had the greatest Possession of me. My Form of Life is the same in Sicknes that it is in Health, the same Bed, the same Houses, the same Meat, and the same Drink serve me in both Conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the Moderation of more or less, according to my Strength and Appetite. My Health is to maintain my wonted State without Disturbance. I see that Sicknes puts me off it on one side, and if I will be rul'd by the *Physicians*, they will put me off on the

the other; so that by *Fortune* and by *Art* I am out of my way. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be offended by the Usage of Things to which I have been so long accustom'd. 'Tis for Custom to give a Form to a Man's Life, such as it best pleases, she is all in all in that: 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature as she pleases best. How many Nations, and but Three Steps from us, think the Fear of the Serene that so manifestly is hurtful to us, a ridiculous Fancy, and our Water-men and Peasants despise it. You make a *German* sick if you lay him upon a *Quilt*, as you do an *Italian* if you lay him upon a *Feather-bed*; and a *French-man* without *Curtains* or *Fire*. A *Spanish* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiss*. A *German* made me very merry at *Augusta* with disputing the Inconvenience of our *Hearths* by the same Arguments which we commonly make use of in decrying their *Stoves*: For, to say the Truth, that smother'd Heat, and then the Scent of that heated Matter of which the Fire is compos'd, very much offend such as are not us'd to them, not me; but as to the rest, the Heat being always equal, constant and universal, without Flame, without Smoke, and without the Wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may many ways indure Comparison with ours. Why do we not imitate the Roman *Architecture*? For, they say, that antiently Fires were not made in their Houses, but on the out-side, and at the foot of them, from whence the Heat was convey'd to the whole Fabrick by Pipes contriv'd in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warm'd: Which I have seen plainly describ'd somewhere in *Seneca*. This Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniences and Beauties of his *City*, which truly deserves it, began to lament me that I was to go away. And the first Inconvenience he alledg'd to me was, the Heaviness that the Chimneys esse-

elsewhere brought upon me. He had heard some one make this Complaint, and fix'd it upon us, being by Custom depriv'd of the Means of perceiving it at Home. All Heat that comes from the Fire makes me weak and dull, and yet *Evemus* said, that Fire was the best Condiment of Life. I rather chuse any other way of making my self warm: We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the bottom of the Vessel; in *Portugal* those Fumes are reputed delicate, and is the *Beverage* of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Customs and Usances, that are not only unknown, but savage and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe not Men if not in a Book, nor *Truth*, if not of competent Age? We dignify our Fopperies when we commit them to the *Press*. 'Tis of a great deal more Weight to him you speak of, to say, *I have seen such a thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a thing*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and that esteem this Age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius* or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And, as 'tis held of *Virtue*, that it is not greater for having continu'd longer, so do I hold of *Truth*, that for being older it is not wiser. I often say, that it is meer Folly that makes us run after strange and scholastick Examples? Their Fertility is the same now that it was in the Time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But it is not that we derive more Honour from the Quotation than from the Truth of the Discourse? As if it were to borrow our Proof from the Shops of *Vascan* or of *Plantin*, than of what is to be seen in our own Village: Or else indeed, that we have not the Wit to cull out and make useful what we see before us, and judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example.

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For if we say that we want Authority to procure Faith to our Testimony, we speak from the purpose, forasmuch as, in my Opinion, of the most ordinary; common, and known things, could we but find out their Light, the greatest Miracles of Nature might be form'd, and the most wonderful Examples, especially upon the Subject of Humane Actions. Now upon the Subject I am speaking of, setting aside the Examples I have gather'd from *Books*, and what *Aristotle* says of *Andron* the *Argian*, that he travel'd over the arid Sands of *Libya* without drinking; a Gentleman who has very well behav'd himself in several Employments, said, in a place where I was, that he had rid from *Madrid* to *Lisbon* in the Heat of *Summer*, without any Drink at all; he is very healthful, and vigorous for his Age, and hath nothing extraordinary in the Usance of his Life, but this, to live sometimes Two or Three Months, nay, a whole Year, without drinking. He is sometimes athirst, but he lets it pass over, and holds, it is an Appetite which easily goes off of it self, and drinks more out of Humour, than either for Need or Pleasure. Here is another Example: 'Tis not long ago that I found one of the Learned'st Men in *France*, among those of the greatest Fortunes, studying in a Corner of a Hall that they had separated for him with Tapestry, and about him a Rabble of his Servants, that you may be sure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almost says the same of himself, he made an Advantage of this Noise; as if beaten with this Rattle, he so much the better recollected and retir'd himself into himself for Contemplation, and that this Tempest of Voices repercuss'd his Thoughts within himself. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study so long situated in the Rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the publick place, that he not only form'd himself to the Contempt, but even to the Use of Noise, for the Service of his Studies. *Socrates* answer'd

swer'd *Alcibiades*, who being astonish'd at his Patience, ask'd him how he could endure the perpetual Scolding of his Wife, *Why*, said he, *as those do who are accustom'd to the ordinary Noise of Wheels to draw Water*. I am quite otherwise; I have a tender Head, and easily discompos'd; when 'tis bent upon any thing, the least buzzing of a Fly tears it into pieces. *Seneca*, in his Youth, having, by the Example of *Sexius*, put on a positive Resolution of eating nothing but what died of it self, pass'd over a whole Year in this Diet, and, as he said, with Pleasure, and only left it off, that he might not be suspected of taking up this Rule from some new Religion, by which it was prescribed: But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Artaban*, a Custom, not to lie any more upon any sort of Bedding that yielded under a Man's Weight, but even to his old Age made use of such as would not yield to any Pressure: What the Usage of his Time made him account Authority, that of ours makes us look upon as Effeminy and Ease. Do but observe the Difference betwixt the way of Living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Indies* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have pick'd up Boys from begging to serve me, who soon after have quitted both my *Kitchen* and *Livery*, only that they might return to their former Course of Life. And found one afterwards gathering *Muscles* out of the *Sink* for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats, reclaim from the Sweetness he found in Indigence. *Beggars* have their Magnificences and Delights, as well as the Rich; and 'tis said, their *Dignities* and *Politicks*. These are the Effects of Custom, she can mould us not only into what Form she pleases, (and yet the *Sages* say, we ought to apply our selves to the best, which she would soon make easy to us) but also to Change and Variation, which is the most noble and most useful of all she makes us perfect

perfect in. The best of my Bodily Perfection is, that I am flexible, and very little obstinate. I have Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I am diverted from them with very little ado, and easily slip into a contrary Course. A Young Man ought to cross his own Rules to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing faint and rusty. And there is no Course of Life so weak and sottish, as that which is carry'd on by Rule and Discipline.

*Ad primum lapidem vectari complacet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta genesi collyria quarit.*

Juven.
Sat. 6.

If he but of a Mile a Walk would take,
He for the Hour consults his Almanack;
If he but rub the Corner of his Eye,
He chuses Salve by his Nativity.

He shall oft throw himself even into Excesses, if he will take my Advice, otherwise the least Debauch will ruin him. He will render himself uneasy, and disagreeable in Conversation. The worst Quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and an Obligation to a certain particular Way; and it is particular, if not pliable and supple. It is a kind of Reproach, not to be able, or not to dare to do what we see others do before us. Let such as those sit at Home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Soldier vicious and intolerable; who, as *Philopœmen* said, ought to accustom himself to all Variety and Inequality of Life. Though I have been brought up, as much as was possible, to Liberty and Indifference, yet so it is, that in growing Old, and having more settled upon certain Forms (my Age is now past Instruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to keep it up as well as I can) Custom has already, ere I

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was aware, so imprinted its Character in me, in certain things, that I look upon it as a kind of Excess to leave them off. And, without a Force upon my self, cannot sleep in the Day-time, nor eat between Meals, nor Breakfast, nor go to Bed, without a great Interval betwixt eating and sleeping, as of Three Hours after Supper; nor get Children but before I sleep, and never standing upon my Feet; nor endure my own Sweat, nor quench my Thirst either with pure Water or Wine, nor keep my Head long bare, nor cut my Hair after Dinner; and should be as uneasy without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without washing when I rise from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lye without a Canopy and Curtains, as if they were necessary things: I could Dine without a Table-cloth, but without a clean Napkin, after the *German* Fashion, very incommodiously. I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little use either of Spoon or Fork. I am sorry that the same is not in use amongst us, that I see the Example of in Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every Service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Soldier *Marius*, that growing Old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, have suffer'd my self to fancy a certain Form of Glasses, and do not willingly drink in common Glasses, no more than from a common Hand: All Metal offends me in comparison of a clear and transparent Matter: Let my Eyes taste too, according to their Capacity: I owe several other such Niceties to Custom. *Nature* has also on the other side, help'd me to some of hers, as no more to be able to endure Two full Meals in one Day, without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total Abstinence from one of those Meals, without filling my self with Wind, drying up my Mouth, and dulling my Appetite, and finding great Inconvenience

in the Evening Air. For of late Years, in Night-marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after Five or Six Hours, my Stomach begins to be queasy, with a violent Pain in my Head, so that I always vomit before the Day can break. When others go to Breakfast I go to sleep, and when I rise am as brisk and gay as before. I had always been told, that the *Serene* never dispers't it self but in the beginning of the Night; but for certain Years past, long and familiar frequenting, a Lord possess'd with this Opinion, that the *Serene* is more sharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an Hour or Two before his Set, which he carefully avoids, and despises that of the Night; he had almost imprinted in me, not only his Discourse, but his Opinion. What, shall the very Doubt and Inquisition wound our Imagination so as to turn to our Inconvenience? Such as absolutely and on a sudden give way to their Propensions, put a total Ruin upon themselves. And I am sorry for several Gentlemen, who, thro' the Folly of their *Physicians*, have in their Youth and Health put themselves into Consumptions. It were yet better to endure a Cough, than by Disobance for ever to lose the Commerce of the common Life in an Action of so great use. Ill-natur'd *Science*, to interdict us the sweetest and most pleasant Hours of the Day: Let us keep Possession of it to the last. For the most part a Man hardens himself by being obstinate, and corrects his Constitution; as *Cesar* did the *Falling-Sickness*, by dint of Contempt. A Man should addict himself to the best *Rules*, but not enslave himself to them; if not to such, if there be any such to which the Obligation and Servitude are of Profit. Both *Kings* and *Philosophers* go to stool, and *Ladies* too; publick Lives are bound to *Ceremony*, mine that is obscure and private, enjoys all natural Dispensation. *Souldier* and *Gascon* are also Qualities a little subject to Indiscretion, wherefore I shall say this of

this Action of exonerating Nature, that it is necessary to refer it to certain prescrib'd and nocturnal Hours, and force a Man's self to it by Custom, as I have done; but not to subject himself, as I have done in my declining Years, to a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that purpose, and making it troublesome by long sitting: and yet in the foulest Offices, is it not in some measure excusable to require more Care and Cleanliness? *Natura homo mundum, & elegans animal est.* Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature: Of all the Actions of Nature, I am the most impatient of being interrupted in that. I have seen many Soldiers troubled with the Unruliness of their Bellies, whilst mine and I never fail of our punctual Assignment, which is at leaping out of Bed, if some indispensable Business, or Sickness do not molest us. I do then think, as I said before, that sick Men can better place themselves any where in better Safety than in sitting still in that Course of Life wherewith they have been bred and train'd up. Alteration, be it what it will, does distemper and astonish. Can any believe, that *Chest-nuts* can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Luca*; or Milk and Cheese the Mountain People: Men enjoy them not only anew, but a contrary Method of Life, a Change that the more healthful could not endure. Prescribe Water to a *Breton* of Threescore and Ten, shut a *Sea-man* up in a *Stove*, and forbid a *Basque* Foot-man walking, they will deprive them of Motion, and in the End of Air and Light.

Seneca,
Epist. 92.

Æneid.
lib. 6.
Gallus,
Eleg. 1.

— an vivere tanti est?
Cogimur a suetis animam suspendere rebus,
Atque ut vivamus vivere desinimus,
Hoc superesse reor quibus & spirabilis aer
Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipsa gravis.

Is Life of such a mighty Consequence?

We must accustom'd things quite over-give,
 And that we may live, we must cease to live;
 I can't imagine they should longer live,
 Whom Light and Air, by which they live, do
 (grieve.

If they do no other good, they do this at least, that they prepare Patients betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and cutting off the Usage of Life. Both well and sick, I have ever willingly suffer'd my self to obey the Appetites that prest upon me. I give great Authority to my Propensions and Desires. I do not love to cure one Disease by another. I hate Remedies that are more troublesome than the Disease it self. To be subject to the Stone, and subject to abstain from eating Oysters, are two Evils instead of one. The Disease torments us on the one side, and the Remedy on the other. Since we are ever in danger of mistaking, let us rather hazard, rather defer the Discovery of the Mistake till after Pleasure. The World proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing profitable that is not painful; Facility stands suspected to it. My Appetite is in several things of it self happily enough accommodated to the Health of my Stomach. Acrimony and Quickness in Sawces were pleasant to me when young, but my Stomach disliking them, since my Taste incontinently follow'd. Wine is hurtful to sick People; and 'tis the first thing that my Mouth disrelishes when I am sick, and with an invincible Distaste. Whatever I take against my Liking does me Harm; and nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and Delight; I never receiv'd Harm by any Action that was very pleasant to me; and accordingly have made all Medicinal Conclusions mightily give way to my Pleasure. And have, when I was young,

Catullus *Quem circumversans huc, atque huc saepe Cupido*
 Num. 64. *Fulgebat crocina splendidus in tunica.*

Whilst *Cupid* round me fluttering did fly,
 In his rich Mantle of the *Tyrian Dye*.

given my self the Reins as licentiously and inconsiderately to the Desire that was predominant in me, as any other whatever ;

Hor. lib. 3.
Ode 16.

Et militavi non sine gloria.

yet more in Continuation and holding out than in Sally.

Ovid.

Sex me vix memini sustinuisse vices.

'Tis certainly a Misfortune, and a Miracle at once, to confess at what a tender Age I was first subjected to Love: it was indeed by chance; for it was long before the Years of Choice or Discretion; I do not remember my self so long ago. And my Fortune may very well be coupled to that of *Quartilla*, who could not remember since she was a Maid.

Ovid.

Inde tragus celeresque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba mea.

Physicians do ordinarily submit their Roles to the violent Longings that happen to sick Persons, with very good Success. This great Desire, so strange and vicious, cannot be imagin'd to be, but that *Nature* must have a hand in it. And then how easy a thing is it to satisfy the Fancy? In my Opinion, this part wholly carries it, at least, above all the rest. The most grievous and ordinary Wills are those that Fancy loads us with. This *Spanish* Saying mightily pleases

pleases in several Senses; *Defienda me Dios de my. God defend me from my self.* I am sorry when I am sick, that I have not some *Longing* that might give me the Contentment of satisfying it; all the Rules of *Physick* would hardly be able to divert me; I do the same when I am well. I can think of very little more to be hop'd or wish'd for. 'Tis pity a Man should be so weak and languishing, as to have nothing left him but wishing. The *Art* of *Physick* is not so resolute, that we should be without Authority for whatever we do; it changes according to the *Climates* and *Moons*, according to *Fernelisa* and *Scala*. If your *Physicians* do not think it good for you to sleep, to drink Wine, or to eat such and such Meats, never trouble your self, I will find you another that shall not be of his Opinion; the Diversity of *Physical Arguments* and Opinions embraces all sorts of Methods. I saw a miserable sick Person panting and burning for Thirst, that he might be cur'd; and was afterwards laugh'd at by another *Physician* for his Pains, who condemn'd that Advice as præjudicial to him: had he not tormented himself to good purpose? A Man of that Profession is lately dead of the *Stone*, who had made use of extreme Abstinence to contend with his Disease. His Fellow *Physicians* said, that on the contrary, this Abstinence from Drink had dried his Body up, and bak'd the Gravel in his Kidneys. I have observ'd, that both in Wounds and Sickneses, speaking discomposes and hurts me as much as any Disorder I can commit. My Voice spends and tires me, for 'tis loud and forc'd; so that when I have gone to whisper some great Persons about Affairs of Consequence, they have oft desired me to moderate my Voice. This Story deserves a place here. Some one in a certain *Greek School*, speaking loud as I do, the Master of the *Ceremonies* sent to him to speak softly, *Tell him then he must send me,* reply'd the other, *she said he would have me speak in* To which the other

reply'd, *That he should take the Tone from the Ear of him to whom he spake.* It was well said, if to be understood, *Speak according to the Affair you are speaking about to your Auditor,* for if it mean, *'tis sufficient that he hears you, or govern your self by him;* I do not find it to be reason. The Tone and Motion of my Voice carries with it a great deal of the Expression and Signification of my meaning, and 'tis I who am to govern it, to make my self understood. There is a Voice to instruct, a Voice to flatter, and a Voice to reprehend. I will not only that my Voice reach him, but peradventure that it strike and pierce him: When I rattle my Footman with sharp and bitter Language, it would be very pretty for him to say, *Pray, Master, speak lower, I hear you very well.* *Est quaedam vox ad auditum accommodata, non magnitudine sed proprietate.* There is a certain Voice accommodated to the Hearing, not by the Loudness, but Propriety. Speaking is half his that speaks, and half his that hears; the last of which ought to prepare himself to receive it, according to its Motion and Rebound. Like Tennis Players, he that receives the Ball, shifts and prepares; according as he sees him move who strikes the Stroke, and according to the Stroke it self. Experience has moreover taught me this, that we lose our selves with Impatience. Evils have their Life and Limits, their Diseases, and their Recovery; the Constitution of Maladies is form'd by the Pattern of the Constitution of Animals, they have their Fortunes and Days limited from their Birth. Whoever attempts imperiously to cut them short by Force in the middle of their Course, does lengthen and multiply them, and incenses instead of appeasing them. I am of *Crantor's* Opinion, that we are neither obstinately and wilfully to oppose Evils; nor truckle under them for want of Courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their Condition and our own, we ought to grant free Pas-
sage

sage to Diseases: And I find they stay less with me, who let them alone. And I have lost those which are reputed the most tenacious and obstinate of their own Deservence, without any Help or Art, and contrary to their Rules. Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own Affairs than we. But such a one died, and so shall you, if not of that Disease, of another. And how many have not escap'd dying, who have their Physicians always at their Tails? Example is a bright and universal Mirror, and in all Sciences. If it be a delicious Medicine, take it, 'tis always so much present Good. I will never stick at the Name nor the Colour, if it be pleasant and grateful to the Palate: Pleasure is one of the chiefest kinds of Profit. I have suffer'd Rheums, gouty Defluxions, Relaxations, Palpitations of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accidents, to grow Old, and die in me a natural Death, which I have been rid of when I was half fit to nourish and keep them. They are sooner prevail'd upon by Courtesy than huffing; we must patiently suffer the Laws of our Condition, we are born to grow Old, to grow weak, and to be sick in despite of all Medicine. 'Tis the first Lesson the Mexicans teach their Children; so soon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus salute them, *Thou art come into the World, Child, to endure, suffer, and say nothing.* 'Tis Injustice to lament that that is befall'n any one, which may befall every one. *Indignare si quid in te iniqui, proprie constitutum est. Then be angry when there is anything unjustly decreed against thee alone.* See an Old Man who begs of God Almighty that he will maintain his Health vigorous and entire, that is to say, that he will restore him to Youth;

See

Ovid.

Scat quid hac frustra votis puerilibus optas ?

Why pray'st, thou Fool, such childish Prayers in
(vain?)

Is it not Folly? his Condition is not capable of it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigestion, are Symptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains and Winds, are of long Voyages. Plato does not believe that *Aesculapius* troubled himself to provide by a good Diet to prolong his Life in a weak and wasted Body, useless to his Country; and to his Profession, and to beget healthful and robust Children; and does not think this Solitude suitable to the Divine Justice and Prudence, which is to direct all Things to Utility. My good Friend, your Business is done, no Body can restore you, they can at the most but patch you up, and prop you a little, and by that means prolong your Misery an Hour or Two.

Galus,
Eleg. 1.

*Non secus instantem cupiens fucire ruinam,
Diversis conera nititur obicibus,
Donec cersa dies omni compage soluta,
Ipsam cum rebus subruit auxilium.*

Like one, who willing to defer a while
A sudden Rain, props the tottering Pile,
Till in short space the House, the Props and all
Together with a dreadful Ruin fall.

We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade. Our Life, like the Harmony of the World, is compos'd of contrary Things, of several Notes, sweet and harsh, sharp and flat, spritely and solemn; and the Musician who should only affect one of these, what would he be able to do? He must know how to make use of them all, and to mix them; and we likewise,
the

the *Goods* and *Evils* which are consubstantial with Life : Our Being cannot subsist without this Mixture, and the one are no less necessary to it than the other. To attempt to kick against natural Necessity, is to represent the Folly of *Cresphob*, who undertook to kick with his *Mule*. I consult little about the Alterations I feel ; for those People take Advantage when they have you at their Mercy. They cudgel your Ears with their *Prognosticks* ; and having formerly surpriz'd me, weaken'd with Sickness, have injuriously handled me with their *Doctrines* and magisterial Fopperies ; one while menacing me with great Pains, and another with approaching Death ; by which Threats I was indeed mov'd and shaken, but not subdu'd, nor jostled from my place ; and tho' my Judgment was neither altered nor distracted, yet it was at least disturb'd. 'Tis always Agitation and Combat. Now I use my Imagination as gently as I can, and would discharge it of all Trouble and Contest if I could. A *Man* must assist, flatter, and deceive it, if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no Appearances throughout. And could it persuade, as it preaches, it would successfully relieve me. Will you have an Example ? It tells me that 'tis for my Good to have the *Stone* : that the Compositions of my Age are naturally to suffer some Decay : that it is now time they should begin to disjoyn, and to confess a Decay : 'tis a common Necessary, and there is nothing in it, either miraculous or new : I therein pay what is due to Old Age, and I cannot expect a better Account : that Society ought to comfort me being fall'n into the most common infirmity of my Time. I see every where Men tormented with the same Disease ; and am honour'd by the Fellowship, forasmuch as Men of the best Quality are most frequently afflicted with it ; 'tis a noble and dignify'd Disease. That of such as are pester'd with it, few have it to a less degree of Pain, and yet they are put

The folly of Cresphob.

The Stone ordinary in Old Men, especially Men of Quality.

to

to the trouble of a strict Diet, and the daily taking of nauseous Drugs and Potions; whereas I owe my good intervals purely to my good Fortune. For some ordinary Broths of *Eringo's*, or *Burft-wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the Ladies, who, with greater Kindness than Pain is extream, would needs present me half of theirs, seem'd to me equally easie to take, and fruitless in Operation. They are to pay a thousand *Flows* to *Aesculapius*, and as many *Crowns* to their *Physician*, for the voiding a little *Gravel*, which I often do by the benefit of *Nature*. Even the decency of my Countenance is not disturb'd in Company, and I can hold my Water ten Hours, and as long as any Man that is imperfect Health. The fear of this Disease says one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee; the crying and roaring of those that make it worse by their Impatience, begot a horror in thee: 'Tis an infirmity that punishes the Members by which thou hast most offended: Thou art a Conscientious fellow;

Quæ venit indigna pœna, dolenda venit.

Punishments then to be complain'd of are
When laid upon a guiltless Sufferer.

consider this Chastisement, 'tis very easie in comparison of that of others, and inflicted with a Paternal Tendernefs: Do but observe how late it comes; it only seizes on, and incommodes that part of thy Life, which is upon the matter sterill, and lost; having, as it were by compact, given way to the License and Pleasures of thy Youth. The fear and the compassion that the People have of this Disease, serves thee for matter of Glory. A Quality whereof, if thou hast thy Judgment purified, and that thy Reason be right and sound, thy Friends will

yet

yet notwithstanding, discover some Tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis Pleasure to hear it said of a Man's self, *here is great Force, here is great Patience.* Thou art seen to sweat with Pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, vomit Blood, to suffer strange Contractions and Convulsions, by starts to let Tears drop from thine Eyes, to urin thick, black and dreadful Water, or to have it suppress by some sharp and craggy Stone, that cruelly pricks and tears the neck of the Bladder. whilst all, the while thou entertain'st the Company with an ordinary Countenance, drolling by fits with thy Servants, making one in a continued Discourse, now and then excusing thy Pain, and making thy Sufferance less than it is. Dost thou call to mind the Men of past times, who so greedily sought Diseases to keep their Vertue in breath and exercise? Put the Case that *Nature* force and put thee on to this glorious School, into which thou would'st never have enter'd, of thy own free Will. If thou tell'st me, that it is a dangerous and mortal Disease; what others are not? For 'tis a Physical Cheat to except any, and to say, that they do not go directly to Death: What matter is it, if they tend that way by Accident, and if they slide and slip into the Path that leads to it? But thou dost not die because thou art sick, thou diest because thou art living. Death kills thee without the help of Sicknes: And in some, Sicknes has deferr'd Death, who have liv'd longer by reason that they thought themselves always dying. To which may be added, that as in Wounds, so in Diseases, some are medicinal and wholesome. The Cholick is oft no less long-liv'd than you. We see Men with whom it has continu'd from their Infancy, even to their extream old Age, and if they had not broke Company, it would have afflicted them longer still; you offer kill it than it kills you: And though it present you the Image of approach-

ing

ing Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of such an Age, to put him in mind of his end? And, which is worse, thou hast no longer any thing that that should make thee desire to be cur'd. Common Necessity will however presently call thee away. Do but consider how artificially and gently she puts thee out of taste with Life, and weans thee from the World; not forcing and compelling thee with a tyrannical Subjection, like so many other Infirmities which you see old Men afflicted withal, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and intermitted Pains and Dolours; but by Advertisements and Instructions at several Intervals, intermixing long pauses of Repose, as it were to give thee leave to meditate and ruminare upon thy Lesson at thy own ease and leisure; to give thee means to judge aright. and to assume the resolution of a Man of Courage, she presents to thee the entire state of thy Condition, both in Good and Evil, and one while a very chearful, and another an insupportable Life, in one and the same day. If thou embracest not Death, at least thou shak'st hands with it once a Month; by which thou hast more cause to hope that it will one day surprize thee without warning. And that being so oft conducted to the Water-side, and thinking thy self to be still upon the accustom'd terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly waisted over. A Man cannot reasonably complain of Diseases that fairly divide the time with Health. I am oblig'd to Fortune for having so oft assaulted me with the same sort of Weapons; she forms and fashions me by usance, hardens and habituates me so, that I can know within a little, for how much I shall be quit. For want of natural Memory, I make use of Paper; and as any new Symptom happens in my Disease, I set it down; from whence it falls out, that being now almost past all
sorts

sorts of Examples, if any astonishment threaten me, tumbling over these little loose Notes, as the *Sibyls* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Consolation from some favourable *Prognostick* in my past Experience. Custom also makes me hope better for the time to come. For the conduct of this Evacuation having so long continued, 'tis to be believ'd that *Nature* will not alter her course, and that no other worse Accident will happen than what I already feel. And besides, the Condition of this Disease is not unsuitable to my prompt and sudden Complexion. When it assaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while; but it has naturally brisk and vigorous Excesses. It claws me to purpose for a day or two. My Reins hold out an Age without alteration, and I have almost now liv'd another since they changed their State. *Evils* have their Periods as well as *Goods*, peradventure the Infirmary draws towards an end. Age weakens the heat of my Stomach, the Digestion of which being less perfect, it sends this crude matter to my Reins, and why at a certain Revolution may not the heat of my Reins be also abated, so that they can no more petrify my Flegm, and Nature find out some other way of Purgation: Years have evidently help'd me to drain certain *Rheums*; and why not these Excrements which furnish matter for *Gravel*? but is there any thing sweet in comparison of this sudden Change, when from an excessive Pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone, to recover, as from a flash of Lightning, the beautiful Light of Health, so free and full as it happens in our sudden and most sharp *Cholicks*? Is there any thing in the Pain suffer'd, that a Man can counter-
 Health
 more plea-
 sant after
 Sicknes.

poise to the pleasure of so sudden an amendment? Oh! how much does his Health seem so much the more pleasant to me after so near and contiguous Sicknes, as that I can distinguish them in the presence of one another in their greatest bravery, where-

wherewith they dress themselves in Emulation, as if to make Head against, and to dispute it with one another! What the *Stoicks* say, that Vices are profitably introduc'd, to give value to, and to set off Virtue; we can with better Reason, and less temerity of Censure, say of Nature, that she has given us Pain for the Honour and Service of Pleasure and Indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knock'd off, felt the Pleasure of that itching which the weight of them had caus'd in his Legs, he rejoyc'd to consider the strict Alliance betwixt Pain and Pleasure, how they are link'd together by a necessary Connexion; so that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another; and cry'd out to *Aesop*, that he ought out of this Consideration, to have taken a Body proper for a fine Fable. The worst that I see in other Diseases is, that they are not so grievous in their effect, as they are in their issue. A Man is a whole Year in recovering, and that all the while full of weakness and fear. There is so much hazard, and so many steps to arrive at Safety, and there is no end on't. Before they have unmask'd you of a Handkerchief, and then of a Callot, before they allow you to walk abroad and take the Air, to drink Wine, lie with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odd you relapse into few new Distempers. The *Stone* has this privilege, that it carries it self clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them some impresson and alteration, that renders the Body subject to some new Disease, and lend a hand to one another. These are excusable, that content themselves with possessing us, without extending it farther; and introducing their Consequences: But courteous and kind are those whose passage brings us any profitable Issue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find my self freed from all other Accidents, much more methinks than I was before, and have never had any *Fever* since.

I argue, that the extream and frequent Vomiting that I am subject to, purge me: And on the other side, my nauſities, and the ſtrange Faſts I am forc'd to keep, digeſt my preſent Humours; and Nature in thoſe Stones, voids whatever there is in me of ſuperfluous and hurtful. Let them never tell me that it is a Medicine too dear bought. For what avail ſo many ſtinking *Apoſtoms*, Cauſticks, Inciſions, Sweats, Seatons, Diets, and ſo many other methods of Cure; which oft, by reaſon we are not able to undergo their Violence and Importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am ill, I look upon it as *Phyſick*, when well, for an absolute-Deliverance. And here is another particular benefit of my Diſeaſe; which is, that it moſt plays its Game by it ſelf, and lets me play mine, or elſe I only want Courage to do it; for in its greateſt Fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horſe-back; do but endure only, you need no other Regiment: Play, Run, do this and the 'tother thing too if you can, your Debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or Burſten Belly. The other Diſeaſes have more univerſal Obligations, rack all our Actions after another kind of manner, diſturb our whole Order, and to their Conſideration engage the whole State of Life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Underſtanding and Will wholly at our diſpoſe, as alſo the Tongue, Hands and Feet. It rather awakes than ſtupifies you. The Soul is ſtruck with the Atour of a *Fever*, over-whelm'd with the *Epilepſie*, and displac'd by a ſharp *Megrin*, and finally aſtoniſh'd by all the Diſeaſes that hurt the whole Maſs, and the moſt noble Parts: This never meddles with the Soul. If any thing goes amiſs with her, 'tis her own fault, ſhe betrays, diſmounts, and abandons her ſelf. There are none but Fools who ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded, that this hard

and massy Body which is bak'd in our Reigns, is to be dissolv'd by Drinks : Wherefore, when it is once stirr'd, there is nothing to be done but to give it Passage, and also it will take it of it self. I Moreover observe this particular Convenience in it, that it is a Disease wherein we have little to guess at. We are dispens'd from the trouble into which other Diseases throw us, by the incertainty of their *Causes, Conditions,* and Progress. A trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Consultation and Doctoral Interpretations, the Sense well enough informs us what it is, and where it is. By such-like Arguments, weak and strong, as *Cicero* did the Disease of his Old Age, I try, to rock asleep, and amuse my Imagination, and to dress its Wounds. If I find them worse to Morrow, I will provide new Remedies and Applications. That this is true, I am come to that pass of late, that the least motion forces pure Blood out of my Reins : And what of that ? I stir nevertheless as before, and ride after my Hounds with a Juvenile Ardour, and find that I have very good Satisfaction for an Accident of that importance, when it costs me no more but a little heaviness and uneasiness in that Part. 'Tis some great Stone that wastes and consumes the Substance of our Kidneys, and of my Life, which I by little and little evacuate, not without some natural Pleasure, as an Excrement henceforward superfluous and troublesome. Now, if I feel any thing to rowl and stir, do not expect that I should trouble my self to consult my Pulse or my Urine, thereby to put my self upon some tormenting prevention. I shall soon enough feel the Pain, without making it more and longer, by the Disease of Fear. Who fears to suffer, does already suffer what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance of those who take upon them, pound the Designs of *Nature*, and her inter^{to ex-}
nal Pro-

gressions, and the many false *Prognosticks* of their *Art*, ought to give us to understand, that her ways are inscrutable and utterly unknown. There is <sup>The guess-
ing at Di-
seases by
Urine ve-
ry uncer-
tain.</sup> great uncertainty, variety and obscurity, in what she either promises or threatens; Old Age excepted, which is an undoubted sign of the approach of Death. In all other Accidents I see few signs of the future, whereon we may ground our Divination: I only judge by my self of my real Sense, and not by Discourse: To what end? since I am resolv'd to bring nothing to it but Expectation and Patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Observe those that do otherwise, and who rely upon so many diverse Persuasions and Counsels, how oft, and how much they labour under Imagination, without any Bodily Pain at all. I have many times pleas'd my self, being well and in safety, and deliver'd from these dangerous Accidents, to communicate them to the *Physicians*, as but then beginning to discover themselves in me; where I underwent the terrible Sentences of their dreadful Conclusions, being very well at ease, and was so much the more obliged to the Favour of *Almighty God*, and better satisfy'd of the Vanity of this *Art*. There is nothing that ought so much to be recommended to Youth as Activity and Vigilance. Our Life is nothing but Motion: I move with great difficulty, and am slow in every thing, whether in rising, going to bed, or eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me; and where I govern, I never Dine before Eleven, nor Sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the cause of the *Fevers*, and other Diseases I have fallen into, to the heaviness that long sleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repeated my sleeping again in the Morning. *Plato* is more angry at the excess of Sleeping than that of Drinking; I love to lie hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as *Kings* and *Princes* do, but well cover'd with Cloaths

They never warm my Bed, but since my being grown Old, they give me for need, warm Cloaths to lay to my Feet and Stomach. They find fault with the great *Scipio*, that he was a great Sleeper; not, in my Opinion, for any other reason, if not that Men were dis-pleas'd, that he alone should have nothing in him to be found fault withal. If I have any thing curious in my way of Living, 'tis rather in my Lying, than any thing else; but generally, I give way, and accomodate my self as much as any one to Necessity. Sleeping has taken up a great part of my Life, and I yet continue at the Age I now am, to Sleep eight or nine Hours together. I wean my self to my Advantage, from this propention to Sloth, and am evidently better for so doing. I find the change a little hard indeed, but in three days 'tis over, and see but few that live with less Sleep, when need requires; and that more constantly exercise themselves, nor to whom long Journeys are less troublesome. My Body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent or sudden Agitation. I evade of late all violent Exercises, and such as make me sweat, wherein my Limbs grow weary before they are hot. I can stand a whole day together, and am never weary of walking: but from my Youth, I never love to Ride upon Pavements. On foot I go up to the Breech in Dirt, and little Fellows as I am, are subject in the Streets to be Elbow'd and Justled, for want of Presence and Stature, and I have ever lov'd to repose my self, whether sitting or lying, with my Heels as high, or higher than my Seat. There is no Profession is more pleasant than the Military, a Profession both Noble in its Execution, (for Valour is the strongest, proudest, and most generous of all Vertues) and noble in its Cause. There is no Utility either more Universal, or more Just, than the protection of the Peace and Grandeur of a Man's Country.

try.

try. The Company of so many Noble, Young, and Active Men delights you; the ordinary sight of so many Tragick Spectacles; the Liberty of this Conversation without Art, with a Masculine and unceremonious way of Living, pleases you; the variety of a Thousand several Actions, the encouraging Harmony of Martial Musick, that ravishes and inflames both your Ears and Souls, the Honour of this Exercise, nay even the Sufferings and Difficulties of War, which *Plato* so little esteems, that he makes Women and Children share in his *Republick*, are delightful to you. You put your selves voluntarily upon particular Exploits and Hazards, according as you judge of their lustre and importance, and see when even Life itself is excusably employ'd.

Pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ænid. l. 2.

And we conceive it brave to die in Arms.

Mr. Ogilby

To fear common Dangers that concern so great a multitude of Men, not to dare to do what so many sorts of Souls, and a whole People do, is for a Heart that is low, and mean beyond all measure. Company encourages so much as Children. If others excell you in Knowledge, in Gracefulness, in Strength, or Fortune, you have third Causes to blame for that, but to give place to them in stability of Mind, you can blame no one for that but your self. Death is more abject, more languishing and painful in *Bed* than in *Battle*; and *Fevers* and *Catarhs*, as painful and Mortal as a *Musquet-shot*: And whoever has fortified himself valiantly to bear the Accidents of Common Life, would not need to raise his Courage to be a Soldier. *Vivere, mi Luc. Seneca, cili, militare est. To Live, my Lucilius, is to make Epist. 96 War.* I do not remember that I ever had the

F f 3

and

and yet scratching is one of Nature's sweetest Gratifications, and nearest at hand, but the smart follows too near. I use it most in my Ears, which are often apt to Itch. I came into the World with all my Senses inire, even to perfection. My Stomach is commodiously good, as also is my Head and my Breath; and for the most part, uphold themselves so in the height of *Fevers*. I have past the Age to which some *Nations*, not without reason, have prescrib'd so just a Term of Life, that they would not suffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have some intermissions, tho' short and inconstant, so clean and sound, as are little inferior to the Health and indolency of my Youth. I do not speak of Vigour and Spriteliness, 'tis not Reason that it should follow me beyond its limits

Mor. lib. 3.
Ode 10.

*Non hoc amplius est liminis, aut aque
Cœlestis patiens latas.*

My Sides no longer can sustain
The hardships of the Wind and Rain.

My Face and Eyes presently discover me. All my alterations being there, and appear worse than they really are. My Friends oft pity me, before I feel the cause in my self: My Looking-glass does not fright me, for even in my Youth it has befallen me more than once to have a scurvy Complexion, and of ill Prognostick, without any great consequence; insomuch, that the *Physicians* not finding any cause within, answerable to that outward alteration, attributed it to the Mind, and some secret Passion that tormented me within; but they were deceiv'd. If my Body would govern itself as well according to my Rule, as my Mind does, we should move a little more at our ease. My Mind was then not only free from Trouble, but more-
over

over full of Joy and Satisfaction, as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by its own Design.

Nec vitiant artus agra contagia mentis.

ou. Triff.

———— I never yet could find,
That e'er my Body suffer'd by my Mind.

I am of the Opinion, that this temperature of my Soul, has oft rais'd my Body from its lapses: It is oft depress'd; and if the other be not brisk and gay, 'tis at least quiet and at rest. I have had a *Quartan Ague* four or five Months, that had made me look miserably ill; my mind was always, if not calm, yet pleasant; if the pain be without me, the weakness and languor do not much afflict me: I see several corporal faintings, that beget a horror in me, but to name, which yet I should less fear than a thousand Passions and Agitations of Mind that I see in use. I resolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along; and no more complain of the natural decacy that I feel in my self,

Quis tumidum Gutter miratur in Alpibus? Juven:

than I regret, that my duration shall not be as long and entire as that of an Oak. I have no reason to complain of my Imagination, for I have had few thoughts in my Life which have so much as broke my Sleep, if not those of Desire, which have awak'd without afflicting me: I Dream but seldom, and then of *Chimeras* and fantastick things, commonly produc'd from pleasant Thoughts, and rather ridiculous than sad; and believe it to be true, that Dreams are the true Interpreters of our Inclinations; but there is Art requir'd to sort and understand them.

F f 4

Res

Cicero de *Res qua in vita usurpant homines cogitant, curant, vi-*
Din. dent; Quaque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea sicut
in somno accidunt, minus nimirum est.

'Tis no wonder if what Men practise, think care for,
 and do when waking, should also run in their Heads,
 and disturb them when they are asleep.

The Atlan-
 tes never
 Dream.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the Office of Pru-
 dence to draw Instructions of Divination of future
 things from Dreams. I see nothing in it, if not
 the wonderful Experience that *Socrates, Xenophon,*
 and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable Authority,
 relate. Historians say, that the *Atlantes* never
 Dream, who also never eat any thing that died of
 itself: Which I add, forasmuch as it is peradven-
 ture the reason why they never Deam, for *Pytha-*
goras order'd a certain preparation of Diet, to be-
 get proper Dreams; mine are always very gentle,
 without any agitation of Body, or expression of
 Voice. I have seen several of my time wonderfully
 disturb'd; *Theon* the Philosopher walk'd in his sleep;
 as also did *Pericles* his Servant, and that upon the
 Tiles and tops of the House. I hardly ever chuse
 my Dish at Table, but fall too of the next at hand,
 and unwillingly change my Dish. A confusion of
 Meats and a clutter of Dishes displease me as much
 as any thing whatever. I am easily satisfied with few
 Dishes, and am an Enemy to the Opinion of *Favo-*
rinus, that in a Feast they must snatch from you the
 Meat you Like, and set another Plate of another
 sort before you, and that it's a pitiful Supper, if
 you do not fate your Guests with the Rumps of se-
 veral Fowls, and that the *Beccafico* only deserves
 to be all eaten. I usually eat Salt-Meats, and yet I
 love Bread that has no Salt in it; and my Baker
 never sends up other to my Table, contrary to the
 Custom

Custom of the Country. In my Infancy, what they had most to correct in me, was the Refusal of Things that Children commonly best love, as Sugar, Sweetmeats, and March-panes. My Governor contended with this Aversion to delicate Meats as a kind of Nicety, and indeed 'tis nothing else but a Difficulty of Taste in any thing it applys it self unto. Whoever shall cure a Child of an obstinate Aversion to brown Bread, Bacon, or Garlick, will cure him of all kind of Delicacy. There are some who pretend to Temperance and Patience, by wishing for powder'd Beef and Hams amongst Pheasant and Partridge; they have a good time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the Taste of an effeminate Fortune, that disrelishes ordinary and accustomed Things, *Per qua Seneca, luxuria divitiarum radio ludit.* To cease to make good *Epist. 18.* Chear with what another does, and to be curious in what a Man eats, is the Essence of this Vice.

Si medica cœnare times olus omne patella.

*Hor. lib. 1.
Epist. 5.*

If an Herb Soop in a small Dish thou fear.

There is indeed this difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's Appetite to things that are most easy to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's self. I formerly said a Kinsman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Gallies, had unlearn'd the use of Beds, and to put off his Cloaths. If I had any Sons, I should willingly wish them my Fortune. The good Father that God gave me, (who has nothing of me but the Acknowledgment of his Bounty, but truly 'tis a very hearty one) sent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurse, and yet longer, bringing me up to the meanest, and most common way of Living: *Magna pars libertatis est bene Seneca, moratus venter. A well govern'd Belly is a great part Epist. 123.* of

That Mo- of Liberty. Never take upon you your selves, and
thers ought much less give up to your Wives, the Care of their
not to have Education, leave the forming them to Fortune, un-
der Educa- der popular and natural Laws; leave it to Custom
tion of their to train them up to Frugality, that they may rather
Children. descend from Hardships, than mount up to them.
 This Honour of his yet aim'd at another End, that
 is, to make me familiar with those People, and that
 Condition of Men which most need our Assistance;
 believing that I should be more oblig'd rather to re-
 gard them who extended their Arms to me, than
 those who turned their Backs upon me. And for
 this Reason also it was, that he provided me *Godfa-*
thers of the meanest Fortune, to oblige, and bind
 me to them. Neither has his Design succeeded al-
 together ill; for, whether it be upon the Account
 of Glory, because there is more Honour in such a
 Condescension, or out of natural Compassion, that
 has a very great Power over me, I have a very kind
 Inclination towards the meaner sort of People. The
Faction which I condemn in our *Civil Wars*, I shall
 more sharply condemn when I see them flourish. It
 will half reconcile me to them, when I shall see them
 miserable, and suppress'd. How much do I admire
 the generous Humour of *Chelonis*, Daughter and
 Wife to the *Kings of Sparta*! whilst her Husband
Cleombrotus, in the Commotion of her City, had the
 Advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, she, like a
 good Daughter, stuck close to her Father in all his
 Misery and Exile, in Opposition to the *Conquerour*.
 But so soon as the Chance of War turn'd, she chang-
 ed her *Will* with the Chance of *Fortune*, and generally
 turn'd to her Husband's side, whom she accompany'd
 throughout, where his Ruin carried him: Having,
 as it appears, no other Choice, than to cleave to
 that side that stood most in need of her, and where
 she could best manifest her Piety and Compassion. I
 am naturally more apt to follow the Example of *Fla-*
minius,

*The noble
 Humour of
 Chelonis.*

minius, who still more readily gave his Assistance to those that had most need of him, than to those who had Power to do him good ; than I do to that of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an Humour to truckle under the great, and to domineer over the meanest sort of People. Long Sittings at Meat both trouble me, and do me Harm ; for, be it for want of better Countenance, or that I have accustomed my self to it from a Child, I eat all the while I sit. Therefore it is, that at my own House, tho' the Meals there are of the shortest, I usually sit down a little while after the rest, after the manner of *Augustus* ; but I do not imitate him in rising also before the rest of the Company : On the contrary, I love to sit still a long time after, and to hear them talk, provided I am none of the Talkers ; for I tire and hurt my self with speaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleasant and very wholesome to argue, and to strain my Voice before Dinner. The ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* had Long Meals of the Ancients. more reason than we, in setting apart for Eating, which is a principal Action of Life, if not diverted by other extraordinary Business, many Hours, and the greatest part of the Night eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our Actions in *Post* haste ; and in extending this natural Pleasure to more Leisure and better Use, intermixing with their Meals several pleasant and profitable Offices of Conversation. They whose Concern it is to have a care of me, may very easily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me Harm ; for in such things I never covet nor miss any thing I do not see. But withal, if it once comes in my Sight, 'tis in vain to perswade me to forbear, so that when I design to fast, I must be parted from those that eat Suppers, and must have only so much given me, as is required for a regular Collation ; for if I sit down to Table, I forget my Resolution. When I order my *Cook* to alter the manner of dressing any Dish of Meat,

Meat, all my Family know what it means, that my Stomach is out of order, and that I shall scarce touch it: I love to have all Meats that will endure it very little boil'd or roasted, and love them mightily mortified, and even to stinking in many. Nothing but Hardness generally offends me, of any other Quality I am as patient and indifferent as any Man, I have known; so that contrary to the common Humour, even in Fish, it oft happens, that I find them both too fresh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and that Age does but now begin to threaten at this time of my Life. I have ever been us'd every Morning to rub them with a Napkin, and before and after Dinner. God is favourable to those whom he makes to die by degrees; 'tis the only Benefit of Old Age; the last Death will be so much the less painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man; or but half a one at most. I have one Tooth lately falln out without drawing, and without Pain: it was the natural Term of its Duration. Both that part of my Being, and several others, are already dead, and others half dead, of those that were most active, and in highest Esteem during my vigorous Years; so that I melt and steal away from my self. What a Folly would it be in my Understanding to apprehend the Height of this Fall, already so much advanc'd, as if it were from the utmost Precipice? I hope I shall not. I in truth receive a principal Consolation in the Meditations of my Death, that it will be just and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Destiny any other but unlawful Favour, Men make themselves believe that they formerly had, as greater Statures, so longer Lives. But they deceive themselves; and *Solon*, who was of those Elder Times, does nevertheless limit the Duration of Life to Threescore and Ten Years. I, who have so much; and so universally ador'd this *δαιμόνιον μέτρον*, a mean is the

the best: of ancient Times; and shall I, who have concluded the most moderate measure the most perfect, pretend to an immeasurable and prodigious Old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Course of Nature, may be troublesome, but what comes according to her, should always be acceptable and pleasant. *Omnia qua secundum Naturam fiunt sunt habenda in bonis.* Cicero. All things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good. And so Plato likewise says, that the Death which is occasion'd by Wounds and Diseases is violent; but that which surpriseth us, Old Age conducting us to it, is of all others the most easy, and in some sort delicious. *Vitam adolescentibus vis auferit, senibus maturitas.* Ibid. Young Men are taken away by Force, Old Men by Maturity. Death mixes and confounds it self throughout with Life; Decay anticipates its Hour and Shoulders, even into the Course of our growing up. I have Pictures of my self taken at Five and Twenty, and Five and Thirty Years of Age, I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my present Image unlike the former, than to that I shall go out of the World withal? It is too much to abuse Nature, to make her trot so far that she must be forc'd to leave us, and abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the rest, to the Mercy of a foreign and begg'd Assistance; and to resign us into the Hands of Art, being weary of following us her self. I am not very fond either of Sallets, or Fruits, except *Melons*. My Father hated all sorts of *Sauces*, and I love them all. Eating too much hurts me, but for the Quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any sort of Meat disagrees with my Stomach; neither have I observed that either *Full-moon* or *Decrease*, *Spring* or *Autumn*, are hurtful to me. We have in us Motions that are inconstant, and for which no Reason can be given. For Example, I found Radishes first grateful to my Stomach, since that nauseous, and now at present

presents grateful again. In several other things likewise I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the same manner. I have chang'd and chang'd again from *White* to *Claret*, from *Claret* to *White*. I am a great Lover of Fish, and consequently make my *Fasts Fasts*, and my *Feasts Fasts*; and believe what some People say, that it is more easy of Digestion than Flesh. As I make a Conscience of eating Flesh upon Fish Days, so does my Taste make a Conscience of mixing Fish and Flesh, the difference betwixt them seems to me to be too great so to do. From my Youth I have us'd sometimes to be out of the way at Supper, either to sharpen my Appetite against the next Morning, (for as *Epicurus* fasted and made lean Meals to accustom his Pleasure to make shift without Abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my Pleasure to make better and more chearful use of Abundance) or else I fasted to preserve my Vigour for the Service of some Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other of those are cruelly dull'd in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that foolish coupling of so healthful and spritely a *Goddess* with that little belching *God*, bloated with the Fume of his Liquor) or to cure my sick Stomach, and for want of fit Company. For I say as the same *Epicurus* did, that a Man is not so much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and commend *Cbilo*, that he would not engage himself to be at *Periander's* Feast, till he first was informed who were to be the other Guests. No Dish was so acceptable to me, nor no Sauce so alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholesome to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftner; but it will have the Value of Appetite and Hunger enhanced. I should take no Pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted Repasts a Day, after a *Physicall* manner. Who will assure me, that if I have a good Appetite in the Morning, I shall have the same

at

at Supper? But especially, let us Old Fellows take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to *Almanack-makers* the *Hopes* and *Prognosticks*. The utmost Fruit of my Health is Pleasure; let us take hold of the present and known. I avoid Constancy in these Laws of Fasting. Who will that one Form shall serve him, let him evade the continuing of it; we harden our selves in it, our Forces are there stupified and laid asleep; Six Months after you shall find your Stomach so inured unto it, that all you have got is only the Loss of your Liberty of doing otherwise, but to your Prejudice. I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in Winter than in Summer, one single Pair of Silk Stockings is all: I have suffered myself, for the Relief of my Rheums, to keep my Head warmer, and my Belly upon the account of my Colick: my Diseases in a few Days habituated themselves, and disdain'd my ordinary Provisions. I was presently got from a single Cap to a Napkin, and from a Napkin to a quilted Cap. The Belly-pieces of my Doublet serye only for Decency, they signify nothing, if I do not add a Hares-skin or a Stomacher, and wear a Callot upon my Head. Follow this Gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am resolv'd to proceed no further, and would leave off those too, if I durst. If you fall into any new Inconvenience, all this is Labour lost; you are accusom'd to it; seek out some other way: thus do such ruin and destroy themselves, who submit to be pester'd with these enforc'd and superstitious Rules; they must add something more, and something more after that, there is no end on't. For what concerns our Affairs and Pleasures, it is much more commodious; as the Ancients did to lose a Man's Dinner, and defer making good Cheer, till the Hour of Retirement and Repose, without breaking a Day; and so was I formerly us'd to do. For Health, I since by Experience find on the contrary, that it is better to
dine,

dine, and that the Digestion is better made waking. I am not very apt to be thirsty, either well or sick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without Thirst; and commonly I never drink but with Thirst that is created by eating, and then I drink as hard as any. I drink pretty well for a Man of my Pitch: In Summer, and at a hungry Meal, I do not only exceed the Limits of *Augustus*, that drank but thrice precisely; but not to offend *Democrates*'s Rule, who forbade that Men should stop at four times, as an unlucky Number; I proceed for need to the fifth Glass, about Three Half Pints. For the little Glasses are my Favourites; and I take a Delight to drink them off, which other People avoid as an indecent thing. I mix my Wine sometimes with half, sometimes the third part Water; and when I am at Home, by an ancient Custom that my Father's Physician prescribed both to him and himself, they mix that which is designed for me in the Buttery three or four Hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis said, that *Cleandrus* King of *Athens* was the Inventer of this Custom of dashing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard disputed. I think it more decent and wholesome for Children to drink no Wine till after Sixteen or Eighteen Years of Age. The most usual and common Method of Living is the most becoming: all Particularity in my Opinion is to be avoided, and I should as much hate a *German* that mix'd Water with his Wine, as I should do a *French-man* that drank it pure. Publick Usance gives the Law in those things. I fear a Fog, and fly from Smoak, as from the Plague, (the first Repairs I fell upon in my own House were the Chimnies and Houses of Office, the common and insupportable Nuisances of all Old Buildings) and amongst the Difficulties of War, reckon the choaking Dust they make us ride in a whole Day-together. I have a free and easy Respiration, and my Colds for the most part go off without Offence to the Lungs,

and

and without a Cough. The Heat of Summer is more an Enemy to me than the Cold of Winter; for, besides the Incommodity of Heat, less remediable than Cold, and besides the Force of the Sun-beams that strike upon the Head, all glittering Light offends my Eyes, so that I could not now sit at Dinner over-against a flaming Fire. To dull the Whiteness of Paper, in those Times when I was more wonted to read, I laid a piece of Glass upon my Book, and found my Eyes much relieved by it. I am to this Hour ignorant of the use of Spectacles, and can see as far as ever I did, or any other. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little Trouble and Weakness in my Sight, if I read; an Exercise that I have always found troublesome, especially by Night. Here is one Step back, and a very sensible one; I shall retire another, from the second to the third, and so to the fourth, so gently, that I shall be stark blind before I shall be sensible of the Age and Decay of my Sight: so artificially do the *fatal Sisters* untwist our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you shall see I shall have half-lost it, when I shall still lay the Fault on the Voices of those that speak to me. May must screw up his Soul to a high Pitch, to make it sensible how it ebbs away. My Walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the Two, my Mind, or my Body, I have most to do to keep in the same State. That Preacher is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon thro'. In Places of Ceremony, where every one's Countenance is so starch'd, where I have seen the Ladies keep even their Eyes so fixt: I could never order it so, that some part or other of me did not lash out; so that tho' I was set, I was never settled: As the Philosopher *Chrysisippus* his Chamber-maid *Chrysis* said of her Master, that he was only drunk in his ^{pus drunk} Legs, for it was his Custom to be always kicking his ^{in his Legs,} Legs about in what place soever he sat, and she said it at a time when the Wine having made all his Com-

panions drunk, he found no Alteration in himself at all. The same may also be said of me from my Infancy, that I have either Folly or Quicksilver in my Feet, so much Stirring and Unsettledness there is in them wherever they are placed. 'Tis indecent, besides the Hurt it doth to one's Health, and even to the Pleasure of Eating, to eat so greedily as I do: I oft bite my Tongue, and sometimes my Fingers for haste. . *Diogenes*. meeting a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a Box o'th Ear. There were Men at *Rome* that taught People to chew, as well as to walk, with a good Grace. I lose the Leisure of Speaking, that gives the best Relish to Tables, provided the Discourse be suitable, that is, pleasant and short. There is Jealousy and Envy amongst our Pleasures, they cross and hinder one another. *Alcibiades*, a Man very well read in making good Cheer, banished even Musick from Tables, that they might not disturb the Entertainment of Discourse, by the Reason he had from *Plato*, that it is the Custom of popular Men to call Fiddlers and Singing-men to Feast for want of good Discourse and pleasant Talk, with which Men of Understanding know how to entertain one another. *Varrø* requires all this in great Entertainments, Persons of graceful Presence, and agreeable Conversation, that are neither silent nor Babblers; Neatness and Delicacy both of Meat and Place, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither slightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the greatest Captains, nor the greatest Philosophers, have disdained either the Use or Science of eating well. My Imagination has delivered Three of them to the Custom of my Memory, which Fortune rendred sovereignly sweet to me upon several Occasions in my most flourishing Age. My present State excludes me. For every one, according to the good Temper of Body and Mind wherein he then finds himself, does from thence make out to his own Use a particular Grace and Liking; but I, who but crawl upon the Earth,

hate

hate this inhuman Wisdom, that will have us despise and hate all Culture of Body. I look upon it as an equal Injustice to loath natural Pleasures, as to be too much in love with them. *Xerxes* was a Fop, who, environ'd with all Human Delights, propos'd a Reward to him that could find him out others; but he is not much less so, who cuts off any of those Pleasures that Nature has provided for him. A Man should neither pursue nor fly, but receive them. I receive them I confess a little too affectionately and kindly, and easily suffer my self to follow my natural Propension. We have nothing to do to exaggerate their Inanity, they themselves will make us sufficiently sensible of it. Thanks be to our sick Minds that abate our Joys, and put them out of Taste with them, as with themselves. They entertain both themselves and all they receive, one while better, and another worse, according to their insatiable, vagabond, and versatile Essence.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis aescit.

*Hor. lib. 1.
Od. 2.*

Unless the Vessel you would use be sweet,

'Twill sour whate'er you shall put into it.

I, who boast that I so curiously and particularly embrace the Conveniences of Life, do find, when I most nearly consider them, but very little more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout, and moreover, the Wind it self loves to bluster and shift from Corner to Corner more discreetly than we, and contents it self with its proper Offices, without desiring Stability and Solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it. The pure Pleasures, as well as the pure Displeasures of the Imagination, say some, are the greatest, as was express'd by the Balance of *Critolaus*. 'Tis no Wonder; it makes them to its own liking, and cuts them out of the whole Cloth; of which I every Day see notable Examples, and peradventure to be desir'd. But I, who am of a mixt and heavy Condition, cannot snap so soon at this one simple Object,

but that I negligently suffer my self to be carried away with the present Pleasures of the general Human Law. Intellectually sensible, and sensibly intellectual. The *Cyrenick* Philosophers will have it, that as Corporal Pains, so Corporal Pleasures are more powerful, both as double, and as more just. There are some, as *Aristotle* says, who out of a savage kind of Stupidity pretend to disgust them: and I know others, who out of Ambition do the same. Why do they not moreover forswear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuse Light because it shines *gratis*, and costs them neither Pains nor Invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas*, or *Mercury*, afford them their Light by which to see, instead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not seek the Quadrature of the Circle, even when mounted upon their Wives? I hate that we should be enjoined to have our Minds in the Clouds when our Bodies are at Table; I will have the Mind there nailed, not that it should wallow there, but I am willing it should apply it self to that place to sit, but not to lye down there. *Aristippus* maintained nothing but the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* stickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them faultily. *Pythagoras*, say they, followed a Philosophy that was all Contemplation, *Socrates* one that was all Manners and Action: *Plato* found out a Mean betwixt both; but they only say so for Discourse sake, for the true Mean is found in *Socrates*; and *Plato* is more Socratick than *Pythagorick*, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance; when I sleep, I sleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are some part of the Time taken up with strange Occurrences, I some part of the Time call them back again to my Walk, or to the Orchard, to the Sweetness of the Solitude, and to my self. Nature has with a Motherly Tenderness observed this, that the Action she has enjoined us for our Necessity should be also pleasant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reason,

son, but also by Appetite: and 'tis Injustice to infringe her Laws. When I see both *Cesar* and *Alexander* in the thickest of their greatest Business, so fully enjoy Human and Corporal Pleasures, I do not say that they slacken'd their Souls, but wound them up higher by Vigour of Courage, subjecting these violent Employments and laborious Thoughts to the ordinary Use of Life. Wise, had they believed, that the last was their ordinary Employment, the first, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great Fools. He has past over his Life in Ease, say we: I have done nothing yet that is new. What! Have you not lived till now? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the most illustrious of your Occupations. Had I been put to the Management of great Affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life; you have performed the greatest Work of all. For a Man to shew, and set out himself, Nature has no need of Fortune, she equally shews herself in all degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compose your Manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed Books. Have you known how to take Repose? You have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires. The glorious Master-piece of Man is to know how to live to purpose; all other things, to reign, to lay up Treasure, and to build, are at the most but little Appendixes, and little Props. I take a Delight to see a General of an Army at the Foot of a Breach he intends presently to assault, give himself up intire and free at Dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends. And *Brutus*, when Heaven and Earth were conspired against him and the Roman Liberty, to steal some Hour of the Night from his Rounds to read and abridge *Polybius* in all Security. 'Tis for little Souls, that truckle under the Weight of Affairs, not to know how clearly to disengage themselves, and not to know how to lay them aside, and take them up again. ○

Hor. lib. 1.

O fortes, pejoræque passi,

Ode 7.

*Mecum sape viri, nunc vino pellite curas.**Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*

Sir Thomas Brave Spirits. who with me have suffer'd Sorrow,
 Hawkins Drink Cares away, we'll set up Sails to Morrow.

Whether it be in jest or earnest, that the *Theological* and *Sorbonical* Wine, and their Feasts are turn'd into a Proverb; I find it reason, they should Dine so much more commodiously and pleasantly as they have profitably and seriously imploy'd the Morning in the exercise of their *Schools*. The Conscience of having well spent the other hour, is the just and savoury sawce of Tables. The *Sages* liv'd that manner, and that inimitable emulation to Virtue, which astonishes us both in the one and the other *Cato*; so did that humour of theirs, serve even to importunity, gently submit itself, and yield to the *Laws* of the humane Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; according to the Precepts of their *Sett*, that require a perfect wise Man should be as expert and intelligent in the use of Pleasures, as in all other Duties of Life. *Cui cor sapiat ei & sapiat Palatus*. He that has a learned Soul, has a learned Palat too. Yielding and facility, do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and best become a strong and generous Soul. *Epaminondus* did not think, that to dance, sing, and play, and be intent upon them, with the young Men of his City, were things that did any way derogate from the honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongst so many admirable Actions of *Scipio*, the Grand-Father, a Person worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraxion, there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to see him earnestly and childishly trifling, in gathering and chusing Shells, and playing at *Cotes* upon the Sea-shore with his Friend *Latins*: And, if it was foul Weather, amu-
 sing

sing and pleasing himself in representing in Comedies, by writing the meanest and most popular Actions of Men : And having his Head full of that wonderful Enterprize of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, visiting the *Schools*, and being continually present at the Philosophical Lectures, improving himself even to the envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrates*, than that, old as he was, he found time to make himself be instructed in dancing and playing upon Instruments, and thought it time well spent ; who nevertheless, has been seen in an *Extrasic* standing upon his Feet a whole day and a Night together in the presence of all the *Grecian* Army, surpriz'd and ravish'd with some profound Thought. He was the first, who among so many valiant Men of the Army, ran to the relief of *Alcibiades*, oppress'd with the Enemy, that shielded him with his own Body, and disengag'd him from the Crowd, by absolute force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle reliev'd and sav'd *Zenophon*, when dismounted from his Horse ; and who, amongst all the People of *Athens*, inrag'd as he, at so unworthy a Spectacle, first presented himself to rescue *Theramenes*, whom the *Thiry Tyrants* were haling to Execution by their Guards, and desisted not from his bold Enterprize, but at the Remonstrance of *Theramenes* himself, tho' he was only follow'd by two more in all. He has been seen, when courted by a Beauty, with which he was in love, yet maintain a severe abstinence in time of need. He has been seen continually to go to the *War*, and with his bare Feet to trample upon the Ice ; to wear the same Robe Winter and Summer, to surpass all his Companions in Patience of suffering, and to eat no more at a Feast, than at his own private Dinner, He was seen seven and twenty Years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Indocility of his Children, and the Talons of his Wife, with the same Countenance ;

and in the end Calumny, Tyranny, Imprisonment, Fetters, and Poysons. But was that Man oblig'd to drink to him by any Rule of Civility? He was also the Man of the *Army* to whom the advantage remain'd. And he never refus'd to play at *Cob-nut*, nor to ride the *Hobby-horse* with the Boys, and it became him well; for all Actions, says Philosophy, equally become, and equally Honour a wise Man. We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the *Image* of this great Man in all the patterns and forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Instruction every Day, to propose to our selves those that are weak and imperfect, scarce good for any one Service that pulls us back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themselves; a Man goes much more easily indeed by the ends, where the extremity serves for a bound, a stop, and guide, than by the middle way, which is large and open, and according to *Art*, than according to *Nature*; but withal much less nobly and commendably. The Grandure of Soul consists not so much in mounting and in proceeding forward, as in knowing how to govern and circumscribe itself. It takes every thing for great, that is enough; and demonstrates itself better in moderate, than eminent things. There is nothing so handsome and lawful, as well and duly to play the Man; nor *Science* so hard, as well to know how to live this Life, and of all the Infirmities we have, 'tis the most savage, to despise our Being. Whoever has a mind to send his Soul abroad, when the Body is ill at ease, to preserve it from the Contagion, let him do it if he can: But in all other things, let him on the contrary, favour and assist it, and not to refuse to participate of its natural Pleasure and Delights with a Conjugal Complacency; bringing to it withal, if it be a wiser Soul, Moderation, lest by

Indi-

Indiscretion they should confound them with Displeasures. Intemperance is the best of Pleasure, and Temperance is not its Scourage, but rather its seasoning. *Eudixus*, who therein establish'd the sovereign good, and his Companions, who set so high a value upon it, tasted with a more charming sweetness by the means of Temperance, which in them was most singular and exemplary. I enjoy my Soul to look upon *Pain*, and *Pleasure* with an Eye equally regular; *Eodem enim vitium est effusio animi in latitia, quo in dolore contractio*: For 'tis *Cicero, Thus. l. 4.* by the same Vice that we dilate our selves in Mirth, and contract them in Sorrow: and equally firm: but but the one gaily, and the other severely, and according to what it is able, to be as careful to extinguish the one as to extend the other. The judging rightly of *Goods*, brings a along with it the judging soundly of *Evils*. Both Pain has something not to be avoided in its tender beginnings, and Pleasure has something that may be avoided in its excessive end. *Plato* couples them together, and will that it should be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight against Pain, and against the immoderate and charming blandishments of Pleasure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when and as much as he needs, whether *City*, *Man*, or *Beasts*, is very happy. The first is to be taken Physically, and upon necessity more scarcely; the other for Thirst, but not to Drunkenness. Pain, Pleasure, Love and Hatred, are the first things that a Child is sensible of; if when his Reason comes to him he apply himself to it, that is Virtue. I have a peculiar Method of my own, I squander away my time when it is ill and uneasy; but when 'tis good, I will not squander it away. I run it over again, and stick to't; a Man must run over the ill, and insist upon the good. This ordinary *Phrase* of Past-time, and passing away the time, represents the usance of those wise sort of People, who think they cannot have

have a better account of their Lives, than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over, and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible Quality: But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its latest decay, wherein I now enjoy it: And Nature has deliver'd it into our Hands in such and so favourable Circumstances, that we commonly complain of our selves if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away. *Stulti vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur.* The Life of a Fool is uneasie, timorous, and wholly bent upon the future. Nevertheless, I compose my self to lose mine without regret, but withal, as a thing that is loseable by its condition, not that it troubles or importunes me. Neither does it properly well become any, not to be displeas'd when they die, excepting such as are pleas'd to live. There is good husbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the measure in Fruition depends more or less upon our application to it. Now, especially, that I perceive mine to be so short in time, I will extend it in weight: I will stop the suddenness of its flight, by the suddenness of my seizing upon it: and by the vigour of using it, recompence the speed of its running away. By how much the possession of living is more short, I must make it so much deeper and more full. Others are sensible of Contentment, and of Prosperity, I feel it too, as well as they, but not only as it slides and passes by; and also a Man ought to study, taste, and ruminate upon it, to render condign thanks to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleasures as they do that of Sleep, without knowing it; to the end, that even Sleep itself should not so stupidly escape from me, I have formerly caus'd my self to be disturb'd in my Sleep, to the end that I might the better

Seneca,
Epist. 15.

better and more sensibly relish and taste it. I consult my self of a contentment ; I do not skin, but sound it, and bend my Reason, now grown perverse and ill-humour'd, to entertain it. Do I find my self in any calm compos'dness? Is there any Pleasure that tickles me? I do not suffer it to dally with my Senses only, I associate my Soul to it too : Not there to engage itself, but therein to take delight ; not there to lose itself, but to be present there ; and employ it on its part to view itself in this prosperous Estate, to weigh, esteem, and amplify the good hap. It reckons how much it stands indebted to *Almighty God* that it is in repose of Conscience, and other intestine Passions, to have the Body in a natural dispos'dness, orderly and competently enjoyning the soft and flattering functions, by which he of his Bounty is pleas'd to recompence the Sufferings wherewith his Justice at his good Pleasure does scourge and chastise us. How great a Benefit is it to Man to have his Soul so seated, that which way soever she turns her Eye, the Heaven is calm and serene about her? No Desire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles the Air, nor any Difficulty past, present, or to come, that his Imagination may not pass over without Offence. This Consideration takes great lustre from the comparison of different Conditions, and therefore it is, that I propose to my self in a thousand Faces, those whom Fortune, or their own Error, torment and carry away ; and moreover those, who more like to me, so negligently and incuriously receive their good Fortune. They are Men who pass away their time indeed, they run over the present, and that which they possess, to give themselves up to Hope, and for vain Shadows and Images, which Fancy puts into their Heads.

*Morte obita quales fama est volitare figuras,
Aut qua sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.*

*Aeneid.
lib. 10.*

Such

Mr. Ogilby Such Shapes they say that dead Men's Spirits have,
Or those in Dreams our drowfie Sense deceive.

Which hasteu and prolong their flight according
as they are pursu'd. The fruit and of their pursuit
is to pursue; as *Alexander* said, that the end of his
labour, was to labour.

Lucan. l. 2. Nil ætium credens cum quid suppresset agendum.

Thinking nought done, if ought was left to do.

For my part then I love Life, and cultivate it, such
as it has pleas'd God to bestow it upon us; I do
not desire it should be without the necessity of eat-
ing and drinking; and I should think to offend no
less excusably to wish it had been double to

*Seneca, Epist. 119. Sapiens divitiarum natu-
ralium quasitor acerrimus. A wise Man is an avariti-
us gaper after a natural Riches.*

Nor that we should
support our selves by putting only a little of
that *Drug* into our Mouths, by which *Epimeni-
des* took away his Appetite, and kept himself a-
live. Nor that a Man should stupidly beget Chil-
dren, with his Fingers or Heels, but rather with
Reverence I speak it, that we might voluptuously
beget them with our Fingers and Heels. Nor that
the Body should be without desire, and void of de-
light. These are ungrateful and wicked Complaints.
I accept kindly and with acknowledgement, what
Nature has done for me; am well pleas'd with it,
and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the Great
and potent *Giver* of all Things, to refuse, disannul,
or disfigure his Gift; He has made every thing well.

Cecero.

*Omnia qua secundum naturam sunt astimatione digna
sunt. All things that are according to Nature are
worthy of esteem.* Of Philosophical Opinions, I more
willingly embrace those that are most solid, that is
to say, the most humane, and most our own: My
Discourse is, suitably to my Manners, low and hum-
ble: I then bring forth a Child to my own likeing,
when it puts itself upon its *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis

a barbarous Alliance to marry the *Divine* with the *Earthly*, the *Reasonable* with the *Unreasonable*, the *Severe* with the *Indulgent*, and the *Honest* with the *Dishonest*. That Pleasure is a brutish Quality, unworthy to be tasted by a wise Man. That the sole Pleasure that he extracts from the enjoyment of a fair young Wife, is a pleasure of his Conscience to perform an Action according to order: As to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his followers had no more Right, nor Nerves, nor Joy, in getting their Wives Maidenheads, than in his Lessons. 'Tis not what *Socrates* says, who is both his *Master* and ours. He values, as he ought, bodily Pleasure, but he prefers that of the Soul, as having more force, constancy facility, variety and dignity. This according to him goes by no means alone, he is not so fantastick, but only it goes first, Temperance in him is the *Moderatrix*, not the *Adversary* of his Pleasures. Nature is a gentle Guide, but not more sweet and gentle, than Prudent and just. *Intrandum est in rerum naturam & penitus quid ea postulet, pervidendum.* A Man must search into the Nature of things, and examine what she requires. I hunt after her Foot throughout, but we have confounded it with artificial Truces. And that *Academick* and *Peripatetick* good, which is to live according to it, becomes by this means hard to limit and explain. And that of the *Stoicks*, Cousin-Germain to it, which is to consent to Nature. Is it not an error to esteem any Actions less worthy, because they are necessary, and yet they cannot beat it out of my Head, that it is not a convenient Marriage of *Pleasure* with *Necessity*, to which says an *Ancient*, the *Gods* do always consent. To what end do we dismember by Divorce, a building united by so mutual and brotherly a Correspondence? Let us, on the contrary repair and corroborate it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouse and quicken the heaviness of the *Body*, and the *Body*

stop

*Cic. de fin.
lib. 5.*

Aug. verb. stop and fix the Levity of the Soul. Qui velut summum
Apost. ser. bonum laudat anima naturam, & tanquam malum, naturam
 13. *lib. 6. carnis accusat, profecto & animam carnaliter appetis, &*
carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id vanitate sentit hu-
mana, non veritate divina. Who commends the Nature
of the Soul as the Supreme Good, and accuses the Nature
of the Flesh as Evil, does certainly both carnally affect the
Soul, and carnally flies the Flesh, because he is so possessed
thro' Human Vanity, and not by Divine Truth. In this
Present that God has made us, there is nothing un-
worthy our Care; we stand accountable even to an
Hair. And 'tis no slight Commission to Man, to con-
duct Man according to his Condition. 'Tis express,
plain, and the principal Injunction of all, and the
Creator has seriously and strictly enjoy'd it. Autho-
rity has alone the Power to work upon common Un-
derstandings, and is of more Weight in a Foreign
Language, and therefore let us again charge it in this
place. Stultitia proprium quis non dixerit ignave, & con-
sumaciter facere que facienda sunt; & alio corpus impel-
lere, alio animum, distrahique inter diversissimos motus?
Who will not say, that it is the Property of Folly, stobful-
ly and contumaciously to perform what is to be done, and
to bend the Body one way, and the Mind another, and
to be distracted betwixt most different Motions? Which
to make apparent, makes any one another Day tell
you what Whimfies and Imaginations he puts into
his own Pate, and upon the Account of which he
diverted his Thoughts from a good Meal, and com-
plains of the Time he spends in eating: you will find
there is nothing so insipid in all the Dishes at your
Table, as this wise Meditation of his. For the most
part we had better sleep than wake to the Purpose
we do: and that his Discourses and Notions are not
worth the worst Mess there: though they were the
Raptures of Archimedes himself, what were they
worth? I do not here speak of, nor mix with the
Rabble of us ordinary Men, and the Vanity of the
Thoughts and Desires that divert us, those venerable
 Souls

Souls, elevated by the Ardor of Devotion and Religion, to a constant, and conscientious Meditation of Divine Things, who, by a lively Endeavour, and vehement Hope, professing the use of the Eternal Nourishment, the final Aim, and last Step of Christian Desires, the sole, constant, and incorruptible Pleasure, disdain to apply themselves to our necessitous, fluid, and ambiguous Conveniences, and easily resign to the Body the Care and Use of sensual and temperate Feeding. 'Tis a privileg'd Study. I have ever amongst us observed supercelestial Opinions, and subterranean Manners to be of singular Accord. *Aesop*, that great Man, saw his Master piss as he walk'd: What, said he, *must we then dung as we run?* Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed. As if the Mind had no other Hours enough wherein to do its Business, without disassociating it self from the Body, in that little Space it needs for its Necessity. They will put themselves out of themselves, and escape from being Men. 'Tis Folly, instead of transforming themselves into Angels, they transform themselves into Beasts, and instead of elevating lay themselves lower. These transcendent Humours affright me, like high and inaccessible Cliffs and Precipices: And nothing is hard for me to digest in the Life of *Socrates* but his Ecstasies and Communication with Devils. Nothing so Human in *Plato* as that for which they say he was called Divine. And of our Sciences, those seem to be the most terrestrial and low that are highest mounted. And I find nothing so humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his Fancies about Immortalization. *Philotas* pleasantly quipt him in his Answer. He congratulated him by Letter concerning the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon*, who had placed him amongst the Gods; Upon thy Account, I am glad of it, said he, but the Men are to be lamented, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the Mea-

Measure of a Man. *Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas.* Because thou carriest thy self lower than the Gods, thou dost rule and command. The quaint Inscription wherewith the Athenians honour'd the Entry of Pompey into their City is conformable to my self :

*D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme.*

By so much thou a God appeal'st to be,
By how much thou a Man confest thee.

'Tis an absolute, and as it were, a Divine Perfection, for a Man to know how loyally to enjoy his Being: We seek other Conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of our selves, because we know not how there to reside. 'Tis to much purpose to go upon Stilts, for when upon Stilts, we must yet walk upon our Legs: And when seated upon the most elevated Throne in the World, we are but seated upon our Breach. The fairest Lives, in my Opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and Human Model: but without Miracle, and without Extravagance. But Old Age stands a little in need of a more gentle Treatment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wisdom, but withal, let us be gay and sociable :

*Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latæ donec, & precor integra
Cum mente, nec superba senectam
Degere, nec Cythara carentem,*

Latona's Son,

In Mind, and Body's Health my own
T' enjoy; Old Age from Dotage free,
And solac'd with the Lute give me.

*Fanshawe.
Sir Richd.*

*The End of the Third and last Book of Montaigne's
E S S A Y S.*

A

A Compleat

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Of the most

Remarkable Matters

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